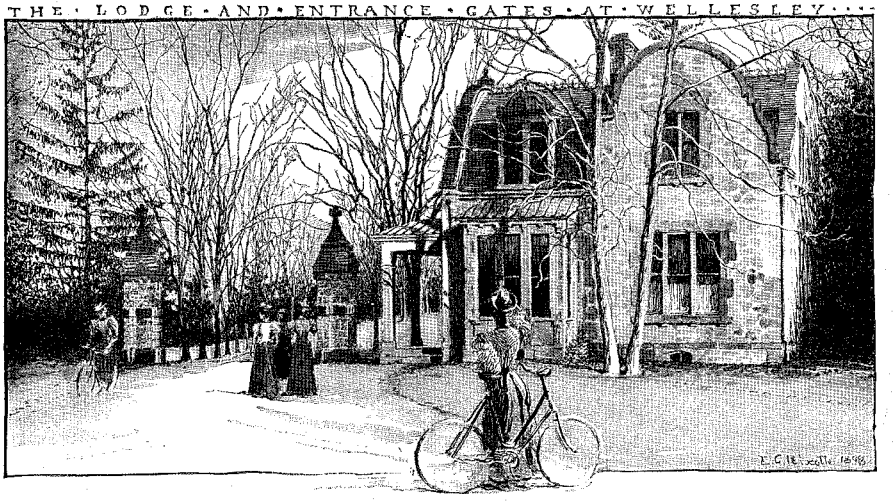
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXIII MAY, 1898 NO. 5



UNDERGRADUATE LIFE AT WELLESLEY

By Abbe Carter Goodloe

If you should happen to be going to Wellesley College on a through sleeper of the Pennsylvania or the New York Central line about the time college opens in the fall, you would probably be painfully aware of your destination long before you reached it. The signs are numerous and unmistakable. There is the "express" two hours behind time on account of the appalling number of sleeping-coaches attached, crowded with eager young women feverishly demanding if the train will stop at Wellesley instead of sweeping on into Boston; and there is the conductor majestically walking up and down, assuring the whole coach that the train *will* stop; and the baggage-master rushing around with two assistants to carry the heavy check-rings, and an anxious and despondent look on his face as if he would very much like to change his occupation in life just then; and there is much spasmodic conversation and a forced air of cheerfulness between young girls and their people who are bringing them up to college to matriculate; and finally, a short way before the train draws into the station, there is a little gasp from those who know and are on the lookout, when the turrets of the big main building loom up just visible above the great oaks and tall, slender maples. And then, in a moment, there is a rush for the platforms and an astonishing number of trunks are tumbled out of the baggage-cars, and the station rapidly assumes the look of the New York customs just after the St. Paul or the Paris has got in, and the college coaches fill up in a minute and go dashing off, while the bewildered new-comers weakly allow

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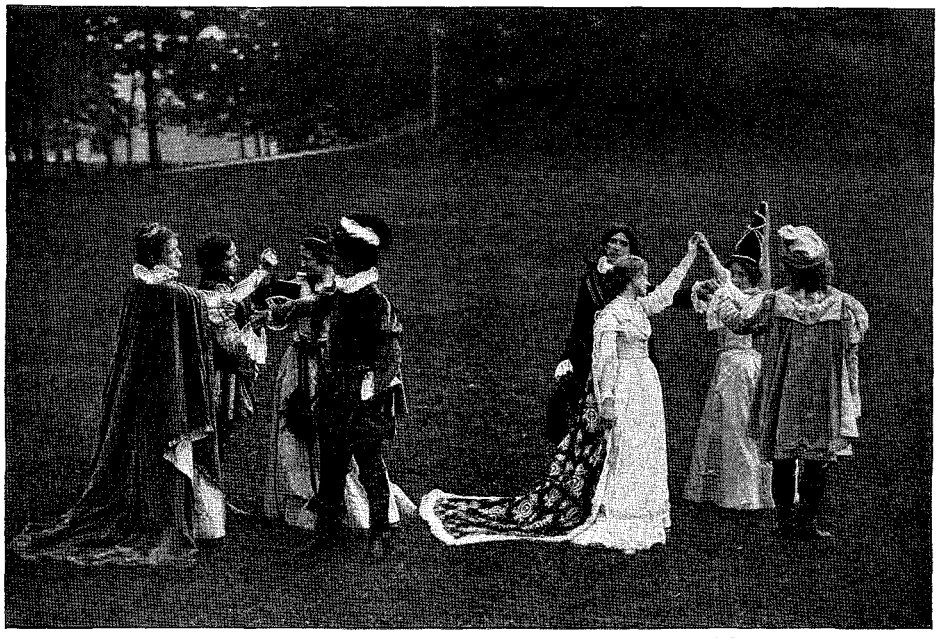
themselves to be squeezed into cabs and dislocate their necks in a frantic attempt to get a view of the buildings and grounds on their way up to College Hall. And the people who have been left in the sleepers, and who have been grumbling about the crowd and confusion and delay, go on into Boston feeling a little lonely and much more comfortable.

But if you come out sedately from Boston at no particular time during the semester, the quiet instead of the agitation of the place is what most impresses you; and although your train is on a sweeping four-track road, with all such a road's possibilities of shrieking engines apparently running into you from before, or insidiously creeping up on you behind, or passing you triumphantly on either side, you arrive in tranquillity and safety at Wellesley, where there is a typical Boston and Albany station, with its striking family resemblance to all the other Boston and Albany railroad-stations, and its tremendous expanse of slate roof utterly out of proportion to the small amount of brown and white stone and creeping vines just showing beneath.

There is a tradition at Wellesley—one of the few traditions attaching to that institution—that when the college was founded there were but two men in the village, and one was blind and the other was lame. It may have been so, and it was probably a most judicious idea to establish a college for women where masculine attractions were at a minimum; but I am very sure that whatever the conditions may have been at the beginning of the college, they no longer exist, and that, though there are doubtless a lame and a blind man at present in the village, there are besides a great many others who are apparently quite sound physically. Indeed, Wellesley has become absurdly populous and prosperous, for the great development and changes in the college have led to equally important and noticeable changes in the town. There is a big square with a fountain in the centre of it, and a "block" of business-houses set uncompromisingly and defiantly in a most conspicuous place; and there are electric lights, and a great many broughams and traps are to be seen tearing down to the station for the early express into Boston. And even when it is not train-time there is a great deal going



Photograph by Partridge, Boston.

"The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it."

From "Love's Labor's Lost." Presented by the Shakespeare Society, June 12, 1897.

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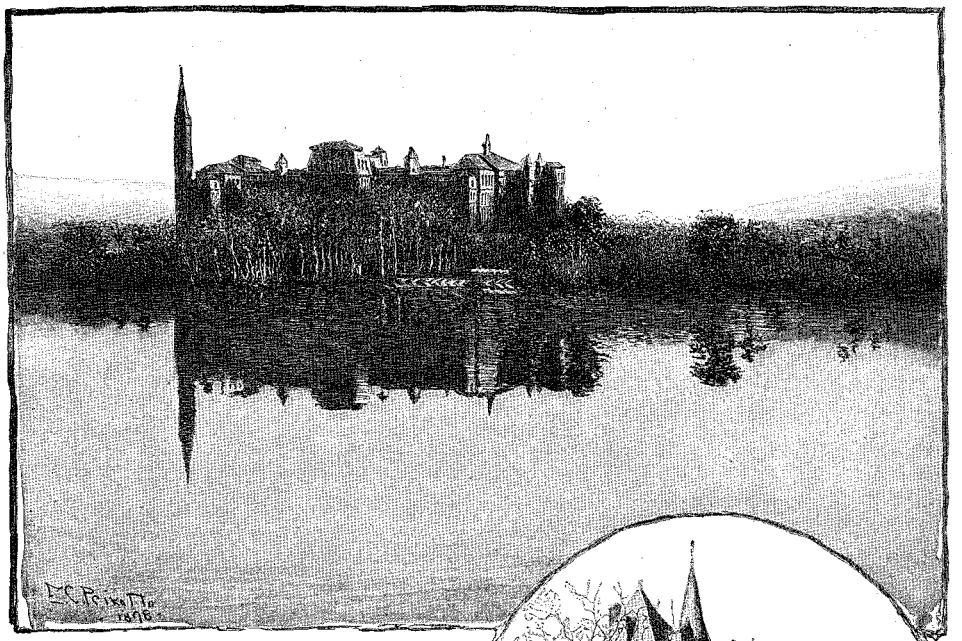
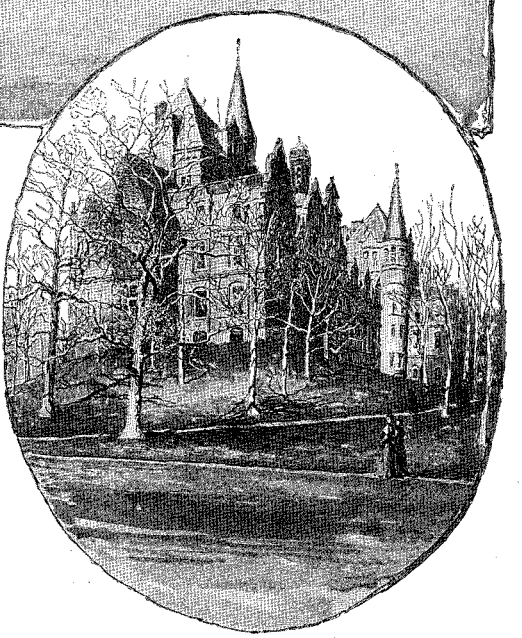


The Main Building from the Lake.



Stone Hall.

on, and an uninterrupted procession of young women from the college pass and repass you on the street, either hurriedly and with a very business-like aspect, or else with the air of simply walking about for amusement and relaxation; or they are patronizing the shops, of which there are an astonishing number for such a place. They are of all sorts and are peculiarly adapted to the needs of the students, especially the fruit-shops, and one devoted to miscellaneous articles, of which there is an assortment in the window varying from photographic views and writing-paper to curtain-poles and Japanese fire-crackers.

This shop always struck me as being particularly delightful and un-American, and I used quite to haunt it, in order to hear the little bell on the door jingle cheerfully at my entrance and exit, and to listen to the person who served me use the most correct English with the very broad "a," and in hopes of hearing the young women, who passed in and out in a continual stream and inquired for the most impossible and diverse things, foiled in their attempts to obtain them. But I was always disappointed — the desired articles were inevitably forthcoming. I suppose there must be some underground connection between that shop and all those in Boston, and that the supply and demand will never cease to balance.

Besides the shops and the business "block" and the station and library and churches, there are the long, shady streets, thickly dotted with cottages, the architects of which have all, seemingly, entered into a frantic competition in the way of piazzas and sloping roofs and bow-windows. The effect is very pretty and homelike, and a

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great many professors and instructors from the college have taken up their residence in them. Many of the cottages are filled with the girls who have overflowed from the college buildings, and who stroll around the village with a slightly patronizing air and a consciousness of their own worth and attainments, which must be just a trifle aggravating to the townspeople. Indeed, the presence of so many professors and students lends to the village an air of studiousness and learning which is quite impressive, and one would think that the village people would catch the contagion of hard work and mental discipline. One is continually astonished at not seeing all the old ladies and gentlemen starting off promptly at nine o'clock with books under their arms, and it is rather a shock to discover that there is a shoemaker in the village who does not know Greek, and a grocer who is quite callous about chemistry.

But, pretty and flourishing as the village is, its chief importance—at least, in the estimation of the college people—is that it is where one gets off the train to go to Wellesley College. There is a variety of ways of reaching the college itself, which is quite a distance from the village. I say "quite a distance," because no one has ever been able to decide just how far the college is from the town. If you have been detained by a lecture or recitation and are trying to catch the last afternoon train into Boston, the

Masquerade on the Evening of Tree Day.

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Entertainment Given by the Barn Swallows in "The Barn."

distance is about five miles; but if your friends have been out and are going back, and you will not see them again for quite a while, it is not more than three-quarters of a mile. Or, if one is in a hurry, and knows just how to go, there is a short cut over "the meadow" and then across through the golf-links, up past Norumbega, the prettiest of the cottages, and so to the big entrance. Or you can follow the broad, shaded street until East Lodge is reached, pass around by Stone Hall—which is not stone at all, but very red brick, and named for the founder—with a glimpse of Music Hall across the woods and, every now and then, a bright glint from Lake Waban through the trees, past the beautiful Farnsworth Art Building, and Wood and Freeman Cottages, and so up around the green campus to the big porte-cochère in front of the great doors.

It is doubtless a very fine thing, and a thing to be proud of and to be remembered, to belong to a college which was founded by Cardinal Wolsey, or Henry VI., or Queen Margaret, or the Bishop of Winchester, or some other exalted personage, and which has a wonderful quadrangle, or a famous gate-way, or a chapel with a splendid fan-vaulted roof. But the students of Wellesley College have a still finer thing to be proud of and to remember. They belong to a college founded by an American gentleman, who, crushed by the loss of his only and dearly loved son, turned from the most brilliant legal and social career, to give "his home, his fortune, and ten years of his life" to raising a monument to the God who had so heavily afflicted him.

The story of Henry Fowle Durant and the founding of Wellesley College is so well known that it hardly seems necessary to touch on it here, and yet it is a story that bears infinite repetition, and certainly once a year—the anniversary of his death, the third of October—is not too often to impress upon those who are profiting by his loss the story of his life and death and work. And surely one Sunday in every year—the

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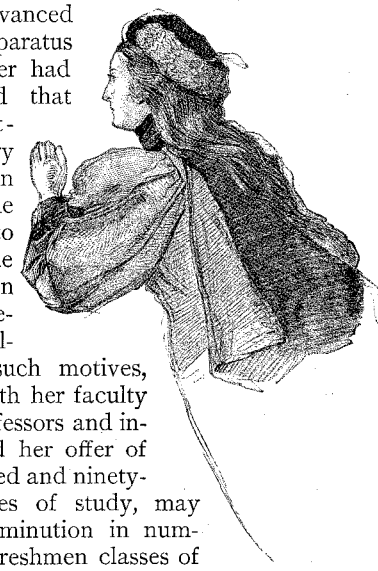
A Tree-day Costume.

first Sunday of the fall semester, known as "Flower Sunday"—is not too many to set apart for service from his favorite text, "God is love." And when, in the inevitable course of time, there shall be no reason why we cannot openly honor the woman who is still with us and who helped him to be what he was, and who gives as generously as he did, Wellesley will couple her name with his in her memorial services, and will be proud to recall publicly that it is as it should be, and that a woman helped to found a woman's college.

There is no more striking difference between a man's and a girl's education than the very way in which they start out to get that education. I mean that, in the selection of their colleges, they show wonderfully dissimilar motives. A man decides upon a certain college because his father and his grandfather went there before him, or, more possibly, because he admires the captain of the foot-ball team extravagantly, or because from his preparatory-school record he thinks he will have a chance on the crew. I know small boys of twelve or thirteen who have been proudly wearing a blue-and-silver pin in the lapel of their Norfolk jackets and telling their astonished relatives that they "have decided to go to Yale," ever since last November, and who will promptly and cheerfully put on the orange and black of the "Tigers" should Yale happen to be defeated this year in the great contest.

But the girl has no such precedents or ambitions or aims. "Going to college" is yet so new and important a thing with her, and is so frequently for the purpose of studying, that she conscientiously decides upon the institution where she can get the hardest and most thorough course in her most difficult elective. I have known sisters to separate, on going to college, because one was convinced that a certain institution possessed the most advanced electrical apparatus and the other had been assured that the department of history was superior in the college she had decided to enter. While young women continue to select their colleges from such motives, Wellesley, with her faculty of eighty professors and instructors, and her offer of one hundred and ninety-two courses of study, may fear no diminution in numbers, and freshmen classes of two hundred will still continue to present themselves with unabating regularity and cheerfulness, and more cottages will have to be built on the hills surrounding the main building, which was first erected and thought to be absurdly large, with its accommodations for three hundred students! There are over seven hundred now, in spite of the increased requirements for entrance, which include three languages, with a maximum of two and a minimum of the other, or the substitution of a science,



Barn Swallows in Stage Costumes.
Sketches by Miss Cowles.

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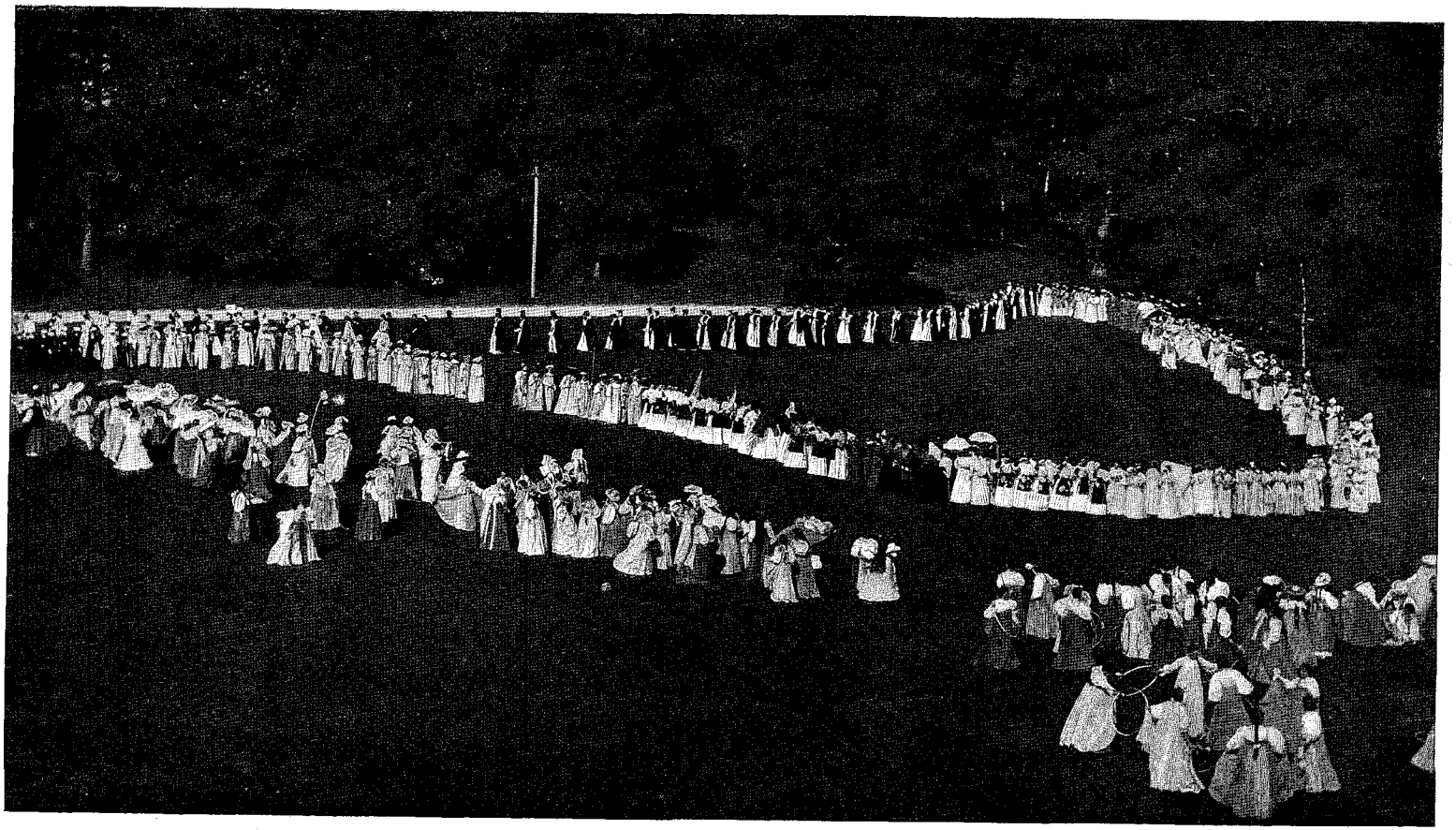

The Tree-day Procession.

From photograph by Partridge.

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"Pan."

works—as sometimes happens—and is sent home for a rest, she is daily lectured by him until his shoulder, which he has dislocated in the last foot-ball match, allows him to go back to his own university. It is this extreme conscientiousness which still further differentiates her from her brother. I have known girls who did clerical work for the professors to have in their desks copies of the papers for the examinations which their room-mates were to take the next day, and they were as safe as though locked in the President's private office. Such a state of

Tree-day Costumes.

and a great deal of mathematics and English and history, and so many other bewildering things that, at first glance, they seem to preclude the idea that there is anything left to learn at the college itself.

But there always is, and the girl goes about it so feverishly and conscientiously as to grieve and astonish her brother at Columbia or Princeton or Harvard; and if she over-

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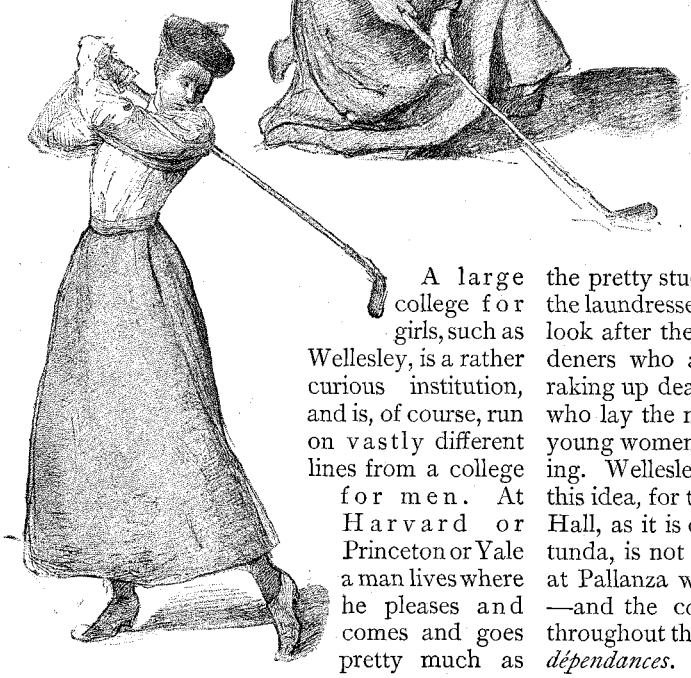
things could hardly exist in most colleges where the men make a boast of practising every sort of ingenious device for passing an examination except the very simple one of studying for it, and one cannot help contrasting favorably the standard of morality in a woman's college which would ostracize a girl for taking into class a literal translation of the original, with the cool advertisement of "a first-class Balliol man," as he calls himself, to the effect that he has made a number of word-for-word translations which are peculiarly valuable to the undergraduate for interleaving in his Latin texts! But it is not with any idea of making the Wellesley undergraduate unduly haughty and proud of her ways of thinking and acting, and of her attainments, that such a contrast is drawn. She is very young and has yet to prove herself. If the next generation of college women are equally high-minded and studiously inclined, then will be the time for congratulations.



Golf Players.
From sketches by Miss Cowles.

A large college for girls, such as Wellesley, is a rather curious institution, and is, of course, run on vastly different lines from a college for men. At Harvard or Princeton or Yale a man lives where he pleases and comes and goes pretty much as he pleases. The university does not consider it incumbent upon itself to look after him personally beyond seeing that he attends chapel and a certain number of recitations, and does not absent himself from college for days at a time, nor haze his undergraduate friends and enemies. These rules, with the general one which requires him to behave like a gentleman, are about all that affect his sojourn at his alma mater. But a girls' college is a very different place. The life is necessarily much more concentrated, because the students cannot live any and everywhere, but must be under the direct care of the college authorities. It rather resembles a large family hotel where the comfort and well-being of the guests are looked after minutely and carefully by a great many people, from the housekeepers who supervise the china and linen, and see that the small army of maids keeps the pretty student-rooms in order, down to the laundresses and cooks and the men who look after the furnaces, and the undergardeners who apparently spend their lives raking up dead leaves, and the carpenters who lay the miles of board paths that the young women may always find good walking. Wellesley College especially suggests this idea, for the main building, or College Hall, as it is called, with its palm-filled rotunda, is not unlike a hotel—there is one at Pallanza which strikingly resembles it—and the cottage dormitories scattered throughout the grounds are so many small *dépendances*. The seven hundred stu-

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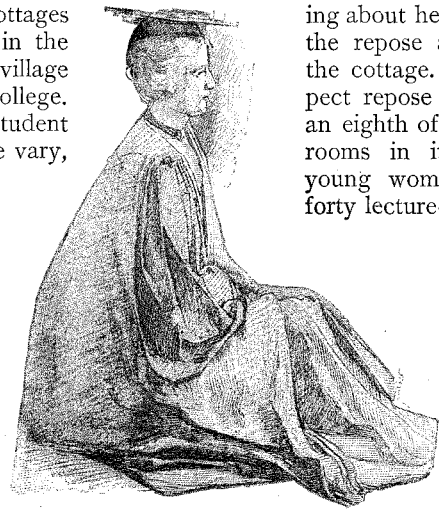
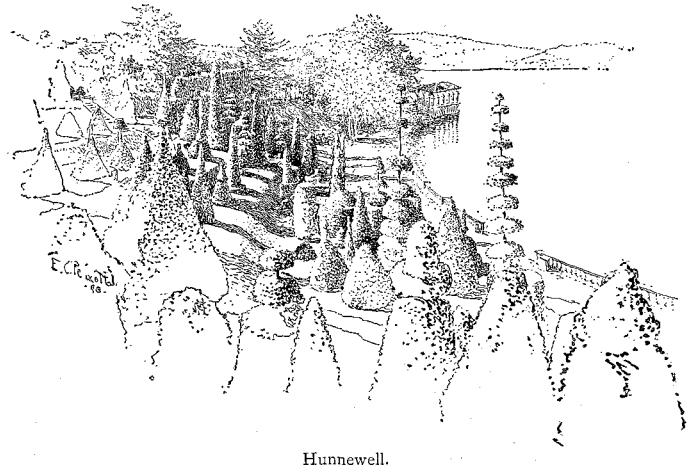
dents live in these cottages or in College Hall, or in the boarding-places in the village approved of by the college. The expenses of a student who lives in the village vary, of course, with her particular rooms, but if she is in the college proper the cost of board and tuition is the same whether she lives in the main building or in one of the smaller dormitories, which accommodate from thirty to sixty students. Rooms in the cottages are always in demand, owing to the greater quiet of life there, and the little luxuries of open fires and pretty drawing-rooms and dainty table-service, and the general feeling that one has of being in one's own home with a large and pleasant house-party about one. Life at Wood, or Norumbega, or Freeman has, in fact, become so popular that the general rule disqualifying an undergraduate from more than one year in a cottage has had to be made. Of course there are exceptions, but the consequence is that generally a student spends three of her four years at college in the main building, and she has the satisfaction of feeling that she is getting a real insight into "college life;" that she is right in the centre of things and that her small world is revolving about her, even if she does lose the repose and home-like life of the cottage. One can hardly expect repose in a building that is an eighth of a mile long and has rooms in it for three hundred young women, besides thirty or forty lecture-rooms and laboratories, and a post-office and a book-store and a telegraph and telephone bureau and innumerable offices for the different dignitaries of the college, and a library and reception-rooms and a natural history museum, and which is fringed around with paint-shops and repair-shops and electric-light plants and the dozens of other necessary adjuncts to a big building.



A Senior.

As for the rules which govern the daily life of the Wellesley College girl, they are so unobtrusive that one is a little puzzled to discover just what they are. Moreover, the regulations which do obtain are continually being altered to provide for unforeseen exigencies, for, although as a member of Wellesley's faculty once feelingly exclaimed, "Thank God, a woman's college is no longer a curiosity," still it is a new departure even yet, and there must inevitably be many mistakes and many changes. Indeed, the changes are so rapid that in many respects what is true of



Hunnewell.

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Drawn by B. J. Rosenmeyer.

Float Day.

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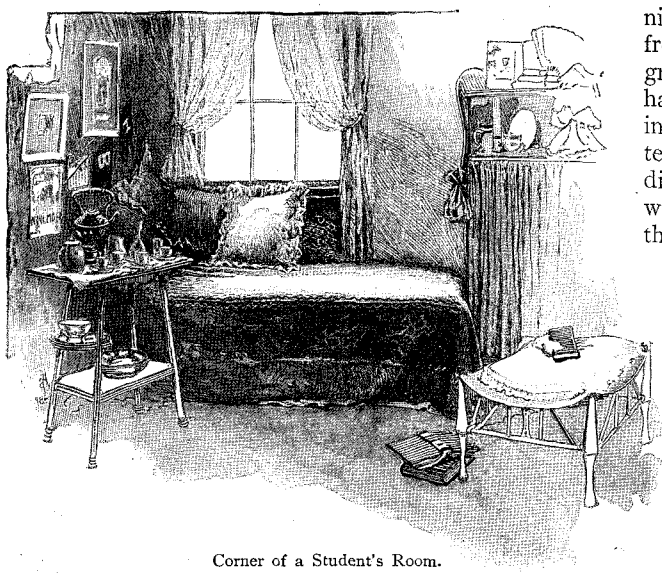
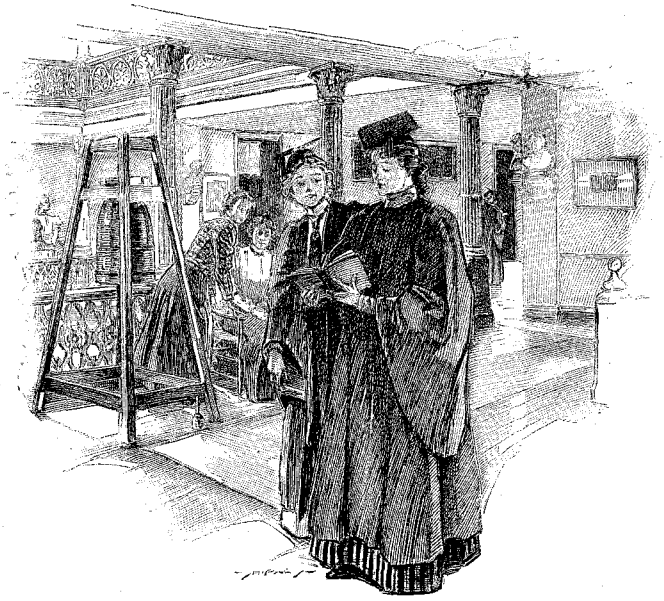


Corner of a Student's Room.

Wellesley to-day was not true last year, and probably will not be true next year. Privileges which would have been thought of only in utter hopelessness and awe a few years ago, ranging all the way from the wearing of the cap and gown to a chafing-dish breakfast in one's room—a custom once curiously condemned as most pernicious, but now no longer frowned upon—have been granted, while on the other hand restrictions, extending from the "credit system" to the rule forbidding an undergraduate to walk to the village or about the grounds alone in the evening, are insisted upon. This last rule, however, would seem superfluous, as it is difficult to believe that any miscreant, no matter how hardened, would not feel properly abashed in the imposing presence of a college girl and would not retire hastily and apologetically.

Perhaps one would best describe the rules which govern a student at Wellesley as those which would naturally govern the actions of any well-bred girl. While at college she is required to have a chaperon to any entertainment in Boston, or to a foot-ball game at Harvard, or to an afternoon tea, just as she would be if she were at home with



Corridors, commonly called "The Centre."

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Drawn by C. Allan Gilbert.

Students' Parlor.

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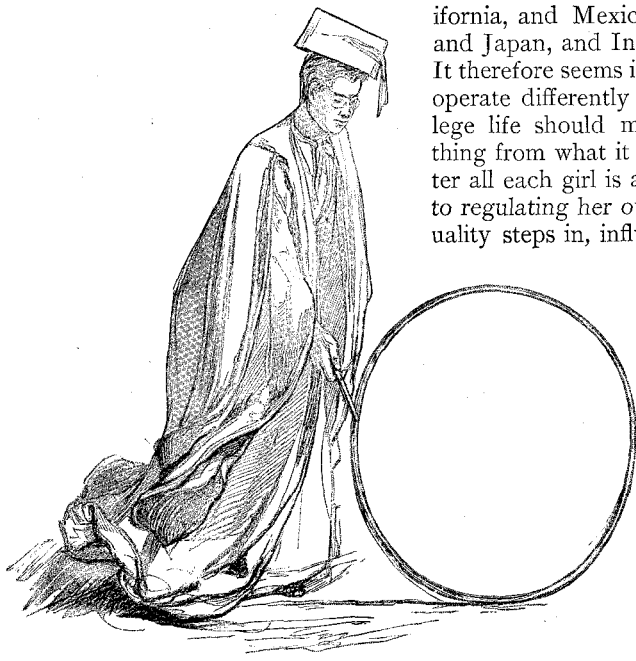
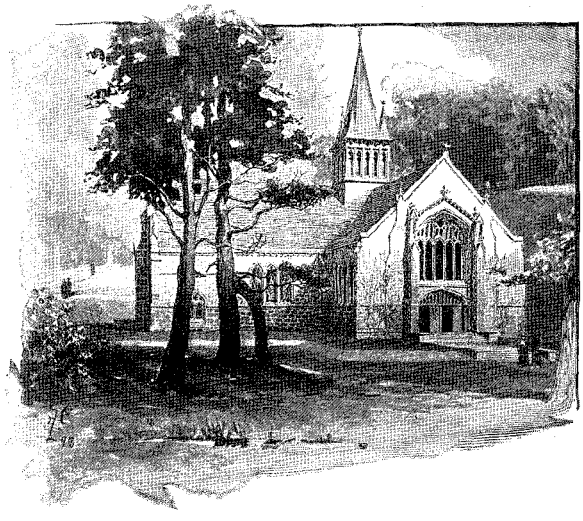


Senior Rolling Hoop.

her own people. And she is not expected to go to any of these things at the expense of her studies, or to have her friends out so often as to interfere with her work. But when she has leisure to entertain her friends she is at perfect liberty to ask them out to the concerts, or to play golf with her, or tennis, or go boating; and there are pretty little drawing-rooms provided for her and her guests, and the college with its beautiful grounds is a good show-place to take them over.

Indeed, any girl at Wellesley can see much of social life and lead a healthy, normal existence if she only will. It is a mistake to suppose that because she is at college and hard at work that she is cut off from the world. It is a little difficult to define or describe her life, because, although gathered together under the same institution, and respecting the same rules, there are students who have come from such widely different quarters as New York, and South America, and California, and Mexico, and Colorado, and Canada, and Japan, and India, and the Sandwich Islands. It therefore seems inevitable that these rules should operate differently in different cases and that college life should mean to one a vastly different thing from what it means to another. Also, as after all each girl is a law unto herself when it comes to regulating her own life, the question of individuality steps in, influenced by the particular line of work the student may be pursuing, and the results are as diversified as the colors in a Persian rug.

There are, of course, three typical ways of living at college: the way of the girl who makes her college life one long task, who never has time for anything but work; the way of the girl—a *rara avis*, fortunately — who does nothing; and the way of the large majority, who take college sanely, and work when they work and play when it is time to play, and who emerge from their four years' training much better for it, mentally, morally, and physically, with a clear, healthy idea of the meaning of life and a great deal of experience gained from friction with many kinds of girl. It is a curious and profitable study to watch a freshman class and note those who first rise to the surface, so to speak, and the quick judgments formed by one student



Houghton Memorial Chapel.

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of another and the place each takes in her class. Perhaps that intercourse with unfamiliar and widely differing natures, which develops a girl's resources and makes or mars her character, is the most important result of a woman's college education, just as it is of a man's.

There is one law at Wellesley which is universally and cheerfully observed. It is the unwritten law which constitutes every girl a hostess of the college. Nothing impresses the stranger more than the consideration which he receives there. I have seen bewildered visitors walk up to a girl who was feverishly hurrying to catch the coach, or to meet an "appointment" in a building a quarter of a mile away, and ask her where "Miss Smith" or "Miss Brown," as the case be, could be found, and although the hurried student may hastily recall that there are five "Misses Brown" in the senior class and ten in the junior, and an unlimited number among the sophomores and freshmen, yet she will cheerfully inquire the little name of the much-desired individual, and what class she is in, and in which one of the ten college buildings she has her rooms, and will send an office-maid to look her up, or dash after her herself, or set the confused and helpless visitor on the right track; and she will then miss her coach resignedly, or get to her "lecture" fifteen minutes late, and bear with equanimity the cold glance of the professor.

Tupelo Point.

Possibly, it is the daily appearance of the cap and gown which most distinguishes a senior of to-day from one of a few years ago. She wears them so conscientiously and uninterruptedly, and has such a haughty way of sweeping by you in them, and her face takes on such an uncompromisingly earnest and severe look under the mortar-board, that you feel quite conscience-stricken, and have an intense desire to go home and look at your sheepskin, to convince yourself that you were once a senior, too, although you are quite sure that you could never have been such an imposing and magnificent one as this young woman. It is rather curious that the students of an institution which so heartily condemns all useless forms, should be so keen for one of the most useless and meaningless. But at present the senior at Wellesley takes an immense pride and delight in her cap and gown; and they look very well as you catch a glimpse of them on the campus or among the big trees by Longfellow Fountain.

A day at Wellesley passes with alarming rapidity to a student. From the time she goes to chapel at half-after eight, experiencing that moment full of anxiety when the organ stops and she tries to enter a door ten feet wide at the same instant that six or seven hundred other young women are trying to do so too, until she hastily turns off her electric-light a few minutes after ten o'clock, she has an almost uninterrupted series of "appointments," as she euphemistically calls her recitations, and lectures, and laboratory work, and gymnastics, and music or art.

There are some who think her daily routine too full and too inelastic, though when one hears, as I heard a short time ago, the captains of the different athletic teams anxiously beseeching certain young women "not to let study interfere with their practice," one rather doubts that it can be so. But when one looks around on the three hundred and sixty acres of beautiful country

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which surround Wellesley, it seems rather a pity that one has anything at all to do, except to enjoy them. There are few places in Europe or America which for beauty of woodland, lake, and meadow, can rival Wellesley, and it really does not seem just that one should have to attend biology or literature lectures, or solve original propositions in conic sections, or make temperature-charts, when one might be out in a boat gathering water-lilies, or exploring the lovely nooks about the lake. It is to be feared, though, that some young women allow themselves to get so deplorably engrossed in their studies that they do not realize that "the meadow," for instance, is a very beautiful piece of quiet landscape, and think of it only as a convenient short way to the station, or a particularly stiff bit of ground to be gone over in golf; and I have known young girls possessed of such overwrought consciences that they sternly refused to occupy rooms which looked out on a too attractive vista of woods and water. It certainly seems a pity that, with such fine natural advantages for having Broad Walks, and Addison Walks, and Peachey Stones, which are so inexpensive and picturesque, and so exactly what all colleges should boast of and show to visitors, that Wellesley is too young to have had many distinguished graduates, and that they have been too busy to haunt any particular spot sufficiently to make it famous. But the college is doing its best, and a great many celebrated visitors are requested to plant trees, and any of them are very welcome to sit down or walk around and make any place famous that may be most comfortable to them. If there is any walk at Wellesley which is famous it is the walk to Tupelo Point, which is very pretty and shaded, and which ends abruptly by the lake and frequently by an engagement.

The Wellesley undergraduate is probably at her best when she is at leisure and has time to think about her gowns. A very good time to take a look at her is on Sunday morning, in chapel, or in the evening, at vespers, when the organ is going softly and the lights are turned down. She is then rested and quiet, and just a little homesick, so that she has rather a spiritual, pensive look, which usually impresses the visiting minister greatly. But, in spite of his finding her individually sufficiently attractive, he looks upon her as rather trying when there are several hundred of her to be confronted. The stoutest hearts have confessed to quailing before such a cruelly young and critical audience. It is told of a celebrated bishop, always ill at ease with women, that after his first sermon at the college, he departed hastily to the village, and was seen shaking hands violently with a porter whom he encountered at the station, as he warmly exclaimed: "How are you? How are you? I am so glad to see a *man!*"

But usually the Wellesley student deals very gently with the visiting minister, and overlooks his little peculiarities and weaknesses, and shows him her best side, and he goes away with an idealized impression of her which would, perhaps, be rudely dispelled could he see her the next evening. Then she is anything but homesick or quiet or spiritual. There is a concert or a reading or reception, and she feels especially light-hearted and wears a particularly nice gown for the benefit of the friends she has invited out for the evening. That is one of the most wonderful things about Wellesley College. It may be situated fifteen miles from Boston—in fact, it *is* fifteen miles from Boston—but, judging by the diversity of college men who find it possible to get out Monday evenings, it is most conveniently near Columbia and Yale and Amherst and a great many other colleges which are geographically rather remote.

But among her many good qualities it is to be noticed that the Wellesley College girl is not dependent for her enjoyment on a dress-suit worn by a man. She would just as soon wear it herself, and the cotillons in the gymnasium, where half the young girls personate their own brothers, are celebrated for their entire success and brilliancy. Indeed, there has never been a time in the history of the college when the students have not shown both special aptitude and great inclination to amuse themselves, and never more so than at present. The different cottages enter into a friendly rivalry, on important occasions, as to which shall get up the most enjoyable entertainment, and the result is most satisfactory to the invited guests, especially when the hours are so considerately arranged that one can go from one "attraction" to the next without missing anything. On Hallowe'en it was

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particularly pleasant to go to one cottage to see a stirring play in three acts, and then to another cottage for an operetta with bandits, and a lover in black velvet and long plumes, and a *première danseuse;* and then to still another for a dance and ices. As there are seven cottages, the gayeties bore some slight resemblance to a "continuous performance."

It sounds perhaps rather frivolous and familiar to call as dignified and earnest an institution as Wellesley delightfully inconsistent; and yet that was what one was obliged to call it, in one respect at least, until very recently. Attendance at the theatres—even at the best theatres and for the purpose of seeing the best acting—was forbidden until three years ago, yet once a year a dramatic representation was given by the Shakespeare Society, which was looked forward to and attended by the whole college and throngs of invited guests. It was not quite easy, however, for the average intellect to understand just why it was less reprehensible to see a young girl of moderate histrionic abilities, and the best intentions, assume the rôle of *Katharine* or *Rosalind* or *Viola*, than it was to see it played very well indeed by Hading or Ada Rehan or Julia Marlowe, and the restriction was finally explained by being done away with. Now students are at liberty to go into the theatres if properly chaperoned, and besides the Shakespeare dramatics at the college, there are those given during Commencement Week by the seniors and those by the juniors to the freshmen in the mid-winter term. Perhaps this delicate attention on the part of the juniors to the freshmen illustrates, as strikingly as anything, the difference between undergraduate life in men's and women's colleges. At Harvard or Princeton the average freshman is regarded with such utter disapprobation as may culminate in an unpleasant and active manifestation of the same, unless he is protected by the college authorities. At best he can only hope for cold scorn and sufferance by upper-classmen. But at Wellesley the young freshman is greeted most hospitably and is made to feel that she has been anxiously awaited, and so she is given a dramatic entertainment by the juniors and a dance by the sophomores to impress upon her just how welcome she is. The dance is given in "The Barn," and there is frappé, and a band to play two-steps and waltzes, and the young women go in evening-gowns and have their programmes made out and roses sent them by the attentive sophomores.

The Barn, it may be explained, is a sublimated hay-barn, ceiled, and lighted by electricity and heated by steam, and with a very good stage and a fine dancing-floor. It is the floor especially which makes one regret the strict rules against asking one's masculine friends to dance. However, young men are at liberty to come and watch the young women enjoy themselves, although that must be a rather trying diversion, especially if they should happen to enjoy dancing themselves. But when The Barn is profusely decorated with trophies from numberless students' rooms and filled with three or four hundred young girls who seem to be having a tremendously good time, in spite of rules, it strikes one as being a very nice sort of place. This big, delightful hall was given by the college unconditionally to the "Barn-Swallows" (technical name, "*Wellesleyanæ Consilium Bonis Temporibus Studentæ Communimis*"), a club organized to promote acquaintanceship and good feeling between members of each and all classes in college—a club to be encouraged, when one remembers that, owing to the elective system at Wellesley, it is easily possible for a girl to go through her four years of college life without having ever met many of her own class in the lecture-room, and unless she meets them socially she may graduate without having even a bowing acquaintance with them. Any student can belong to this society by paying a fee, which is merely nominal and utterly out of proportion to the amount of amusement which one gets out of the bi-weekly dramatics and occasional dances. Such clubs have been organized in other colleges, where they are deservedly popular and serve to break up that tendency to exclusiveness which class spirit and smaller clubs engender.

Of the smaller clubs at Wellesley, the Shakespeare Society is one of the oldest and best known. As has been said, it was this society which saved the college from utter histrionic darkness for many years,

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and membership in it was the ambition of numberless undergraduates with longings for the stage. In the spring of the year the society always presents a play, and very creditable performances of "Twelfth Night," "Love's Labor's Lost," "A Winter's Tale," "As You Like It," and "Midsummer Night's Dream" have been given. The last two have been acted under the big trees on the campus—the first in the afternoon, the last by moonlight — with special success.

Besides the Shakespeare Society, there are at Wellesley the Agora, a debating club, and four Greek-letter societies: Phi Sigma, Zeta Alpha, Tau Zeta Epsilon, and Alpha Kappa Chi. The opportunities for social intercourse which these societies and the class functions offer are supplemented by receptions given at the different cottages or by individual girls to friends, by the Glee Club concerts, and professional musical recitals during the year, and by semi-occasional dinner-dances, where it is rumored that men are to be allowed to take an active share in the dancing. This rumor has only been confirmed on two or three rare and never-to-be-sufficiently-remembered occasions, but it is hoped that the innovation has come to stay.

Commencement Week, with its Senior Dramatics and lawn-party and President's reception and final concert and class-dinner, is a succession of social functions tinged with a good deal of sadness to the departing class. Formerly the greatest social occasion of the year was the Promenade given by the juniors to the seniors. But there were such appalling crowds of guests invited by the large classes, and the expenses and schemes for decoration grew to such proportions, that a conservative element abolished Junior Promenade with its festivities, and twenty thousand lanterns, and harrowing rains, and unfailing eclipses of the moon, and all the other elements that combined to make the life of a junior a burden to her for weeks before and after that important social event. Each junior class now, ignorant of how happy it should be without the anxiety of a Promenade, asks with unfailing regularity that the privilege be granted again, and it is probable that a few years from now will see the revival of that function.

But, perhaps, the social events most enjoyed by the students are those occasions when celebrities are entertained at the college, and it rarely happens that a distinguished personage comes to America that he does not, sooner or later, visit Wellesley. The main building and the Farnsworth Art Building are particularly suited to receiving a great number of guests, and the list of famous people who have been entertained there is already long. It must certainly be a great pleasure and a broadening influence for girls from every quarter of the earth to see and meet such men as John Fiske, or James Lane Allen, or Coquelin, or Ole Bull, or such women as Clara Barton, or Mrs. Henry Stanley, or Lady Henry Somerset. And without exception, I think the "distinguished visitors" depart from Wellesley as much delighted with that institution and the students, as the college and the young women are with them. It must be a pleasant and sufficiently rare experience for celebrated personages to find themselves before such a sympathetic audience, to feel sure that what they have done, or written, or preached, or invented, was fully known and appreciated by those around them, and they can hardly be quite indifferent to the delicate hero-worship, the enthusiasm, and veneration of the young girls who are so proudly handing them tea and chocolate, biscuits and ices, and who so evidently consider it such a privilege and honor to be in their company.

Aside from these modest but enjoyable social events there is not any great amount of "society" life at Wellesley. There is so much hard work done, and so much energy is consumed in doing it, that the majority of girls have very little time or inclination to go about a great deal, or invite their friends out too frequently; and there is a large class of young women who go to college with a distinct idea of making their own living by what they are able to learn during their four years' course, or who have already earned the money to take them there and to whom life has become very earnest and real. But there is also a large element at Wellesley of young girls who see a great deal of society when they are at home, and who go to college for something more and better than society can offer. Such girls inevitably attract each

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other and are entertained and go out more than the majority. They do not affect any superior airs, however, and there is the least possible amount of exclusiveness at Wellesley; and when it comes to class-honors, it is the best girl who is made president or class-orator, or mistress of ceremonies at the Tree, and not the one whose father is a distinguished senator, or who owns her own boat, or brings her dresses with her from Paris in the fall.

There are several purely college functions of the year which are interesting not only to the students but to outsiders, and which give a certain relief to the tension of hard work. Perhaps the most entirely successful one of that sort is the representation of the House of Commons, which is given under the direction of the department of Constitutional History. Each year the debate is held upon a topic of absorbing interest to English constituents, and if there is any flaw in the representation of the scenes and speeches of the Lower House it is that the imitation is more entertaining than the original. Last year the debate was held upon the motion of Mr. Burns, the member from Battersea, to abolish the House of Lords; and the amount of partisanship aroused and the glittering oratory poured forth by the young imitators of Mr. Balfour, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, and Mr. Labouchere, and Mr. Chamberlain would have done credit to those statesmen themselves.

The leader of the House was as imposing as it was possible for a very much frightened young girl in a white wig and black gown to be; and the *mise en scène* was excellent, the party in power being very properly on her right, the Opposition on her left, while the Irish Nationalists and the Liberals sat and stood and cheered and groaned below the gangway.

In the early days of June, Tree Day is celebrated, a class function which has been observed almost from the founding of the college, and which, since the idea was first suggested to the Class of '79 by Mr. Durant, has been so improved upon and elaborated that it is now one of the prettiest events of undergraduate days at Wellesley. Tree Day is looked forward to with mingled emotions by the different classes. By the seniors with some sadness, because they are there to take leave of the tree which they planted as freshmen; by the juniors with indifference, because they have only a small share in the proceedings; by the sophomores with envious anxiety lest the freshmen should have hit upon a more original and brilliant plan for celebrating the day than they had, and by the freshmen with undisguised and feverish excitement, for they are to show themselves in their true colors, literally and figuratively, for the first time upon that day. They feel that the interest of the whole college is centred upon them, and the sceptical attitude of the sophomores, as to whether they are capable of evolving a sonorous and comprehensive motto and of choosing class-colors with discretion, puts an edge like a razor on their anxiety to do well. Sometimes, in their efforts to eclipse all previous Tree-day celebrations, their imaginations—and the untrained, primitive freshman imagination is a marvellous thing—achieve wonderful results. Last year, when it rained on Tree Day, for the first time in the history of the college, even more wonderful results were achieved than were counted upon, and strange effects in tissue-paper costumes and unheard-of combinations of wet colors resulted, and modest freshmen were seen retiring hastily in every direction. This disaster, however, was nothing in comparison with the tradition which credits one freshman class, serenely ignorant of botany, with having planted and celebrated in song and verse an infant sycamore, under the delusion that it was an elm.

It may be because of the imaginative costumes, or because the college authorities wish to keep Tree Day a purely college function—at any rate, all masculine element is barred from viewing this spectacle, although, as one watches the procession of picturesquely costumed classes winding down East Hill and over the campus, it seems rather a pity that this pretty little addition to the gayety of nations should not be shared by the outside world. The seniors have their exercises first, and usually a masque or dance is given, after which they separate and go to their tree and, as a class, take farewell of it. Then the freshmen, as Amazons, or nuns, or princesses, or carnival revellers, or Canterbury pilgrims, or cards in a game of whist, with the class-colors conspicuously displayed and the newly written class-song singing itself over

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and over in their excited brains, begin their part of the exercises. This includes the reception of the symbolic spade from the sophomores, and the planting of the class-tree, and songs and speeches and some scenic representation suggested by the costume. And at night, when the speeches and dancing are over, stray knots of the gayly dressed maskers, with mandolins and guitars, go from one cottage to the other and serenade the popular members of the faculty and the sleepy juniors and sophomores, until those irate young ladies come to the windows and throw down all the flowers and sweets they may happen to possess, and implore the serenaders to go away. And so Tree Day is not confined to the day at all, but ends late at night; and next morning there is nothing to show of all the pretty pageant but a very young sapling with a piece of gay ribbon tied around it, which every good undergraduate hopes will grow up one day, to commemorate her class and to blossom each spring and add to the beauty of Wellesley.

It may be personal prejudice, but I do not think the spring comes anywhere else quite so beautifully as at Wellesley, unless it is in the south of England. In the fall there is all the glory of rich autumn coloring, and for sports one has unlimited bicycling, and tennis tournaments, and golf; and in winter the snow stretches white and unbroken over the hills, and there is tobogganing and skating, and hockey in a corner of the frozen lake, which the Skating Club considerately keeps free of snow. But it is in the spring that Wellesley impresses the student and the chance visitor as one of the loveliest places to be seen anywhere. The lake seems to wake up and sparkle more than ever and to turn the true "Wellesley blue," except where the lily-pads spot it white and green. The long stretches of turf put on a mossy color and softness, starred with a thousand wild flowers, and the oaks and elms become masses of dense foliage that throw rich, velvety shadows on the turf, and one comes upon the Farnsworth Art Building, hiding its beautiful façade behind a rampart of great trees, like a Greek temple lost in a wood. The dormitories look like pretty country-places set in some big English park, and here and there one can see groups of students, with their arms about each other's waists, sauntering along the shaded paths, the sunshine sifting down through the tender green of the trembling leaves and making flickering white polka-dots on their sombre black caps and gowns. In the college the windows and transoms of the students' rooms stand wide open and the warm air comes in, stirring the muslin curtains and beruffled pillows in the window-seats and sweeping the fragrance of the great bowlfuls of arbutus and snow-drops up and down the long corridors. In the library the students who are unfortunate enough to have briefs or theses or literature papers to prepare, do not trust themselves below, where the temptation to escape would be irresistible, but sternly repair to an upper gallery and barricade themselves in with tables and chairs, and work away gloomily in spite of the seductive breezes that are blowing back the leaves of their note-books, and the glimpses from the windows of the green campus, and the bicyclers and golfers and tennis-players who are heartlessly parading themselves over it. Out on the lake one sees small boats go drifting by, while their occupants snatch at the floating water-lilies, or one comes upon a canoe moored in some shady nook, while the studious owner contentedly sits in it and works. Everyone seems to be busy and happy, from the girls who are playing basket-ball or tennis on the clay courts behind Music Hall, to the conscientious biology student catching polywogs in Longfellow Fountain, or the botany devotee gathering the last flowers for her herbarium. But biology and things of that sort become matters of secondary consideration when spring is fairly installed. Work goes on as usual, perhaps with even more energy as the term nears its close, but other things assume a new and vital importance. The undergraduate feels a sudden and curious affection for the senior class, individually and collectively, and she finds it an absolute necessity to explore the woods and to linger in the students' parlor after dinner, while someone plays on the harp, or piano, or mandolin, and talk goes on in the corners in undertones. And at night groups of bare-headed girls go strolling up and down in the soft air, laughing and singing the funny college songs, which, somehow, do not seem so funny when one is singing them for almost the last time; or they crowd together on the

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wide piazzas of the cottages and talk of a hundred things, and call to their neighbors across the leafy way. Even the serious and high-minded senior succumbs to the irresistibly happy, *dolce far niente* effect of spring at Wellesley, and on May Day, early in the morning, before chapel, as an outlet for her exuberant spirits, it has been her long-established custom to roll a hoop over the hard, level carriage-road in front of College Hall. Perhaps the whole college-year does not furnish a more unique or pleasing sight than this long procession of dignified seniors in wind-blown cap and gown tearing madly around after their hoops in the fresh morning air. And when they have successfully completed the circuit of the oval they file into "the Centre," and there, around the marble, palm-filled basin, they make a circle by catching hold on each side of the hoops and sing college-songs until the chapel-bell rings, and show themselves to be just what they are—happy young girls who are not at all anxious to put away childish things, and who enjoy a frolic tremendously, in spite of having studied differential calculus and moral philosophy and mathematical astronomy.

I once heard an extremely disagreeable man declare, with a deplorable use of figurative language, that "the country was strewn with wrecks of Wellesley College." I presume that that particular man had a daughter whose constitution had not passed its college examinations and so had to leave. It has been my personal experience that Wellesley young women are exceptionally strong physically, and one's particular friends are apt to be five feet seven or eight inches tall, and to have very broad shoulders, and to be good at tennis and rowing, and to be able to walk into Boston on a wager—and to be extremely tired the next day. One cannot help feeling how unjust are so many of the complaints against the physical sanity of a college education for women. Girls who are not physically strong, or who are not capable of being made so with judicious training, should no more attempt a college course, the demands of which are necessarily trying, than should a consumptive live in a severe climate, or a lame man attempt Alpine climbing, or a victim of chills and fever continue to reside in a place full of malaria. It is distinctly irritating to see parents who have sent girls to college in an uncertain state of health, deeply surprised and indignant, and inclined to blame "the higher education," because these young women did not return to them vigorous and robust. A serious college is not primarily a health-resort, although everything is being done to balance the strain of mental work with healthy, judicious physical exercise.

Athletics in Wellesley College have received an enthusiastic start under Miss Hill, the director of the gymnasium, with the co-operation of the students and the Committee on Health and Physical Training. Miss Hill does not believe in gymnastics, but in athletics, and practice in the gymnasium is but a means to an end, and is only required of freshmen. But all students are urged to join one of the many organizations of the Athletic Association—the rowing, cycling, tennis, golf, or basket-ball clubs, which each have a captain and separate regulations, although all are united under the Athletic Association. As a rule, a member of one club cannot belong to another, in order to concentrate energy and insure progress in whatever branch of athletics is chosen.

It certainly seems that when so many people insist on dying and leaving fortunes to colleges which are already vulgarly rich and perfectly equipped, that some wealthy individual might give Wellesley a new gymnasium, especially when Wellesley would not make it a condition of acceptance that he should die, but would take it cheerfully during his life-time, and would ask him out by special invitation to every athletic event of the year in his own gymnasium. It is a very modest gymnasium that Wellesley wants, too. No complicated apparatus, only a big, airy place with room for dancing and bowling and racquets and tennis, and a bicycle-track and a swimming-tank and a basket-ball court. The promoters of athletics at the college, it is true, have visions of some exciting innovations—polo on mature and gentle polo-ponies, and riding and hurdle-jumping, and lacrosse and track athletics; but these would not be insisted upon at first!

Tennis has always had a firm hold on Wellesley students, and tournaments are held in the fall, when some good tennis may be seen. Its popularity has been more than equally shared by golf, perhaps;

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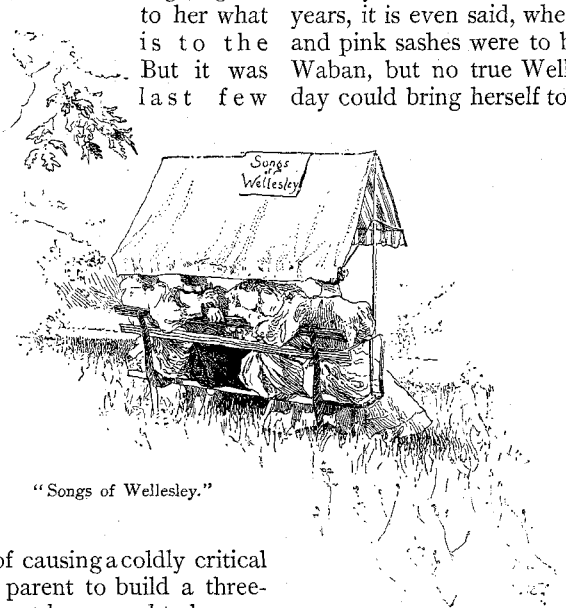
but then what branch of athletics has not had to reckon with golf? There seems to be a large number of young women at Wellesley whose collar-bones are of masculine length, and who can get a remarkably good swing of driver or lofter; and the tam and short golf-skirt are ubiquitous.

It is boating, however, that naturally holds first place in the affections of the Wellesley College girl. Lake Waban is to her what Lake Cayuga is to the Cornell man. But it was not until the last few years that her ambitions and energies were fully aroused, or, to speak more exactly, that her father's ambitions and energies were fully aroused. One may doubt the sincerity and depth of an individual enthusiasm, but when it has the effect of causing a coldly critical and uninterested parent to build a three-thousand-dollar boat-house and to buy expensive practice-barges, such an enthusiasm must be considered as of a distinct value and genuineness. It is quite easy in a man's college to build a three or a thirty-thousand-dollar boat-house, and the fact would have very little significance, and one would only be mildly astonished that it could be built so cheaply; but fathers are not used to counting in boat-houses and shells for their girls in the annual budget, and it is a mysterious and delightful surprise that young women have succeeded in inserting those little items. It is a wedge. The extent and quality of the interest in boating may be judged of somewhat when one knows that a hundred and twenty-five freshmen cheerfully and confidently presented themselves one year as candidates for a class-crew of eight! For the last few years the crews have been selected on a purely athletic basis, and the physical development and gymnasium-work of the aspirants for crew honors are carefully watched. In their dark blouses and bloomers the muscular young rowers of to-day present a very different appearance from those of other years, when the formation of a crew was almost a social affair, and those who composed it were elected chiefly for their good looks, and a tight-fitting gown, with an anchor worked on the sailor-collar, was considered a sufficiently nautical costume. There were years, it is even said, when muslin dresses and pink sashes were to be seen on Lake Waban, but no true Wellesley girl of to-day could bring herself to believe such an incredible statement.



"Songs of Wellesley."

Each class has a practice-barge built by Keast, of New Haven, the builder of the Yale crew boats, and costing about four hundred dollars. The boats look alarmingly like shells and have sliding-seats, and are outriggers, and altogether present a most business-like aspect. And when a muscular young woman, with clear gray eyes and a decided look about her mouth, and hands that are sunburned from handling a cat-boat all summer, tells you of her crew-practice and chest-weight and dumb-bell exercise, and just how many times she goes around the eight-lap running-track, after being out with the crew, you begin to realize how very much in earnest she is and how great a hold rowing has on the student, and you wonder how long it will be before they begin to talk of "making the 'Varsity" and where the training-table is.

These practice-barges are in great contrast to the flat-bottomed, unwieldy boats of a few years ago, which were distressingly safe and which afforded absolutely no chance for romantic adventure. Indeed, the only accident that ever happened on the lake was the going overboard of a young

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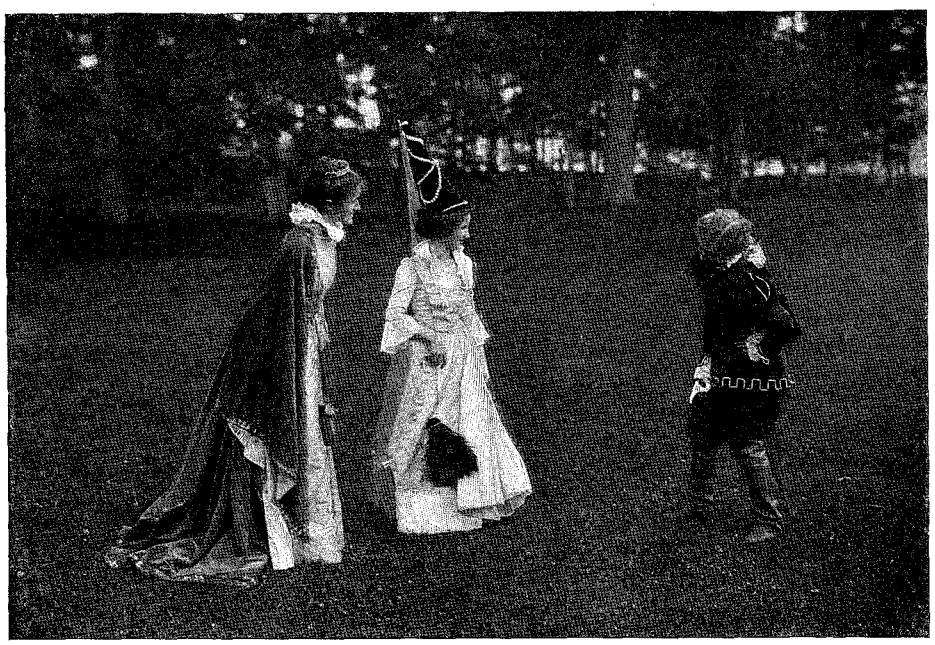

Photograph by Partridge.

"O, I am stabb'd with laughter!"

From "Love's Labor's Lost."—Presented by the Shakespeare Society.

man who thought he knew how to handle his sail-boat. As he could not swim, he was kindly and quietly fished out by some young women in a passing boat and was lectured for his incompetency—at least he should have been.

The enthusiasm and interest in rowing reaches a climax in "Float," the great aquatic event of the year. On that day the crews are in all their glory, and though it is a very mild and tranquil glory, in comparison with the effulgence of a race at New Haven or Oxford, it is a beautiful and picturesque sight. A great many people seem interested in Float. One year, seven thousand, including the Governor of Massachusetts and the Mayor of Boston, were interested and took the trouble to come out in special cars to see it. The college never puts on so gala an appearance as on Float Day, and the weather is always perfect, and the crowds of people who surge down upon the little beach and into the boat-house seem to enjoy themselves tremendously. Here and there one sees the face of some distinguished man and notes the little wake of silent gazers he leaves as he moves about. At different points knots of college-students are gathered together so they can give their class-cheer in unison. Groups of visitors stroll farther up the bank, under the big trees, or crowd down nearer the edge of the lake to get a good view of the long, graceful practice-barges as they shoot out swiftly onto the course from the cool darkness of the boat-house. One after the other they come out at a given signal and are rowed with much skill, if not very great speed; and the stroke of each crew is a proud and elated young lady who feels that the interest of the immense crowd is centred in her boat and her crew. Toward the centre of the lake, beyond the course, one can make out the Hunnewell gondola and a whole fleet of sail-boats and canoes and row-boats of every description, decorated with pennants and Chinese lanterns and comfortably rigged up with sofa-pillows, that drift after the competing crews in a leisurely fashion, unlike the feverish anxiety with which the boat containing the coach and the judges follows them up. And after the four class-crews and the two extra freshmen-crews have pulled around the course, the judges pick out the eight young women who seem to handle an oar in the best way, and for half an hour they

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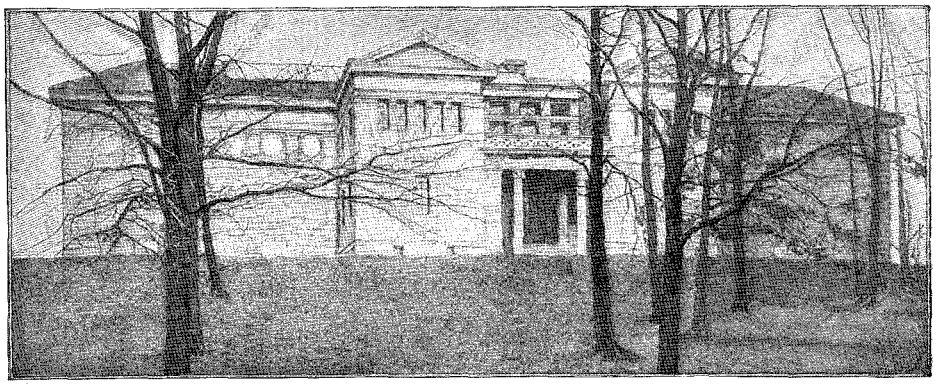
get into a barge by themselves and form a 'Varsity eight, and are rendered inordinately proud and haughty for the rest of their lives. After that important ceremony is over, and while it is growing quite dusk, the crew-boats get together and form a star that drifts and swims about on the lake. On the lantern-strung little boats, tiny lights suddenly flare out which are swallowed up and changed in the deluge of color from the big calcium-lights on the shore. From the midst of the floating craft comes the sound of mandolins and guitars, and the fresh young voices of the College Glee Club singing the college songs and giving the college cheer, and they never sound so well as they do floating back over the water in the deepening twilight.

The college is very young still. It has no storied past. It is just beginning, and the short years of its existence make Harvard, and Yale, and Princeton seem very venerable and historical in comparison. But after all it is exhilarating to the students of to-day to be able to say, "*We* are the ancients; we are making the college and its history; and the four years of our life here form not only an epoch in our own existence, but in the existence of the college." It is a good thing to feel that there is no dead weight of years, no old memories, no precedents and traditions, to bind them and to make them other than they would make themselves. But with such privileges come great responsibilities, and the students of to-day must see to it that they build a college which students of future years will be proud to claim.



The Farnsworth Art Gallery.

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THE KING'S JACKAL

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

SECOND PART

MRS. CARSON and her daughter came from the hotel to the terrace through the hallway which divided the King's apartments. Baron Barrat preceded them and they followed in single file, Miss Carson walking first. It was a position her mother always forced upon her, and after people grew to know them they accepted it as illustrating Mrs. Carson's confidence in her daughter's ability to care for herself as well as her own wish to remain in the background.

Patricia Carson as she was named after her patron saint, or "Patty" Carson, as she was called more frequently, was an exceedingly pretty girl. She was tall and fair, with a smile that showed such confidence in every one she met that few could find the courage to undeceive her by being themselves, and it was easier, in the face of such an appeal as her eyes made to the best in everyone, for each to act a part while he was with her. She was young, impressionable, and absolutely inexperienced. As a little girl she had lived on a great ranch, where she could gallop from sunrise to sunset over her own prairie land, and later her life had been spent in a convent outside of Paris. She had but two great emotions, her love for her father and for the Church which had nursed her. Her father's death had sanctified him and given him a place in her heart that her mother could not hold, and when she found herself at twenty-one the mistress of a great fortune, her one idea as to the disposal of it was to do with it what would best please him and the church which had been the ruling power in the life of both of them. She was quite unconscious of her beauty, and her mode of speaking was simple and eager.

She halted as she came near the King, and resting her two hands on the top of her lace parasol, nodded pleasantly to him and to the others. She neither courtesied nor offered him her hand, but seemed to prefer this middle course, leaving them to decide whether she acted as she did from ignorance or from choice.

As the King stepped forward to greet her mother, Miss Carson passed him and moved on to where the Father Superior stood apart from the others, talking earnestly with the Prince. What he was saying was of an unwelcome nature, for Kalonay's face wore an expression of boredom and polite protest which changed instantly to one of delight when he saw Miss Carson. The girl hesitated and made a deep obeisance to the priest.

"I am afraid I interrupt you," she said.

"Not at all," Kalonay assured her, laughing. "It is a most welcome interruption. The good father has been finding fault with me, as usual, and I am quite willing to change the subject."

The priest smiled kindly on the girl, and while he exchanged some words of welcome with her, Kalonay brought up one of the huge wicker chairs, and she seated herself with her back to the others, facing the two men who stood leaning against the broad balustrade. They had been fellow-conspirators sufficiently long for them to have grown to know each other well, and the priest, so far from regarding her as an intruder, hailed her at once as a probable ally, and endeavored to begin again where he had ceased speaking.

"Do you not agree with me, Miss Carson?" he asked. "I am telling the Prince that zeal is not enough, and that high ideals, unless they are accompanied by good conduct, are futile. I want him to change, to be more sober, more strict——"

"Oh, you must not ask me," Miss Carson said, hurriedly, smiling and shaking her head. "We are working for only one thing, are we not? Beyond that you know nothing of me, and I know nothing of

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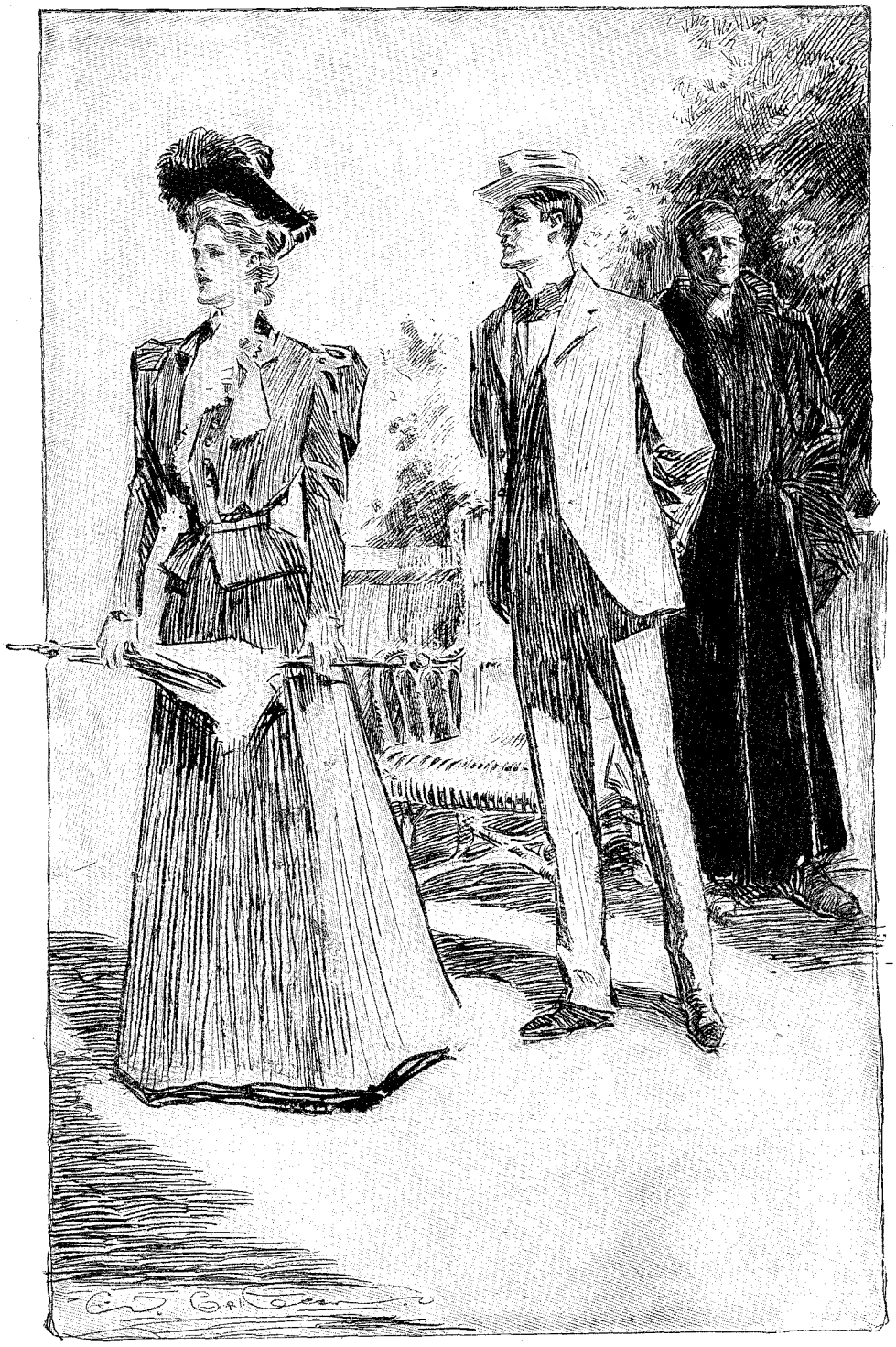

Drawn by C. D. Gibson.

"He will get the best of us if we stay."—Page 542.

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you. I came to hear of your visit," she continued; "am I to be told anything?" she asked, eagerly, looking from one to the other. "It has been such an anxious two weeks. We imagined all manner of things had happened to you."

Kalonay laughed happily. "The father was probably never safer in his life," he said. "They took us to their hearts like brothers. They might have suffocated us with kindness, but we were in no other danger."

"Then you are encouraged, father?" she asked, turning to the priest. "You found them loyal? Your visit was all you hoped, you can depend upon them?"

"We can count upon them absolutely," the monk assured her. "We shall start on our return voyage at once, in a day, as soon as his Majesty gives the word."

"There are so many things I want to know," the girl said. "But I have no right to ask," she added, looking up at him doubtfully.

"You have every right," the monk answered. "You have certainly earned it. Without the help you gave us we could not have moved. You have been more than generous——"

Miss Carson interrupted him with an impatient lifting of her head. "That sort of generosity is nothing," she said. "With you men it is different. You are all risking something. You are actually helping, while I must sit still and wait. I hope, father," she said, smiling, "it is not wrong for me to wish I were a man."

"Wrong," exclaimed Kalonay, in a tone of mock dismay, "of course it's wrong. It's wicked."

The monk turned and looked coldly over his shoulder at Kalonay, and the Prince laughed.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but we are told to be contented with our lot," he argued, impenitently. "'He only is a slave who complains,' and that is true even if a heretic did say it."

The monk shook his head and turned again to Miss Carson with a tolerant smile.

"He is very young," he said, as though Kalonay did not hear him—"and wild and foolish—and yet," he added, doubtfully, "I find I love the boy." He regarded the young man with a kind, but impersonal scrutiny, as though he were a picture, or a statue. "Sometimes I imagine he is all I might have been," he said, "had not God given me the strength to overcome myself. He has never denied himself in anything; he is as wilful and capricious as a girl. He makes a noble friend, Miss Carson, and a generous enemy, but he is spoiled irretrievably by good fortune and good living and good health." The priest looked at the young man with a certain sad severity. "'Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel,'" he said.

The girl, in great embarrassment, turned her head away, glancing from the ocean to the sky, but Kalonay seated himself coolly on the broad balustrade of the terrace with his hands on his hips, and his heels resting on the marble tiling, and clicked the soles of his boots together.

"Oh, I have had my bad days, too, father," he said. He turned his head on one side, and pressed his lips together, looking down.

"Unstable as water—that is quite possible," he said, with an air of consideration; "but spoiled by good fortune—oh, no, that is not fair. Do you call it good fortune, sir," he laughed, "to be an exile at twenty-eight? Is it good fortune to be too poor to pay your debts, and too lazy to work, to be the last of a great name, and to have no chance to add to the glory of it, and no means to keep its dignity fresh and secure? Do you fancy I like to see myself drifting farther and farther away from the old standards and the old traditions; to have English brewers and German Jew bankers taking the place I should have, buying titles with their earnings and snubbing me because I can only hunt when some one gives me a mount, and because I choose to take a purse instead of a cup when we shoot at Monte Carlo."

"What child's talk is this?" interrupted the priest, angrily. "A thousand horses cannot make a man noble, nor was poverty ever ignoble. You talk like a weak boy! Every word you say is your own condemnation. Why should you complain? Your bed is of your own making. The other prodigal was forced to herd with the swine—you have chosen to herd with them."

The girl straightened herself and half rose from her chair.

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"You are boring Miss Carson with my delinquencies," said the Prince, sternly. His face was flushed and he did not look either at the girl or at the priest.

"But the prodigal's father?" said Miss Carson, smiling at the older man. "Did he stand over him and upbraid him? You remember, he went to meet him when he was yet a great way off. That was it, was it not, father?"

"Of course he did," cried Kalonay, laughing like a boy, and slipping lightly to the terrace. "He met him half way and gave him the best he had." He stepped to Miss Carson's side and the two young people moved away smiling, and the priest, seeing that they were about to escape him, cried, eagerly, "But that prodigal had repented. This one——"

"Let's run," cried the Prince. "He will get the best of us if we stay. He always gets the best of me. He has been abusing me that way for two weeks now, and he is always sorry afterward. Let us leave him alone to his sorrow and remorse."

Kalonay walked across the terrace with Miss Carson, bending above her with what would have seemed to an outsider almost a proprietary right. She did not appear to notice it, but looked at him frankly and listened to what he had to say with interest. He was speaking rapidly, and as he spoke he glanced shyly at her as though seeking her approbation and not boldly, as he was accustomed to do when he talked with either men or women. To look at her with admiration was such a cheap form of appreciation, and one so distasteful to her, that had he known it, Kalonay's averted eyes were more of a compliment than any words he could have spoken. His companions who had seen him with other women knew that his manner to her was not his usual manner, and that he gave her something he did not give to the others; that he was more discreet and less ready, and less at ease.

The Prince Kalonay had first met Miss Carson and her mother by chance in Paris, at the rooms of Father Paul, where they had each gone on the same errand, and since that meeting his whole manner toward the two worlds in which he lived had altered so strangely, that mere acquaintances noticed the change.

Before he had met her, the little the Priest had said concerning her and her zeal for their common desire had piqued his curiosity, and his imagination had been aroused by the picture of a romantic young woman giving her fortune to save the souls of the people of Messina; his people whom he regarded and who regarded him less as a feudal lord, than as a father and a comrade. He had pictured her as a nervous, angular woman with a pale, ascetic face, and with the restless eyes of an enthusiast, dressed in black and badly dressed, and with a severe and narrow intelligence. But he had prepared himself to forgive her personality, for the sake of the high and generous impulse that inspired her. And when he was presented to her as she really was, and found her young, lovable, and nobly fair, the shock of wonder and delight had held him silent during the whole course of her interview with the priest, and when she had left them his brain was in a tumult and was filled with memories of her words and gestures and of the sweet fearlessness of her manner. Beautiful women he had known before as beautiful women, but the saving grace in his nature had never before been so deeply roused by what was fine as well as beautiful. It seemed as though it were too complete and perfect. For he assured himself that she possessed everything—those qualities which he had never valued before because he believed them to be unattainable, and those others which he had made his idols. She was with him, mind and heart and soul, in the one desire of his life that he took seriously; she was of his religion, she was more noble than his noble sisters, and she was more beautiful than the day. In the first glow of the meeting it seemed to him as though fate had called them to do this work together—she from the far shore of the Pacific, and he from his rocky island in the Middle Sea. And he saw with cruel distinctness, that if there were one thing wanting, it was himself. He worshipped her before he had bowed his first good-by to her, and that night he walked for miles up and down the long lengths of the avenue of the Champs-Élysées, facing the great change that she had brought into his life, but knowing himself to be utterly unfit for her coming. He felt like an unworthy steward caught at his master's re-

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turn unprepared, with ungirt loins, and unlighted lamp. Nothing he had done since he was a child gave him the right to consider himself her equal. He was not blinded by the approaches which other daughters, and the mothers of daughters had made him. He knew that what was enough to excuse many things in their eyes, might find no apology in hers. He looked back with the awakening of a child at the irrevocable acts in his life that could not be altered, nor dug up nor hidden away. They marked the road he had trodden like heavy milestones, telling his story to every passer-by. She could read them, as everyone else could read them. He had wasted his substance, he had bartered his birthright for a moment's pleasure; there was no one so low and despicable who could not call him comrade, to whom he had not given himself without reserve. There was nothing left, and now the one thing he had ever wanted had come, and had found him like a bankrupt, his credit wasted and his coffers empty. He had placed himself at the beck and call of every idle man and woman in Paris, and he was as common as the great clock-face that hangs above the Boulevards.

Miss Carson's feelings toward Kalonay were not of her own choosing, and had passed through several stages. When they had first met she had thought it most sad that so careless and unprincipled a person should chance to hold so important a part in the task she had set herself to do. She knew his class only by hearsay, but she placed him in it, and, accordingly, at once dismissed him as a person from her mind. Kalonay had never shown her that he loved her, except by those signs which any woman can read and which no man can conceal, but he did not make love to her, and it was that which first prepossessed her in his favor. One or two other men who knew of her fortune, and to whom she had given as little encouragement as she had to Kalonay, had been less considerate. But his attitude toward her was always that of a fellow-worker in the common cause. He treated her with a gratitude for the help she meant to give his people which much embarrassed her. His seriousness pleased her with him, seeing, as she did, that it was not his nature to be serious, and his enthusiasm and love for his half-civilized countrymen increased her interest in them, and her liking for him. She could not help but admire the way in which he accepted, without forcing her to make it any plainer, the fact that he held no place in her thoughts. And then she found that he began to hold more of a place in her thoughts than she had supposed any man could hold, of whom she knew so little, and of whom the little she knew was so ill. She missed him when she went to the priest's and found that he had not sent for Kalonay to bear his part in their councils, and at times she felt an unworthy wish to hear Kalonay speak the very words she had admired him for keeping from her. And at last she learned the truth that she did love him, and it frightened her, and made her miserable and happy. They had not seen each other since he had left Paris for Messina, and though they spoke now only of his mission to the island, there was back of what they said the joy for each of them of being together again and of finding that it meant so much. What it might mean to the other, neither knew.

For some little time the King followed the two young people with his eyes and then joined them, making signs to Kalonay that he wished him to leave them together, but Kalonay remained blind to his signals, and Barrat, seeing that it was not a tête-à-tête, joined them also. When he did so Kalonay asked the King for a word, and laying his hand upon his arm walked with him down the terrace, pointing ostensibly to where the yacht lay in the harbor. Louis answered his pantomime with an appropriate gesture, and then asked, sharply, "Well, what is it? Why did you bring me here? And what do you mean by staying on when you see you are not wanted?"

They were some distance from the others. Kalonay smiled and made a slight bow. "Your Majesty," he began with polite emphasis. The King looked at him curiously.

"In the old days under similar circumstances," the Prince continued with the air of a courtier rather than that of an equal, "had I thought of forming an alliance by marriage, I should have come to your Majesty first and asked your gracious approval. But those days are past and we are living at the end of the century, and we do such

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things differently." He straightened himself and returned the King's look of amused interest with one as cynical as his own. "What I wanted to tell you, Louis," he said, quietly, "is that I mean to ask Miss Carson to become the Princess Kalonay."

The King raised his head quickly and stared at the younger man with a look of distaste and surprise. He gave an incredulous laugh.

"Indeed?" he said at last. "There was always something about rich women you could never resist."

The Prince made his acknowledgment with a shrug of his shoulders and smiled indifferently.

"I didn't expect you to understand," he said. "It does seem odd; it's quite as difficult for me to understand as for you. I have been through it a great many times, and I thought I knew all there was of it. But now it seems different. No, it does not seem different," he corrected himself, "it is different, and I love the lady and I mean to ask her to do me the honor to marry me. I didn't expect you to understand, I don't care if you do. I only wanted to warn you."

"Warn me," interrupted the King, with an unpleasant smile. "Indeed! against what? Your tone is a trifle peremptory—but you are interesting, most interesting! Kalonay in a new rôle, Kalonay in love! Most interesting! Warn me against what?" he repeated, sharply.

"Your Majesty has a certain manner," the Prince began, with a pretence of hesitation, "a charm of manner, I might say, which is proverbial. It is, we know, attractive to women. Every woman acknowledges it. But your Majesty is sometimes too gracious. He permits himself to condescend to many women, to any woman, to women of all classes——"

"That will do," said the King; "what do you mean?"

"What I mean is this," said Kalonay, lowering his voice and looking into the King's half-closed eyes. "You can have all of Miss Carson's money you want—all you can get. I don't want it. If I am to marry her at all, I am not marrying her for her money. You can't believe that. It isn't essential that you should. But I want you to leave the woman I hope to make my wife alone. I will allow no pretty speeches, nor royal attentions. She can give her money where she pleases, now and always, but I'll not have her eyes opened to —— as you can open them. I will not have her annoyed. And if she is——"

"Ah, and if she is?" challenged the King. His eyes were wide apart now and his lips were parted and drawn back from his teeth, like a snarling cat ——

"—— I shall hold whoever annoys her responsible," Kalonay concluded, impersonally.

There was a moment's pause, during which the two men stood regarding each other warily.

Then the King stiffened his shoulders and placed his hands slowly behind his back. "That sounds, my dear Kalonay," he said, "almost like a threat."

The younger man laughed insolently, "I meant it, too, your Majesty," he answered, bowing mockingly and backing away.

As the King's guests seated themselves at his breakfast-table Louis smiled upon them with a gracious glance of welcome and approval. His manner was charmingly condescending, and in his appearance there was nothing more serious than an anxiety for their better entertainment and a certain animal satisfaction in the food upon his plate.

In reality his eyes were distributing the people at the table before him into elements favorable or unfavorable to his plans, and in his mind he shuffled them and their values for him or against him as a gambler arranges and rearranges the cards in his hand. He saw himself plainly as his own highest card, and Barrat and Erhaupt as willing, but mediocre accomplices. In Father Paul and Kalonay he recognized his most powerful allies, or most dangerous foes. Miss Carson meant nothing to him but a source from which he could draw the sinews of war. What would become of her after the farce was ended, he did not consider. He was not capable of comprehending either her or her motives, and had he concerned himself about her at all, he would have probably thought that she was more of a fool than the saint she pretended to be, and that she had come to their assistance more because she wished to be near a Prince and a King, than because she cared for the souls of sixty thousand peasants. That she

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would surely lose her money, and could hardly hope to escape from them without losing her good name, did not concern him. It was not his duty to look after the reputation of any American heiress who thought she could afford to be unconventional. She had a mother to do that for her, and she was pretty enough, he concluded, to excuse many things. So pretty that he wondered if he might brave the Countess Zara and offer Miss Carson the attentions to which Kalonay had made such arrogant objections. The King smiled at the thought and let his little eyes fall for a moment on the tall figure of the girl with its crown of heavy golden hair, and on her clever earnest eyes. She was certainly worth waiting for, and in the meanwhile she was virtually unprotected, and surrounded by his own people. According to his translation of her acts she had already offered him every encouragement, and had placed herself in a position which to his understanding of the world could have but one interpretation. What Kalonay's sudden infatuation might mean he could not foresee; whether it promised good or threatened evil, he could only guess, but he decided that the young man's unwonted show of independence of the morning must be punished. His claim to exclusive proprietorship in the young girl struck the King as amusing, but impertinent. It would be easy sailing in spite of all, he decided; for somewhere up above them in the hotel sat the unbidden guest, the woman against whom Father Paul had raised the ban of expulsion, but who had, nevertheless, tricked both him and the faithful Jackal.

The breakfast was drawing to an end and the faithful Niccolas was the only servant remaining in the room. The talk had grown intimate and touched openly upon the successful visit of the two ambassadors to the island, and of Barrat's mission to Paris. Of Madame Zara's visit to the northern half of the island, which was supposed to have been less successful, no mention was made.

Louis felt as he listened to them like a man at a play, who knows that at a word from him the complications would cease and that were he to rise in the stalls and explain them away, and point out the real hero and denounce the villain, the curtain would have to ring down on the instant. He gave a little purr of satisfaction and again marshalled his chances before him and smiled to find them good. He was grandly at peace with himself and with the world. Whatever happened, he was already richer by some 300,000 francs, and in a day, if he could keep the American girl to her promise, would be as rich again. When the farce of landing his expedition had been played he would be free—free to return to his clubs and to his boulevards and boudoirs, with money enough to silence the most insolent among his creditors, and with renewed credit; with even a certain glamour about him of one who had dared to do, even though he had failed in the doing, who had shaken off the slothfulness of ease and had chosen to risk his life for his throne with a smoking rifle in his hand, until a traitor had turned fortune against him.

The King was amused to find that this prospect pleased him vastly. He was surprised to discover that careless as he thought himself to be to public opinion, he was still capable of caring for its approbation; but he consoled himself for this weakness by arguing that it was only because the approbation would be his by a trick that it pleased him to think of. Perhaps some of his royal cousins, in the light of his bold intent, might take him under their protection instead of neglecting him shamefully as they had done in the past. His armed expedition might open certain doors to him; his name, and he smiled grimly, as he imagined it, would ring throughout Europe as the Soldier King, as the modern disciple of the divine right of kings. He saw, in his mind's eye, even the possibility of a royal alliance and a pension from one of the great Powers. No matter where he looked he could see nothing but gain to himself, more power for pleasure, more chances of greater fortune in the future, and while his lips assented to what the others said, and his eyes thanked them for some expression of loyalty or confidence, he saw himself in dreams as bright as an absinthe drinker's back in his beloved Paris; in the Champs-Élysées behind fine horses, lolling from a silk box at the opera, dealing baccarat at the Jockey Club, or playing host to some beautiful woman of the hour, in the new home he would establish for her in the discreet and leafy borders of the Bois.

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He had forgotten his guests and the moment. He had forgotten that there were difficulties yet to overcome, and with a short, indrawn sigh of pleasure, he threw back his head and smiled arrogantly upon the sunny terrace and the green palms and the brilliant blue sea, as though he challenged the whole beautiful world before him to do aught but minister to his success and contribute to his pleasures.

And at once, as though in answer to his challenge, a tall, slim young man sprang lightly up the steps of the terrace, passed the bewildered guards with a cheery nod, and striding before the open windows knocked with his fist upon the portals of the door, as sharply and as confidently as though the King's shield had hung there, and he had struck it with a lance.

The King's dream shattered and faded away at the sound and he moved uneasily in his chair. He had the gambler's superstitious regard for trifles, and this invasion of his privacy by a confident stranger filled him with sudden disquiet.

He saw Kalonay staring at the open windows with an expression of astonishment and dismay.

"Who is it?" the King asked, peevishly. "What are you staring at? How did he get in?"

Kalonay turned on Barrat, sitting at his right. "Did you see him?" he asked. Barrat nodded gloomily.

"The devil!" exclaimed the Prince, as though Barrat had confirmed his guess. "I beg your pardon," he said, nodding his head toward the women. He pushed back his chair and stood irresolutely with his napkin in his hand. "Tell him we are not in, Niccolas," he commanded.

"He saw us as he passed the window," the Baron objected.

"Say we are at breakfast then. I will see him myself in a moment. What shall I tell him," he asked, turning to Barrat. "Do you think he knows? He must know, they have told him in Paris."

"You are keeping us waiting," said the King. "What is it? Who is this man?"

"An American, named Gordon. He is a correspondent," Kalonay answered, without turning his head. His eyes were still fixed on the terrace as though he had seen a ghost.

The King slapped his hand on the arm of the chair. "You promised me," he said, "that we should be free from that sort of thing. That is why I agreed to come here instead of going to Algiers. Go out, Barrat, and send him away."

Barrat pressed his lips together and shook his head.

"You can't send him away like that," he said. "He is a very important young man."

"Find out how much he will take then," exclaimed the King, angrily, "and give it to him. I can better afford to pay blackmail to any amount than have my plans spoiled now by the newspapers. Give him what he wants—a fur coat—they always wear fur coats, or five thousand francs, or something — anything — but get rid of him.

Barrat stirred uneasily in his chair and shrugged his shoulders. "He is not a boulevard journalist," he replied, sulkily.

"Your Majesty is thinking of the Hungarian Jews at Vienna," explained Kalonay, "who live on *chantage* and the Monte Carlo propaganda fund. This man is not in their class; he is not to be bought. I said he was an American."

"An American!" exclaimed Mrs. Carson and her daughter, exchanging rapid glances. "Is it Archie Gordon, you mean?" the girl asked. "I thought he was in China."

"That is the man—Archie Gordon. He writes books and explores places," Kalonay answered.

"I know him. He wrote a book on the slave trade in the Congo," contributed Colonel Erhaupt. "I met him at Zanzibar. What does he want with us?"

"He was in Yokohama when the Japanese-Chinese war broke out," said Kalonay turning to the King, "and he cabled a London paper he would follow the war for it if they paid him a hundred a week. He meant American dollars, but they thought he meant pounds, so they cabled back that they'd pay one-half that sum. He answered "One hundred or nothing," and they finally assented to that and he started, and when the first week's remittance arrived, and he received five hundred dollars instead of the one hundred he expected, he sent back the difference."

"What a remarkable young man," ex-

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claimed the King. "He is much too good for daily wear. We don't want anyone like that around here, do we?"

"I know Mr. Gordon very well," said Miss Carson. "He lived in San Francisco before he came East. He was always at our house and was a great friend of the family; wasn't he, mother? We haven't seen him for two years now, but I know he wouldn't spoil our plans for the sake of his paper, if he knew we were in earnest, if he understood that everything depended upon its being kept a secret."

"We are not certain that he knows anything," the King urged. "He may not have come here to see us. I think Father Paul should talk with him first."

"I was going to suggest," said Miss Carson, with some hesitation, "that if I spoke to him I might be able to put it to him in such a way that he would see how necessary it ——"

"Oh, excellent," exclaimed the King eagerly, and rising to his feet, "if you only would be so kind, Miss Carson."

Kalonay, misunderstanding the situation altogether, fastened his eyes upon the table and did not speak.

"He has not come to see you, Patricia," said Mrs. Carson, quietly.

"He does not know that I am here," Miss Carson answered. "But I'm sure if he did he would be very glad to see us again. And if we do see him we can make him promise not to do anything that might interfere with our plans. Won't you let me speak to him, mother?"

Mrs. Carson turned uncertainly to the priest for direction and his glance apparently reassured her, for she rose, though still with a troubled countenance, and the two women left the room together, the men standing regarding each other anxiously across the table. When they had gone the King lit a cigarette and turning his back on his companions puffed at it nervously in silence. Kalonay sat moodily studying the pattern on the plate before him, and the others whispered together at the farther end of the table.

When Miss Carson and her mother stepped out upon the terrace, the American was standing with his back toward them and was speaking to the guards who sat cross-legged at the top of the steps. They showed no sign of surprise at the fact of his addressing them in their own tongue further than that they answered him with a show of respect which they had not exhibited toward those they protected. The American turned as he heard the footsteps behind him, and after a startled look of astonishment, hurried toward the two women exclaiming, with every expression of pleasure:

"I had no idea you were stopping here," he said, after the first greetings were over. "I thought you were somewhere on the Continent. I am so glad I caught you. It seems centuries since I saw you last. You're looking very well, Mrs. Carson—and as for Patty—I am almost afraid of her—I've been hearing all sorts of things about you lately, Patty," he went on, turning a smiling countenance toward the girl. "About your engagements to princes and dukes—all sorts of disturbing rumors. What a terrible swell you've grown to be. I hardly recognize you at all, Mrs. Carson. It isn't possible this is the same young girl I used to take buggy riding on Sunday evenings?"

"Indeed, it is not. I wish it were," said Mrs. Carson, plaintively, sinking into a chair. "I'm glad to see you're not changed, Archie," she added, with a sigh.

"Why, he's very much changed, mother," the girl said. "He's taller, and, in comparison with what he was, he's almost wasted away, and so sunburned I hardly knew him. Except round the forehead," she added, mockingly, "and I suppose the sun couldn't burn there because of the laurel-wreaths. I hear they bring them to you fresh every morning."

"They're better than coronets, at any rate," Gordon answered, with a nod. "They're not so common. And if I'm wasted away, can you wonder? How long has it been since I saw you, Patty?"

"No, I'm wrong, he's not changed," Miss Carson said, drily, as she seated herself beside her mother.

"How do you two come to be stopping here?" the young man asked. "I thought this hotel had been turned over to King Louis?"

"It has," Mrs. Carson answered. "We are staying at the Continental, on the hill there. We are only here for breakfast. He asked us to breakfast."

"He?" repeated Gordon, with an in-

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credulous smile. "Who? Not the King —not that blackguard?"

Miss Carson raised her head, and stared at him in silence, and her mother gave a little gasp, apparently of relief and satisfaction.

"Yes," Miss Carson answered at last, coldly. "We are breakfasting with him. What do you know against him?"

Gordon stared at her with such genuine astonishment that the girl lowered her eyes, and, bending forward in her chair, twirled her parasol nervously between her fingers.

"What do I know against him? Why, Patty!" he exclaimed. "How did you meet him, in Heaven's name," he asked, roughly. "Have you been seen with him? Have you known him long? Who had the impudence to present him?"

Mrs. Carson looked up, now thoroughly alarmed, her lower lip was trembling, and she twisted her gloved hands together in her lap.

"What do you know against him?" Miss Carson repeated, meeting Gordon's look with one as full of surprise as his own.

The young man regarded her steadily for a few moments and then, with a change of manner, as though he now saw the situation was much more serious than he had at first supposed, drew up a chair in front of the two women and seated himself deliberately.

"Has he borrowed any money from you yet?" he asked. Miss Carson's face flushed crimson and she straightened her shoulders and turned her eyes away from Gordon with every sign of indignation and disapproval. The young man gave an exclamation of relief.

"No? that's good. You cannot have known him so very long," he said. "I am greatly relieved."

"Louis, of Messina," he began more gently, "is the most unscrupulous rascal in Europe. Since they turned him out of his kingdom he has lived by selling his title to men who are promoting new brands of champagne or floating queer mining shares. The greater part of his income is dependent on the generosity of the old nobility of Messina, and when they don't pay him readily enough, he levies blackmail on them. He owes money to every tailor and horse-dealer and hotel-keeper in Europe, and no one who can tell one card from another will play with him. That is his reputation. And to help him live up to it he has surrounded himself with a parcel of adventurers as rascally as himself; a Colonel Erhaupt who was dropped from a German regiment, and who is a Colonel only by the favor of the Queen of Madagascar; a retired croupier named Barrat, and a fallen angel called Kalonay, a fellow of the very best blood in Europe and with the very worst morals. They call him the King's Jackal, and he is one of the most delightful blackguards I ever met. So is the King for that matter, a most entertaining individual if you keep him in his place, but a man no woman can know. In fact, Mrs. Carson," Gordon went on, addressing himself to the mother, "when you have to say that a woman has absolutely no reputation whatever you can best express it by explaining that she has a title from Louis of Messina. That is his Majesty's way of treating his feminine friends when they bore him and he wants to get rid of them. He gives them a title.

"The only thing the man ever did that was to his credit and that could be discussed in polite society is what he is doing now at this place, at this moment. For it seems," Gordon, whispered, drawing his chair closer, "that he is about to show himself something of a man after all, and that he is engaged in fitting out an armed expedition with which he hopes to recover his kingdom. That's what brought me here, and I must say I rather admire him for attempting such a thing. Of course, it was Kalonay who put him up to it, he would never have stirred from the boulevards if that young man had not made him. But he is here nevertheless waiting for a favorable opportunity to sail, and he has ten thousand rifles and three Maxim guns lying in his yacht out there in the harbor. That's how I came to learn about it. I was getting an estimate on an outfit I was thinking of taking into Yucatan from my old gunsmith in the Rue Scribe, and he dropped a hint that he had shipped ten thousand rifles to Tangier, to Colonel Erhaupt. I have met Erhaupt in Zanzibar, and knew he was the King's right-hand man, so I put two and two together and decided I would follow them up, and——"

"Yes, and now," interrupted Miss Carson, sharply—"And now that you have

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followed them up, what do you mean to do?"

Gordon looked his surprise at her earnestness, but answered that he did not know what he would do; he thought he would either ask them to give him a commission in their expedition, and let him help them fight and write an account of their adventures later, or he would telegraph the story at once to his paper. It was with him, he said, entirely a question as to which course would be of the greater news value. If he told what he now knew his paper would be the first of all others to inform the world of the expedition and the proposed revolution, while if he volunteered for the expedition and waited until it had failed or succeeded, he would be able to tell more eventually, but would have to share it with other correspondents.

Miss Carson regarded him with an expression in which indignation and entreaty were curiously blended.

"Archie," she said, in a low voice, "you do not know what you are doing or saying. You are threatening to spoil the one thing in my life on which I have set my heart. The return of this man to his throne, whether he is worthy or not, means the restoration of the Catholic Church on that island, it means the return of the monks and the rebuilding of the monasteries, and the salvation of sixty thousand souls. I know all that they mean to do. I am the one who paid for those rifles that brought you here; you have told me only what I have known for months, and for which I have been earnestly working and praying. I am not blinded by these men. They are not the creatures you describe; but no matter what they may be it is only through them, and through them alone, that I can do what I have set out to do."

Gordon silenced her with a sweep of his hand.

"Do you mean to tell me," he demanded, "that you are mixed up in this—with these—that they have taken money from you, and told you they meant to use it to re-establish the Church? Mrs. Carson!" he exclaimed, bitterly, turning upon her, "why have you allowed this—what have you been doing while this was going on? Do you suppose those scoundrels care for the Church—the Church, indeed! Wait until I see them—any of them—Erhaupt by choice, and I'll make them give up every franc you've lent them, or I'll horsewhip and expose them for the gang of welshers and thimble-riggers they are; or if they prefer their own methods, I'll call them out in rotation and shoot their arms and legs off." He stopped and drew a long breath either of content that he had discovered the situation in time to take some part in it, or at the prospect of a fight.

"The idea of you two helpless females wandering into this den of wolves," he exclaimed, indignantly. "It's about time you had a man to look after you! You go back to your hotel now, and let me have a chat with Louis of Messina. He's kept me waiting some twenty minutes as it is, and that's a little longer than I can give him. I'm not a creditor." He rose from his chair, but Miss Carson put out her hand and motioned him to be seated.

"Archie," she said, "I like the way you take this, even though you are all wrong about it, because it's just like you to fly into a passion and want to fight someone for somebody. If your conclusions were anywhere near the truth, you would be acting very well. But they are not. The King is not handling my money, nor the Prince Kalonay. It is in the keeping of Father Paul, the Father Superior of the Dominican monks, who is the only one of these people I know or who knows me. He is not a swindler, too, is he, or a retired croupier? Listen to me now, and do not fly out like that at me, or at mother. It is not her fault. Last summer, mother and I went to Messina as tourists, and one day, when passing through a sea-port town, we saw a crowd of people on the shore, standing or kneeling by the hundreds in a great semicircle close to the water's edge. There was a priest preaching to them from an open boat. It was like a scene from the New Testament, and the man, this Father Paul, made me think of one of the Disciples. I asked them why he did not preach on the land, and they told me that he and all of the priests had been banished from the island six years before, and that they could only return by stealth and dared not land except by night. When the priest had finished speaking, I had myself rowed out to his boat and I talked a long time with him and he told me of this plan to re-establish himself and his order. I offered to help him

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with my money, and he promised me a letter to Cardinal Napoli. It reached me on my return to Rome, and through the influence of the Cardinal I was given an audience with the Pope, and I was encouraged to aid Father Paul as far as I could. I had meant to build a memorial church for father, but they urged me to give the money instead to this cause. All my dealings until to-day have been with Father Paul alone. I have seen a little of the Prince Kalonay because they are always together, but he has always treated me in a way to which no one could take exception, and he is certainly very much in earnest. When Father Paul left Paris mother and I came on here in order to be near him, and that is how you find me in Tangier. And now that you understand how much this means to me, I know you will not do anything to stand in our way. Those men inside are afraid that you came here for just the reason that apparently has brought you, and when they saw you a little while ago through the windows they were greatly disturbed. Let me tell them that you mean to volunteer for the campaign. The King cannot refuse the services of a man who has done the things you are always doing. And I promise you, that for a reward you shall be the only one to tell the story of our attempt. I promise you," she repeated, earnestly, "that the day we enter the capital, you can cable whatever you please and tell our story to the whole of Europe."

"The story be hanged," replied Gordon. "You have made this a much more serious business than a newspaper story. You misunderstand me utterly, Patty. I am here now because I am not going to have you compromised and robbed."

The girl stood up, and looked down at the young man indignantly.

"You have no right whatever to use that tone to me," she said. "I am of age and my own adviser. I am acting for the good of a great number of people, and according to what my conscience and common-sense tell me is right. I shall hate you if you attempt to interfere. You can do one of two things, Archie. I give you your choice; you can either go with them as a volunteer, and promise to keep our secret, or you can cable what you know now, what you know only by accident, but if you do, you will lose your best friend, and you will defeat a good and a noble effort."

Gordon leaned back in his chair, and looked up at her steadily for a brief moment, and then rose with a smile, and bowed to the two women in silence. He crossed the terrace quickly with an amused and puzzled countenance, and walked into the breakfast-room, from the windows of which, as he rightly guessed, the five conspirators had for some time observed him. He looked from one to the other of the men about the table, until his eyes finally met those of the King.

"I believe, sir, you are leading an expedition against the Republic of Messina?" Gordon said. "I am afraid it can't start unless you take me with you."

(To be continued.)

GEORGINA

By Charles Henry Webb

The little lady shakes her head,
And vows that she will never wed:

But even while the tale she tells,
There comes a sound of wedding-bells!

Oh, you may trust the fickle vane
That only points to veer again,

But not the dainty little head
That shakes to say she will not wed.

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THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

THE BURGOYNE CAMPAIGN AND ITS RESULTS

THE BURGOYNE CAMPAIGN

ALONG the line of the Hudson alone was it possible to separate one group of colonies from the rest. That line reached from the sea on the south to the British possessions in Canada on the north. Once in full control of it the British would not only be masters of New York, but they would cut off New England from the other colonies. Nowhere else could this be done. At any point on the long Atlantic coast they might seize seaports or even overrun one or more colonies; but along the Hudson alone could they divide the colonies, and by dividing, hopelessly cripple them. It required no very great intelligence to perceive this fact, and the British Ministry acted on it from the start. Carleton descended from Canada in the summer of 1776, and Howe was to advance and, driving the Americans before him, to unite with the northern army and thus get the control of the two long lakes and of the great river of New York. Carleton, who was almost the only efficient officer in the British service, did his part pretty well. He came down the lakes to Crown Point, which he captured, and advanced as far as Ticonderoga. Thence, hearing nothing from the south, he was obliged by the season to withdraw. Howe, on his side, proceeded to force back the Americans, and, having driven them some thirty miles when he had to cover nearly four hundred, he suddenly retraced his steps and captured Fort Washington, a serious loss at the moment to the Americans, but of no permanent effect whatever on the fortunes of the Revolution. The essential and great object was sacrificed to one which was temporary and unessential. Howe was incapable of seeing the vital point. Unenterprising and slow, he was baffled and delayed by Washington until summer had gone and autumn was wearing away into winter.

Thus failed the first campaign for the Hudson, but even while it was going to wreck, the Ministry — deeply impressed with the importance of the prize—were making ready for a second attempt. This time the main attack was to be made from the north, and Sir Henry Clinton was to come up the river and meet the victorious army advancing from Canada. In order to insure success at the start, the Ministry set aside Carleton, the efficient and experienced, and intrusted this important expedition to another. This new commander was Sir John Burgoyne. A brief statement of who he was and what he had done will show why he was selected to lead in the most serious and intelligent attempt made by England to conquer America—an attempt upon which the fate of the Revolution turned when success meant the division of the colonies, and defeat a French alliance with the new States. Burgoyne was the natural son of Lord Bingley, and had made a runaway marriage with the daughter of Lord Derby. As matters went then, these were sufficient reasons for the appointment; but in justice to Burgoyne, it must be said that he had other attributes than those of birth and marriage. He was a member of Parliament and a clever debater; a man of letters and an agreeable writer; a not unsuccessful verse-maker and playwright; a soldier who had shown bravery in the war in Portugal; a gentleman and a man of fashion. He had not given any indication of capacity for the command of an army, but this was not thought of importance. Let it be added that, although as a soldier he was the worst beaten of the British generals, as a man

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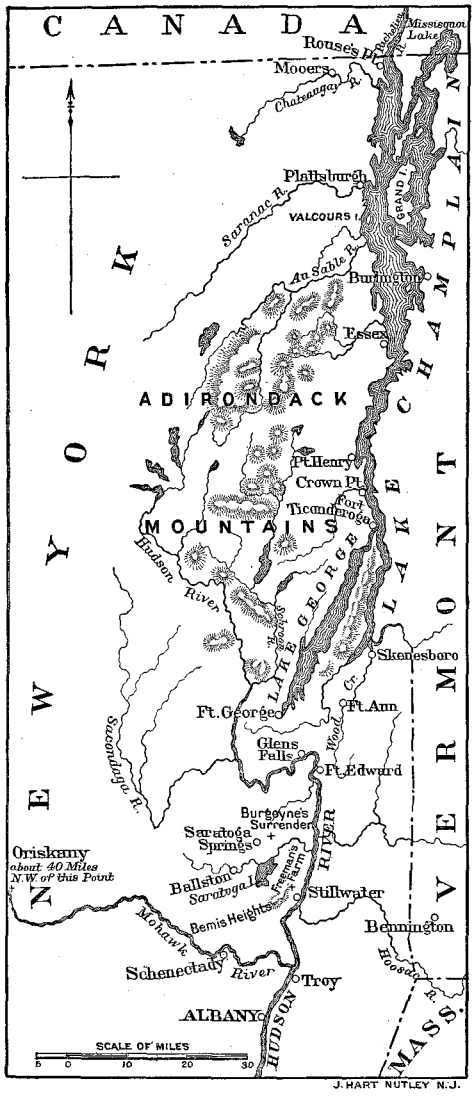

he was much the best, for he was clever, agreeable, and well-bred.

Having selected their commander, the Ministry cordially supported him. With Lord George Germain, whose own prowess in battle made him think the Americans not only cowards but utterly hateful rebels, the campaign was planned. In it the Indians, who had been held back by the judicious Carleton, were to play a large part, and Canadians also were to be enlisted. More Germans were purchased, and no effort was spared to give the new General everything he wanted. There was only one oversight. Lord George Germain put the orders to Howe to join Burgoyne in a pigeon-hole, went off to the country and forgot them. Howe did not receive them until August 16th. Hence, some delay in marching north to Burgoyne, the results of which will appear later. But this was mere forgetfulness. The Ministry, with this trivial exception of Howe's orders, meant to give and did give Burgoyne everything he wanted. Thus it came about that on June 13th at St. Johns, when Burgoyne hoisted his flag on the Radeau, and opened his campaign, he found himself at the head of a fine army of nearly 8,000 men, composed of 4,135 English; 3,116 Germans, 503 Indians, and 148 Canadians. They were thoroughly equipped and provided, and the artillery was of the best. Another force of 1,000 men under Colonel St. Leger was sent to the west to reduce Fort Stanwix; this done, he was to descend the Mohawk Valley and join the main army at Albany. The two expeditions were a serious, well-supported, and well-aimed attack at a vital point, and if successful, meant untold disaster to the American cause.

All began well, with much rhetoric and flourish of trumpets. A week after hoisting his flag, on June 20th, Burgoyne issued a proclamation in which he indulged his literary propensities, and no doubt enjoyed highly the pleasure of authorship. The King, he said, was just and clement, and had directed "that Indians be employed." The Americans he declared to be "wilful outcasts," and in the "consciousness of Christianity and the honor of soldiership" he warned them that the messengers of justice and wrath awaited them on the field, and devastation, famine, and every concomitant horror. Having thus appealed to every American to turn out and fight him, he announced in general orders that "this army must not retreat," and took his way down Lake Champlain, the Indians in their war-paint leading the van in their canoes, and the British and Germans following in a large flotilla with bands playing and banners flying.

At the start all went well and victoriously. Schuyler, in command of the northern department, had been laboring with energy to repair the lines of defence broken by Carleton's invasion of the previous

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summer, and make ready for the coming of the new attack. But he had been unsupported by Congress and had been manfully struggling with really insuperable difficulties. Instead of the proper garrison of 5,000 men at Ticonderoga, there were barely 2,500 ill-armed continental troops, and nine hundred militia. With this small force it was impossible to maintain a proper line of works. The British seized some unoccupied and commanding heights and opened a plunging fire on the American position. St. Clair, who was in command at Ticonderoga, decided that the place was untenable, and on the night of July 5th abandoned it. He sent the women and wounded under the protection of Colonel Long and six hundred troops to Skenesboro' by boat. There they were attacked and the American flotilla destroyed. Long withdrew to Fort Anne, where he fought a good action the next day, but being outnumbered, he abandoned the fort and retreated to Fort Edward, where he joined Schuyler. Meantime, St. Clair, assailed on his retreat by the British, with whom his rear-guard fought stubbornly, made his way also to Fort Edward and joined Schuyler on the 12th. The united American force numbered less than 5,000 men, ill-armed and unprovided in every way. Schuyler, however, faced the situation bravely and with no sign of flinching or panic. He did at once and effectively the wisest thing possible. The British had allied themselves with the Indians, Schuyler made the wilderness the ally of the Americans. He destroyed all the wood roads, burnt the bridges, filled up with logs and stones the practicable waterways, and stripped the country of cattle and all provisions. Doing this diligently and thoroughly, he fell back slowly to Fort Miller, ruining the road as he passed, and thence to Stillwater, where he intrenched himself and awaited reinforcements, Arnold meantime having joined him with the artillery.

Burgoyne, on the other hand, elated by easy victory, sent home a messenger with exulting tidings of his success. In reality, his troubles were just beginning. The country sparsely settled, and hardly opened at all, sank back under Schuyler's treatment to an utter wilderness. The British in New York, New Jersey, and Massachusetts had been operating in a long settled region where the roads were good. Now they were in a primeval forest, with every foot-path and track destroyed, every bridge burned, every creek choked. Burgoyne had to cut a new road, build forty bridges, and reopen Wood Creek. It took him twenty-four days to march twenty-six miles, from Skenesboro' to Fort Edward, and after arriving there, on July 30th, he was obliged to wait until August 15th for the arrival of his artillery and heavy ammunition from Lake George.

Even while his jubilant message was on its way to London, the wilderness, under Schuyler's wise management, had dealt him this deadly blow of fatal delay. Nor was this all. The employment of the Indians, who had been ravaging and scalping from the day the British crossed the frontier, had roused the people of the north as nothing else could have done. The frontiersmen and pioneers rose in all directions, for the scalping of wounded soldiers awakened in the Americans a fierce spirit of revenge, which would stop at no danger. The idea that the Indians would terrify the Americans was a foolish dream. Nothing in reality was calculated to make them fight so hard. Perhaps even Burgoyne may have had a glimmering of this truth when two of the allies of his clement King tomahawked and scalped Miss McCrea. There was nothing unusual about the deed, but the unfortunate girl happened to be a loyalist herself and betrothed to a loyalist in Burgoyne's camp, whither she was travelling under the escort of the Indians who murdered her.

Thus Burgoyne's invasion, his Indians, and his proclamations aroused the country, and Schuyler's treatment of forest and stream gave the delay necessary to allow the people to rise in arms. Even while Burgoyne was toiling over his twenty-six miles of wilderness, the mischief had begun.

The first blow came from the west. Much was expected from the strong expedition directed against Fort Stanwix, and much was staked upon it. When St. Leger arrived there on August 2d, with his Indians and loyalists as allies, he summoned it to surrender. Colonel Gansevoort refused, and the British began a regular siege. Here, too, all that was needed was time.

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The hardy pioneers of that frontier county rallied under General Herkimer, and to the number of eight hundred marched with him to relieve Gansevoort. When within eight miles of Fort Stanwix, Herkimer halted and sent a messenger to the fort with a request that on his arrival three guns should be fired and a sortie made. Impatient of delay, Herkimer's officers would not wait, and unwisely insisted on an immediate advance, which led them into an ambush of the British and their Indian allies. Although taken at a disadvantage, this was a kind of warfare which the Americans thoroughly understood, and a desperate hand-to-hand and tree-to-tree fight began. Herkimer was mortally wounded early in the action, but the brave old man had himself propped up with his saddle against a tree, and continued to issue his orders and direct the battle. This savage fighting went on for five hours. At last the guns were heard from the fort. Colonel Willet dashed out on the British camp with two hundred and fifty men, destroyed some of the intrenchments, and captured prisoners, camp equipage, and five flags. He could not get through to Herkimer, but the Indians, hearing the firing in their rear, retreated, and were soon followed by the loyalists and regular troops, leaving Herkimer master of the field and victor in the hard-fought backwoods fight of Oriskany.

St. Leger, despite this heavy check, still clung to his intrenchments, and on August 7th again summoned the fort to surrender. Gansevoort, with the five British standards flying below the new American flag, made from strips of an overcoat and a petticoat, contemptuously refused. The besiegers renewed their attack in vain, and were easily repulsed. Then came rumors of Arnold's advance to the relief of the fort; the Indians fled, and St. Leger, deserted by these important allies, was forced to raise the siege. On August 22d he abandoned his works in disorder, leaving his artillery and camp equipage, and made a disorderly retreat to Canada, broken and beaten. The stubborn resistance of Gansevoort and the gallant fight of Herkimer had triumphed. Arnold was able to rejoin Schuyler with the news that the valley of the Mohawk was saved. The western expedition of the northern invasion had broken down and failed.

While St. Leger was thus going to wreck in the west, Burgoyne's own situation was getting difficult and painful. Provisions were falling short, and the army was becoming straitened for food. Schuyler had stripped the country to good purpose, and to the difficulties of moving the army was now added that of feeding it. Bad reports, too, came from New England. It appeared that the invasion had roused the people to defend their homes against Indians and white men alike. Stark had raised his standard at Charlestown, on the Connecticut River, and the militia were pouring in to follow the sturdy soldier of Bunker Hill and Trenton.

Nevertheless, food must be had, and these gathering farmers, who seemed disposed to interfere, dispersed. So Burgoyne, on August 11th, sent Colonel Baum, with five hundred and fifty Hessians and British, and fifty Indians, to raid the country, lift the cattle, and incidentally repress the rebellious inhabitants of the New Hampshire grants. Four days later he sent Colonel Breymann, with six hundred and forty-two Brunswickers, to support the first detachment, for Baum had asked for reinforcements. Apparently, the task before him looked more serious than he anticipated. Still he kept on steadily, and on August 13th encamped on a hill about four miles from Bennington, in the present State of Vermont, and proceeded to intrench himself. This was an unusual proceeding for a rapid and desolating raid, but it was now apparent that, instead of waiting to be raided, the New Englanders were coming to meet the foe.

As soon as Stark heard of the advance of Baum, he marched at once against him with the fifteen hundred men he had gathered from New Hampshire and Massachusetts, disregarding the orders he had received to join the main army under Schuyler. On August 14th he was within a mile of the Indo-Germanic camp, but could not draw them out to battle. The 15th it rained heavily, and Stark kept up a constant skirmishing, while the Hessians worked on their intrenchments.

August 16th was fair and warm, and Stark, suspecting reinforcements, determined to storm the hill, a rather desperate undertaking for undisciplined farmers, armed only with rifles and destitute of side-

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arms or bayonets. Nevertheless, it was possible, and Stark meant to try. Early in the day he sent five hundred men, under Nichols and Herrick, to the rear of the Hessian position. Baum, honest German that he was, noticed small parties of Americans making their way toward the rear of his intrenchments; but he had never seen soldiers except in uniform, and he could not imagine that these farmers, in their shirt-sleeves and without bayonets or equipment, were fighting men. He had never conceived the idea of an armed people. In truth, the phenomenon was new, and it is not surprising that Baum did not understand it. He concluded that these stragglers were peasants flocking to the support of their King's hired troops, and let them slip by. Thus Stark successfully massed his five hundred men in the rear of the British forces. Then he made a feint, and under cover of it moved another body of two hundred to the right. This done, he had his men in position, and was ready to attack. He outnumbered the enemy more than two to one, but his men were merely militia, and without bayonets—a badly equipped force for an assault. The British, on the other hand, were thoroughly disciplined, regular troops, intrenched and with artillery. The advantage was all theirs, for they had merely to hold their ground. But Stark knew his men. The wild fighting blood of his Scotch-Irish ancestors was up, and he gave the word. The Americans pressed forward, using their rifles with deadly effect. The Indian allies of the King, having no illusions as to American frontiersmen in their shirt-sleeves and armed with rifles, slipped off early in the fray, while the British and Hessians stood their ground doggedly and bravely. The Americans swarmed on all sides. They would creep or run up to within ten yards of the works, pick off the artillerymen, and fall back. For two hours the fight raged hotly, the Americans closing in more and more, and each assault becoming more desperate than the last. Stark, who said the firing was a "continuous roar," was everywhere among his men. At last, begrimed with powder and smoke almost beyond recognition, he led them in a final charge. They rushed over the works, and beat down the men at the guns with clubbed rifles. Baum ordered his men to charge with the bayonet; the Americans repulsed them; Baum fell mortally wounded, and his soldiers surrendered. It was none too soon. Stark's judgment had been right, for Baum's men had hardly laid down their arms when Breymann appeared with his detachment and attacked. Under this new assault the Americans wavered, but Stark rallied them, and putting in the one hundred and fifty fresh Vermont men, under Warner, repulsed the Brunswickers, and Breymann retreated, beaten and in haste, under cover of darkness. Another hour and he, too, would have been crushed.

There was no strategy about the action at Bennington. "It was the plain shock and even play of battle;" sheer hard fighting, often hand to hand, and the American farmers defending their homes, and well led, proved more than a match for the intrenched regulars. Bennington showed a great advance over Bunker Hill, for here the Americans attacked in the open an intrenched position defended by artillery and carried it. The well-aimed rifles of the pioneer settlers of the New England hills won the day. The American loss was eighty-two killed and wounded; the British two hundred and seven, which shows the superior marksmanship of Stark's men, who, as the assaulting force, should have suffered most. But the Americans also took 700 prisoners, 1,000 stand of small arms, and all the artillery of the British. It was a deadly blow to Burgoyne. The defeat of St. Leger meant the failure of an important part of the campaign, while Bennington crippled the main army of invasion and swept away at a stroke 1,000 men.

The victories of Oriskany and Bennington inspirited the country. Volunteers began to come in increasing numbers from New York and New England, and even from the extreme eastern counties of Massachusetts. Washington, hard pressed as he was, but with characteristic generosity, sent Morgan's fine corps of Virginian riflemen, while Congress, with a wisdom which resembled that of Lord Germain, in setting aside Carleton, selected this moment to supersede Schuyler, who was about to reap the reward of his wise prevision and steadfast courage. The general they now chose for the northern army, and upon whom they lavished all the support, both moral

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and material, which they had withheld from Schuyler, was Horatio Gates, "the son of the house-keeper of the second Duke of Leeds." Beyond his English birth and his somewhat remote connection with the British peerage, Gates had no claim whatever to command any army. It is but just to say that his command was in practice largely nominal, but it was given him solely because Congress, with colonial habits still strong upon them, were dazzled by the fact that he was an Englishman. It was a repetition of the case of Lee. Gates, although an intriguer, was more sluggish than Lee, less clever and less malignant, but it would be hard to say which was the more ineffective, or which the more positively harmful. Both did mischief, neither did good to the cause they espoused. In the present instance, Gates could not do any fatal injury, for the armed people had turned out and were hunting the enemy to his death. But he might have led them and saved much time, and not lessened the final result by weakness of spirit.

When he took command, on August 19th, Gates found himself at the head of an army in high spirits and steadily increasing in strength. After contemplating the situation for three weeks he marched from the mouth of the Mohawk to Bemis's Heights, on the west bank of the Hudson. There he awaited his enemy, and a very troubled and hard-pressed enemy it was. Burgoyne had been sorely hurt by the defeat at Bennington; no more men came from the north; the country had been stripped; he was short of supplies, which had to be brought from Canada, and he could hear of no relief from the south. So he hesitated and waited until, at last, having got artillery, stores, and provisions by way of Lake George, he bethought him that this was an army which was not to retreat, and on September 13th crossed to the west bank of the Hudson.

An additional reason for his doubts and fears, which he thus finally put aside, was that the Americans were threatening his line of communication. General Lincoln, with two thousand men, had moved to the rear of Burgoyne. Thence he detached Colonel Brown with five hundred troops, and this force fell upon the outworks of Ticonderoga, took them, released a hundred American prisoners, captured nearly three hundred British soldiers and five cannon, and then rejoined Lincoln at their leisure. The net was tightening. The road to Canada was being closed either for succor or retreat. Yet Burgoyne kept on, and on September 18th, when Brown and his men were carrying the Ticonderoga outworks, he stopped his march within two miles of the American camp at Bemis's Heights.

The next morning, the 19th, about eleven o'clock, the British army advanced in three columns. Burgoyne commanded the centre; Riedesel and Phillips with the artillery were on the left; while Fraser, commanding the right, swung far over in order to cover and turn the American left. Gates, like Stendhal's hero, who, as he came on the field of Waterloo, asked the old soldier if the fighting then in progress was a battle, seemed to regard the British advance as a parade and watched it with sluggish interest but without giving orders. This Arnold could not stand, and he sent Morgan's riflemen and some light infantry to check Fraser. They easily scattered the loyalists and Indians, and then fell back before the main column. Arnold then changed his direction, and fresh troops having come up, attacked the British centre with a view of breaking in between Burgoyne and Fraser. The action thus became general and was hotly waged. The Americans attacked again and again, and finally broke the line. Burgoyne was only saved by Riedesel abandoning his post and coming to the support of the central column with all the artillery. About five o'clock Gates, rousing from his lethargy, sent Learned with his brigade to the enemy's rear. Had this been done earlier, the British army would have been crushed. As it was, the right moment had gone by. It was now too late for a decisive stroke; darkness was falling, and the Americans drew off to their intrenchments, the enemy holding the ground they had advanced to in the morning. Such was the battle of Freeman's Farm. Had Gates reinforced Arnold or sent Learned earlier, the result would have been different. Without a general, led only by their regimental and brigade commanders, the American troops had come into action and

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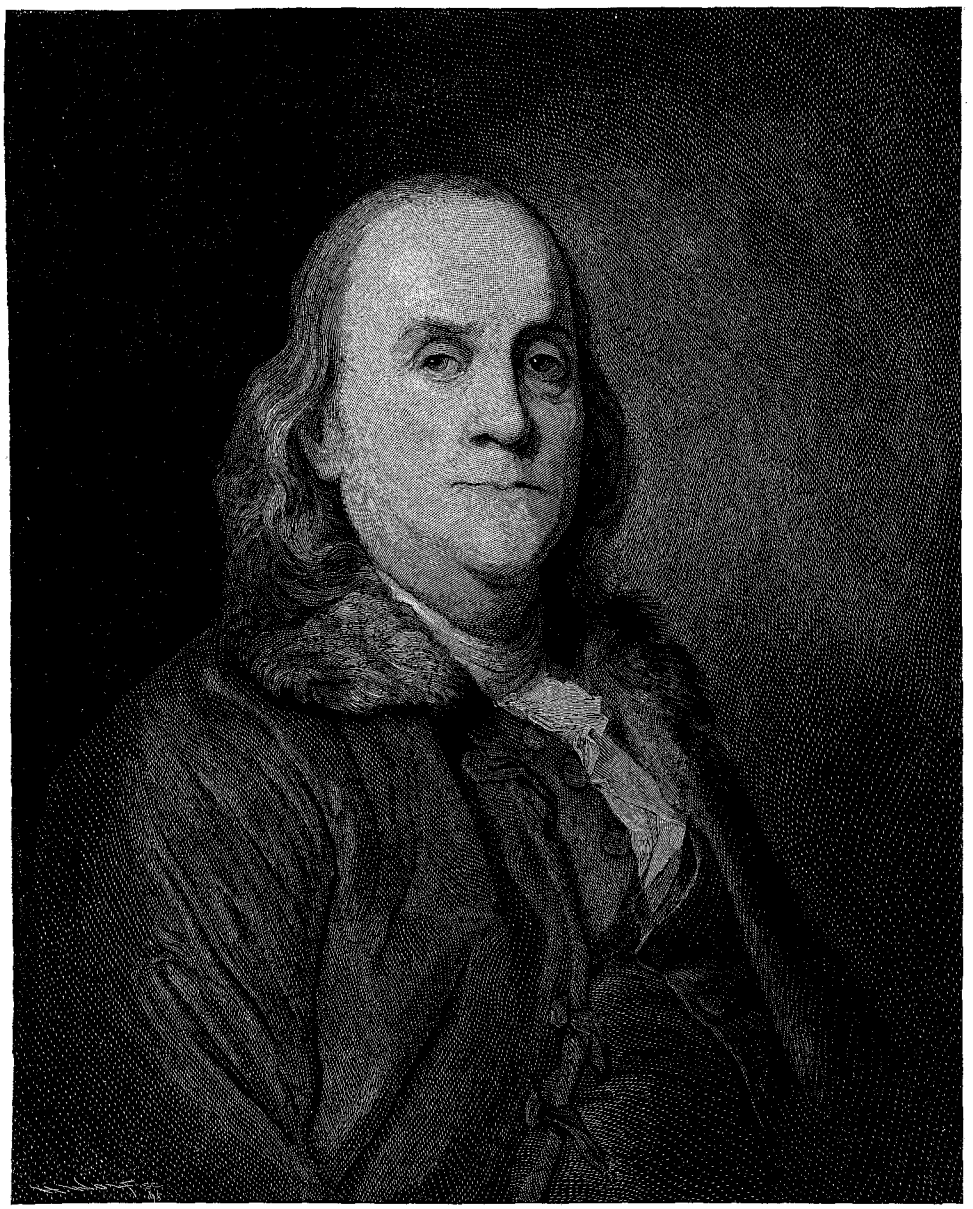

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

FROM THE PAINTING BY DUPLESSIS, 1778

In the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia. Owned by Dr. Clifford F. Snyder, Paris, France

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF

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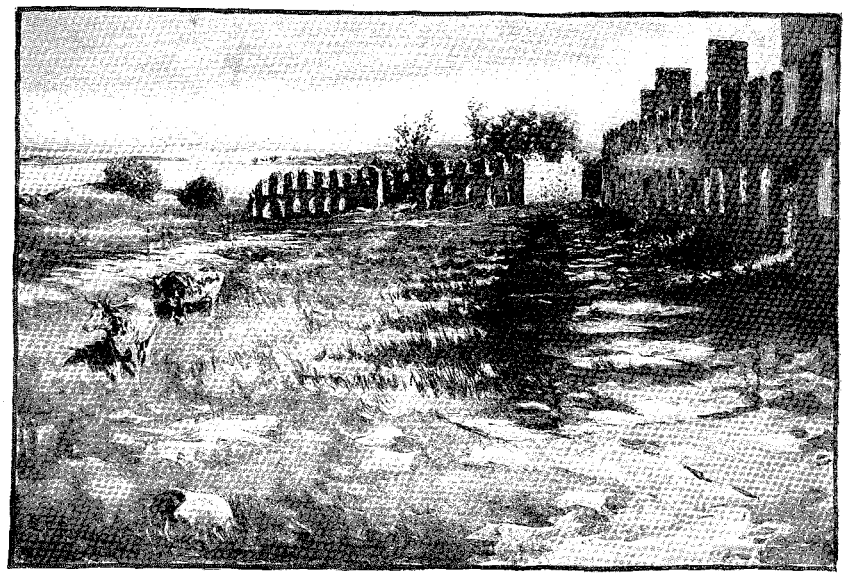

Ruins of Old Fort Frederick, Crown Point—at the Present Time.

fought their own battle in their own way as best they could. If they had been directed by an efficient chief, they would have ended the Burgoyne campaign then and there. As it was, they inflicted a severe blow. The Americans had about 3,000 men; the British about 3,500. The American loss was 283 killed and wounded, and 38 missing. The British loss in killed and wounded, according to their own reports, was 600. Both sides fought in the open, and the Americans, after the first advance, attacked. They had few bayonets and but little artillery, while the British had both in abundance, yet the disparity in the losses showed again the superiority of the American marksmanship and the deadly character of their rifle fire.

The result of the action at Freeman's Farm rejoiced the Americans, and fresh troops from the surrounding country kept coming into camp. Still Gates did nothing except quarrel with Arnold and relieve him from his command. Instead of following up his advantage and attacking Burgoyne, he sat still and looked at him. This, if not useful, was easy and pleasant to Gates; but to Burgoyne—harassed by constant skirmishing, deserted by his Indians, short of provisions, and with no definite news of the promised relief from the south—it was impossible. He had heard from Clinton that a diversion was to be made from New York, and this tempted him to say that he could hold on until October 12th. Lord George Germain's orders had indeed been found in their pigeon-hole and finally despatched. Reinforcements also had been sent to Clinton, and thus stimulated, he moved out of New York on October 3d with a large fleet and 3,000 troops. He easily deceived Putnam, crossed to King's Ferry and carried the weakly garrisoned forts—Montgomery and Clinton. Then the fleet destroyed the boom and chain in the river, and the Americans were compelled to beach and burn two frigates, which were there to defend the boom. This accomplished, Sir Henry Clinton, oppressed by the lateness of the season, returned to New York, leaving Vaughan to carry the raid as far as Kingston, which he burned, and then, in his turn, retired to New York. This performance was what lured Burgoyne to stand his ground. But no amount of hope of Clinton's coming could sustain him indefinitely. Some of his generals, in fact, urged retreat, forgetting that this particular army was not to retreat but to advance continually. Under the pressure, however, Burgoyne determined to try one more fight, and, if unsuccessful, fall back behind the Batten Kill.

His plan was to make a reconnaissance

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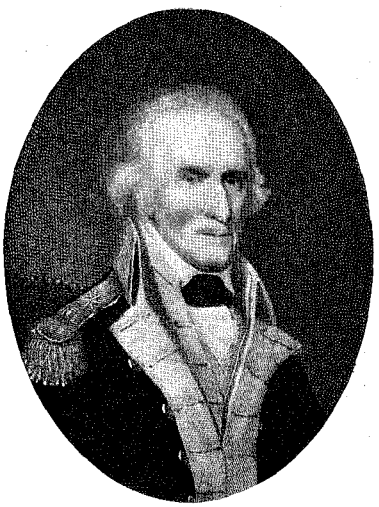
in force. With this object, at ten o'clock on October 7th, Burgoyne left his camp with 1,500 of his best troops and 10 pieces of artillery. Again he formed them in three columns. Fraser was on the right; Riedesel with his Brunswickers in the centre, and Phillips on the left. As soon as the British moved, Gates sent out Morgan to meet the enemy on the right. not stand the repeated shocks. One regiment broke and was rallied, only to break again. The Americans took eight of the ten guns, and at last the British were forced back to their intrenched camp, where they rallied and stood their ground. There Arnold continued his fierce attacks and was badly wounded. The darkness alone stopped the fight and saved the



General Horatio Gates.

From the hitherto unpublished portrait painted by R. E. Pine, 1785.

General John Burgoyne.

From an engraving (after the painting by Gardner) published in 1784.

Learned was to oppose the central column, and Poor, with the continentals, was to face Phillips. Poor opened the battle and, supported by Learned, attacked Acland's grenadiers and broke them despite their well-directed fire. Meantime, Morgan with his riflemen, and Dearborn with the light infantry, fell upon the British right. So fierce was this assault that Burgoyne, seeing that his right would be turned, ordered Fraser to fall back and take a new position. In doing so, Fraser was mortally wounded by a Virginian rifleman. While the wings were thus breaking, the Brunswickers in the centre held firm, and then Arnold, who was on the field merely as a volunteer and with no command, put himself at the head of his old division and led them in a succession of charges against the German position. The Brunswickers behaved well and Burgoyne exposed himself recklessly, but they could remnants of the British army. It had been a disastrous day for Burgoyne. Fraser and Breymann were both killed, and Sir Francis Clarke—Burgoyne's first aid. The British lost 426 killed and wounded, 200 prisoners, nine guns, ammunition, and baggage. The Americans had about 200 killed and wounded.

The blow was a deadly one, and it was obvious that nothing now remained for the British and Germans but a desperate effort to retreat. After burying poor Fraser in the intrenchments, while the American shot tore the earth and whistled through the air over the grave, Burgoyne abandoned his sick and wounded on the next night after the battle and retreated through the storm to Saratoga. But the attempt was hopeless. Even Gates could not fail to conquer him now. On the 10th, when he tried to see if there was escape by the west bank of the Hudson,

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Drawn by H. C. Christy.

Battle of Oriskany.

Herkimer was mortally wounded early in the action, but the brave old man had himself propped up with his saddle against a tree, and continued to direct the battle.—Page 554.

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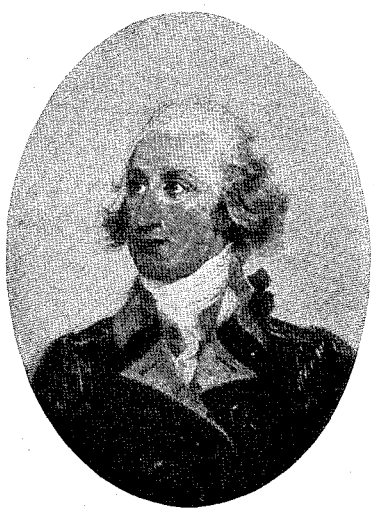
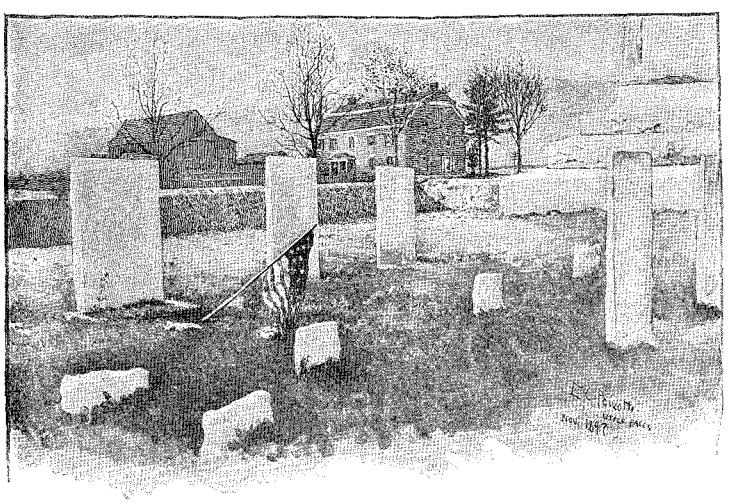
he found Stark, the victor of Bennington, was at Fort Edward with 2,000 men. On the 11th the Americans scattered the British posts at the mouth of the Fishkill, captured all their boats and nearly all their provisions. On the 12th Burgoyne was surrounded. Outnumbered and exposed to concentric fire, he yielded to the inevitable, and on the 14th sent in a flag of truce to treat for a surrender. Gates demanded that the surrender be unconditional. Burgoyne refused to consider it. Thereupon Gates, alarmed by rumors of the raid and village burning under Vaughan, instead of attacking at once, gave way feebly and agreed to a convention by which the British surrendered, but were free to go to England on agreeing not to serve again against America.



General Philip Schuyler.
From the painting by Trumbull (1792) in the Yale College Art Gallery. (Said to be the only portrait of General Schuyler in existence.)

The convention was an inglorious one to Gates when he actually held the British helpless in his grasp, but it answered every practical purpose. By the convention of October 16, 1777, a British general with his army numbering 5,791 surrendered. Eighteen hundred and fifty-six prisoners of war were already in the hands of the Americans. Including the losses in the field and in the various actions from Ticonderoga and Oriskany to Bennington and Saratoga, England had lost 10,000 men, and had surrendered at Saratoga forty-two guns and forty-six hundred muskets.

The victory had been won by the rank and file, by the regiments and companies. After the departure of Schuyler there was no general-in-chief. The battles were fought under the lead of division commanders like Arnold, Morgan, or Poor, or else under popular chiefs like Herkimer and



General Herkimer's House at Danube, near Little Falls, New York.
In the family burying ground is Herkimer's grave, marked by the flag, to the right is the base of the monument recently erected to his memory.

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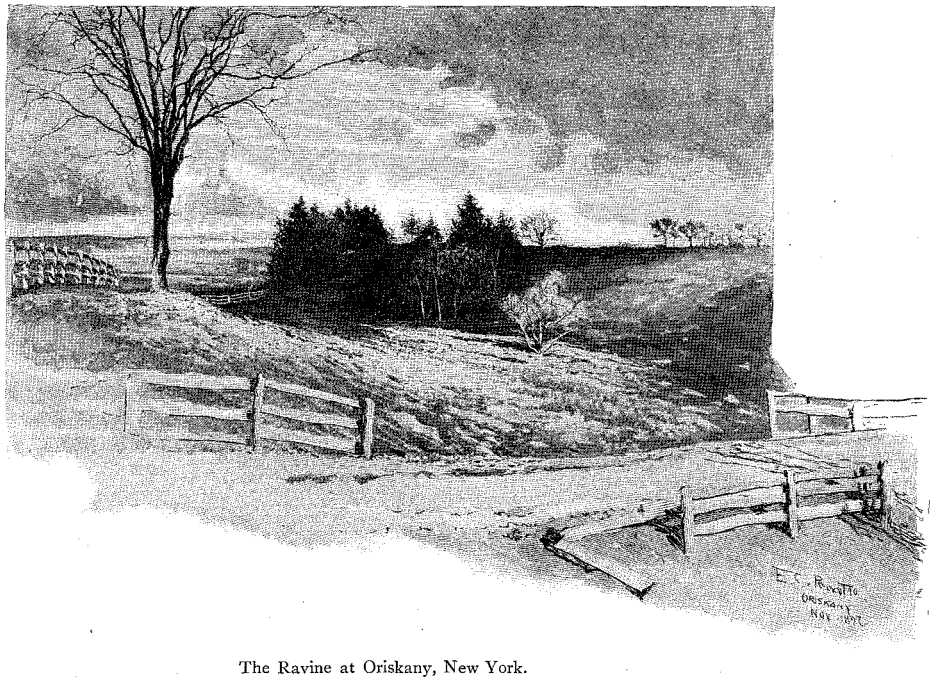
Stark. But it was the American people who had wrecked Burgoyne. He came down into that still unsettled region of lake and mountain with all the pomp and equipment of European war. He brought with him Indian allies, and the people of New York and New England knew well what that meant. They were not disciplined or uniformed, and they had no weapons except their rifles and hunting knives. But they could fight; they knew what an Indian was, even though they had never seen a Hessian or a British grenadier. They rose up in Burgoyne's path, and, allied with the wilderness, they began to fight him. Regular troops came to their support from Washington's army, and militia were sent by the States from the seaboard. Thus the Americans multiplied while the British dwindled. The wilderness hemmed in the trained troops of England and Germany, and the men who knew the forests and the streams swarmed about them with ever-growing numbers. At last, the English army, reduced one-half, beaten and crippled in successive engagements, ringed round by enemies, surrendered. Again, and more forcibly than ever, facts said to England's Ministers: "These Americans can fight; they have been taught to ride and shoot, and look a stranger in the face; they are of a fighting stock; it is not well in a spirit of contempt to raid their country and threaten their homes with Indians; if you do this thing in this spirit, disaster will come." As a matter of fact, disaster came, and Burgoyne's expedition, the most important sent by England against her revolted colonies, failed and went to wreck.

THE RESULTS OF SARATOGA

SARATOGA, where Burgoyne's surrender took place, is counted by Sir Edward Creasy among the fifteen decisive battles of the world. By this verdict the American victory comes into a very small and very memorable company. The world's history is full of battles and sieges, and among this almost countless host only fifteen are deemed worthy, by an accomplished historian, to take rank as decisive in the widest sense, and as effecting the destiny of mankind. By what title does Saratoga rise to this dignity? Cer-



The Ravine at Oriskany, New York.

The tall elm on the left was said to be standing at the time. The Indian allies lay in ambush on the hill-sides, which were then densely wooded, and attacked the Americans as they crossed on the road in the foreground.

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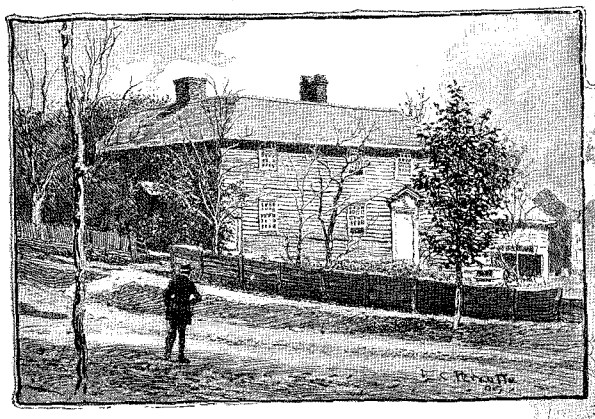
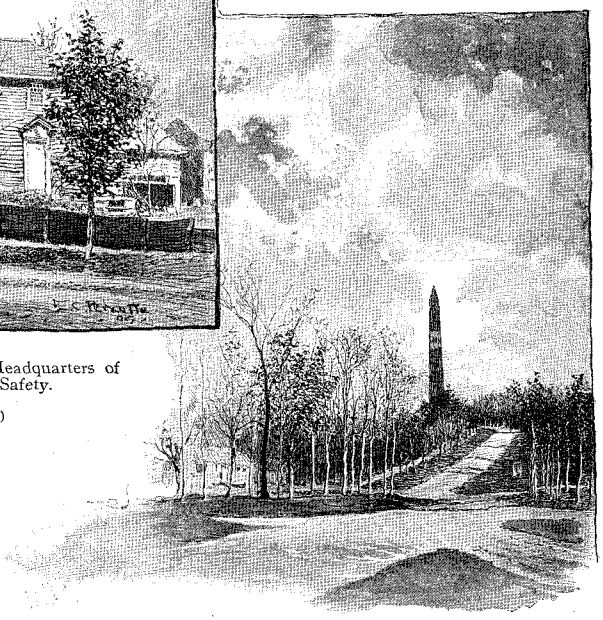


Catamount Tavern, Bennington, Vt., the Headquarters of General Stark and the Council of Safety.

(Drawn from an old photograph.)



Monument Avenue, Bennington, at the Present Time.

The Battle Monument in the distance. The pedestal to the right marks the site of the Catamount Tavern.

tainly not from the numbers engaged, for they were comparatively small. The victory was complete, it is true, but an army of 10,000 men has been beaten and has surrendered many times without deciding anything, not even the issue of a campaign. From the military point of view the blow was a heavy one to England, but she has suffered greater losses than this in her career of conquest and still has come out victorious.

The fact is that the significance of Saratoga lies less in what it actually was, than in what it proved and what it brought to pass. It showed the fighting quality of the American people, and demonstrated that they were able to rise up around a powerful and disciplined force and hunt it down to ruin and surrender. The prospect of conquering a people capable of such fighting, defended by three thousand miles of ocean and backed by the wilderness, was obviously slight. Saratoga meant, further, that the attempt to control the Hudson, and thus divide the States, had definitely failed. The enormous advantage of a united country for military purposes had been won, and the union of the new States, which, physically as well as politically, was essential to victory, had been secured, and, once secured, this meant ultimate success. Last, and most important of all, the surrender of Burgoyne and the utter wreck of his campaign convinced Europe of these very facts, or, in other words, assured foreign powers that the revolted colonies would win in the end. It required the keen intellect of Frederick the Great to appreciate Trenton and Princeton. He realized that those battles, flashing out from the clouds of defeat and misfortune, meant that the Americans had developed a great leader, a soldier of genius, and that under such a man a fighting people could not be beaten by an enemy whose base of supplies was 3,000 miles away. But no Frederick was needed to comprehend Saratoga, where there had been no strategy, nothing but hard, blunt fighting, ending in the effacement of a British army and the ruin of a campaign of vital importance. This was clear to all men in the despatches which announced Burgoyne's surrender, and the knowledge brought America supplies, money, and allies. Alone, the colonies could not be conquered. With a European alliance their victory became certain.

To understand exactly what was wrought by the fighting in those northern forests, it is necessary to know the conditions existing on the other side of the Atlantic at the time when the men of New York and Virginia and New England finally brought their quarry down at Saratoga. The American Revolution was fought out not only on land but also in the

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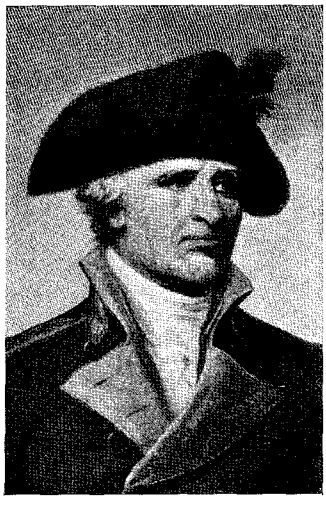
Cabinets of Europe. The new nation had not only to win battles and sustain defeats, but also to gain recognition at the great tribunal of public opinion and prove its right to live. Statesmen were required as well as commanders of armies and captains of frigates, in order to break the British Empire and establish a new people among the nations of the earth. The statesmen came. They, indeed, had begun the work, for it had fallen to them to argue the American cause with England, and then to state to the world the reasons and necessity for independence. Even before this was done, however, it had become evident to the leaders in Congress that the American cause, in order to succeed, must be recognized in Europe, and must even obtain there an active support. So it came about that the political leaders in America, after this was fairly understood, as a rule either went to their States, where the most energetic assistance could be given to the Revolution, or went abroad to plead their country's cause in foreign lands. Congress sank in ability and strength in consequence, but as it never could have been an efficient executive body in any event, this was of less moment than that the highest political ability of the country should be concentrated on the most vital points.



General John Stark.

From a painting (after Trumbull) by U. D. Tenney, at the State Capitol at Concord, N. H.

Thus it was that the strength of American statesmanship, after the Declaration of Independence, instinctively turned to diplomacy as the field where the greatest results could be achieved, and where alone men, money, and supplies could be obtained. The beginnings were small and modest enough, and Congress hesitated in this direction as long and as seriously as it did in regard to independence; for foreign aid and alliance, as much as war, meant final separation from the mother-country.

The resistance of the colonies to England had gradually attracted the attention of Europe. The continental governments generally were slow to see the importance of this transatlantic movement; but France, still smarting under the loss of Canada, was quick to perceive how much it might mean. Bunker Hill roused them and riveted their attention. Vergennes, watching events closely and from the first eager to strike at England, secretly sent M. de Bonvouloir, a former resident of the West Indies, to visit America and report. De Bonvouloir, on reaching Philadelphia, had a private interview with Franklin, and reported that, although the resistance to England was determined, the Americans hesitated to seek foreign aid. This, without doubt, was a true picture of the situation and of the state of American feeling. Yet, a little later, in December, 1775, Congress made a first timid step toward outside assistance by authorizing Arthur Lee —then in London—to ascertain the feeling of the European governments in regard to the colonies. Arthur Lee was one of the distinguished brothers of the well-known Virginian family. He was intelligent and well-educated, having taken a degree in medicine and then studied law. He was an accomplished man with a good address, and ample knowledge of the world and of society. In ability he did not rise to the level of the very difficult task which developed before him later, and he proved to have a jealous and quarrelsome disposition which led him to intrigue against Franklin and into other serious troubles. At this time, however, he did very well. He had been the agent of Massachusetts, and knew his ground thoroughly. He seems to have obtained good information, and, what was more important, he came into relations with a man who at this juncture was destined to be of

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Battle of Bennington.

Stark . . . was everywhere among his men. . . . He led them in a final charge. They rushed over the works, and beat down the men at the guns with clubbed rifles.—Page 555.

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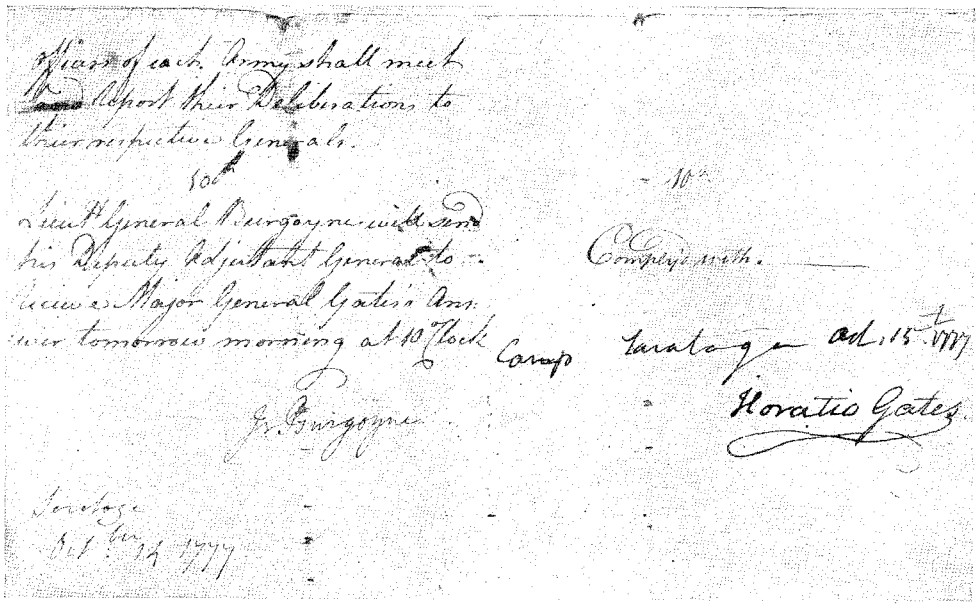

Surrender of Burgoyne—Facsimile (reduced) of a Part of the Original Articles of Capitulation.
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great service to America. This was Beaumarchais, mechanician and merchant, orator and financier, writer and politician. Above all, Beaumarchais was the child of his time, the author of "The Barber of Seville," the creator of "Figaro," which played its part in preparing the way for what was to come. As the child of his time, too, he was infected with the spirit of change, filled with liberal views and hopes for humanity, which were soon to mean many things besides a philosophic temper of mind. So the American cause appealed to him as Frenchman, speculator, adventurer, and friend of humanity and progress. He saw Lee in London; is said to have gone there eight times, and presently stood as the connecting link between the ancient monarchy and the young republic of America.

Vergennes, pressing steadily toward action for the colonies, was opposed in the Cabinet by Turgot, who sympathized deeply with the American cause, but rightly felt that France was in no condition to face another war. With Turgot was Maurepas, and Vergennes could advance but slowly in his policy. Nevertheless, he got something done. In May, 1776, he sent $200,000 to the Americans, and persuaded Spain to do the same. It was all done very secretly through Beaumarchais, but still it was done.

Meantime, Congress was moving, too. In March, 1776, it appointed Silas Deane, a merchant of Connecticut, as agent and commissioner to France, to secretly sound the government, and also to see what could be done in Holland. Deane was an energetic, pushing man, who rendered good service, but he was careless in making contracts, was attacked and misrepresented by Lee, recalled from Europe, and being injudicious in his defence, he dropped out of public life. Like Lee, however, he did well in the early days. He reached France in July, 1776, and was admitted on the 11th to an interview with Vergennes. On the 20th he obtained a promise of arms, and again Beaumarchais was authorized to supply merchandise to the value of three million livres. When the Declaration of Independence was known, Vergennes urged action more strongly than ever, and Congress—now that the die was cast—discussed the draft of a treaty with France, and, what was far more important, appointed Franklin as a commissioner with Deane and Lee to negotiate with the French Government. Franklin reached Paris as the year was

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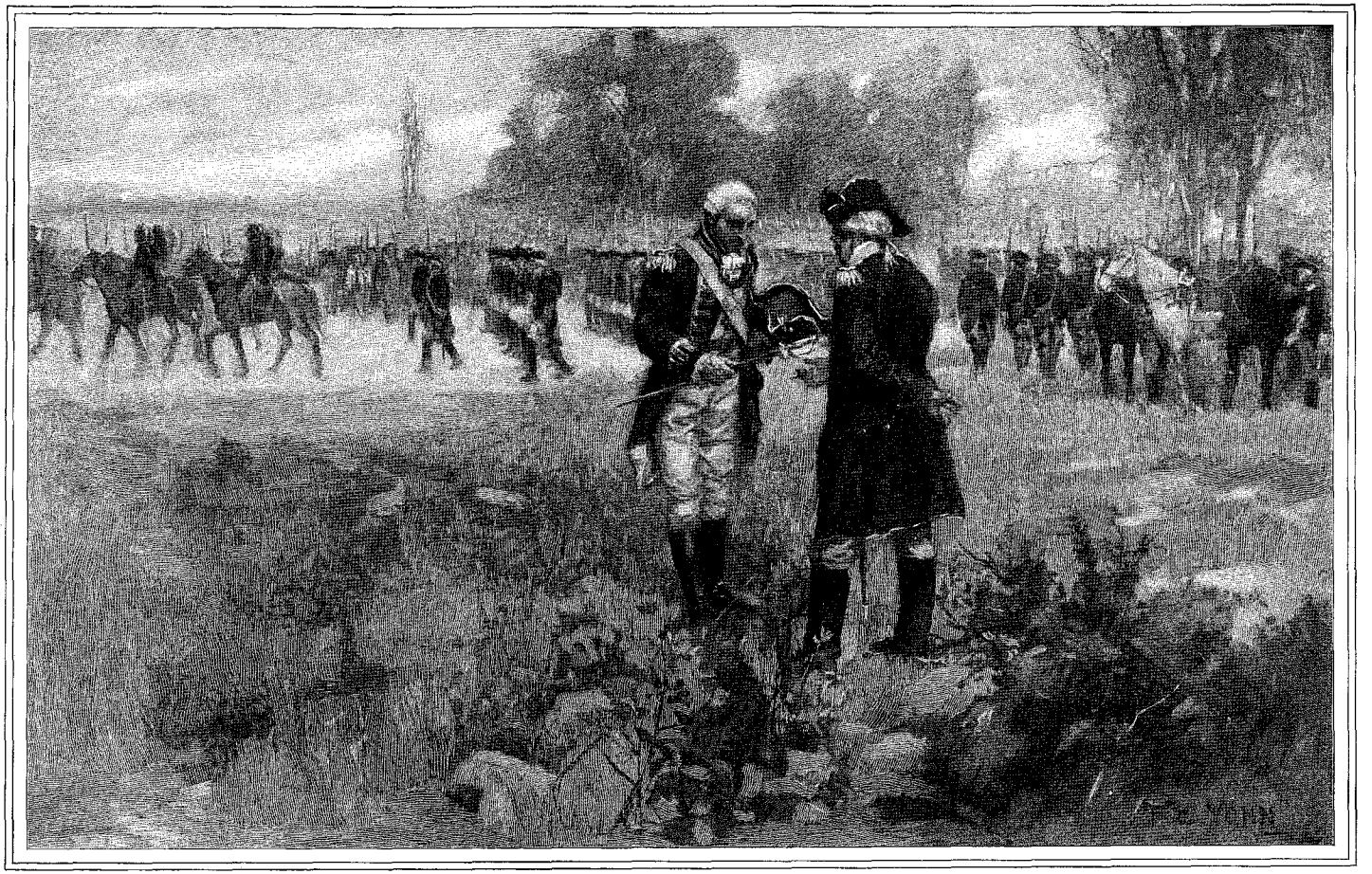

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Surrender of Burgoyne.

The disarmed British soldiers passed between the American lines which extended for nearly a mile. General Burgoyne stepped to one side, drew his sword, and in silence, handed it to General Gates, who, however, immediately returned it.

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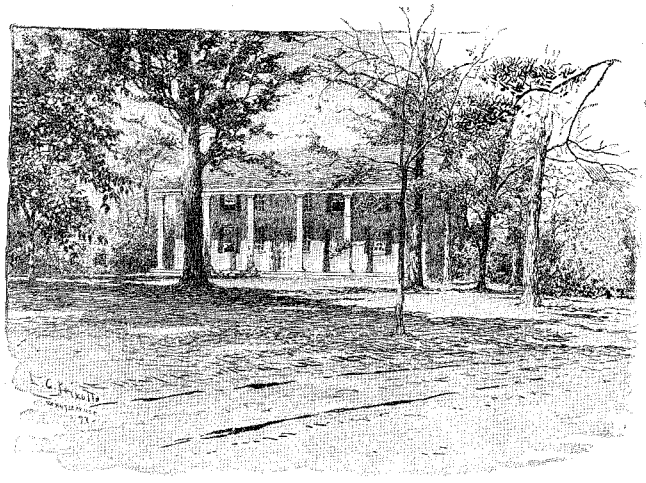
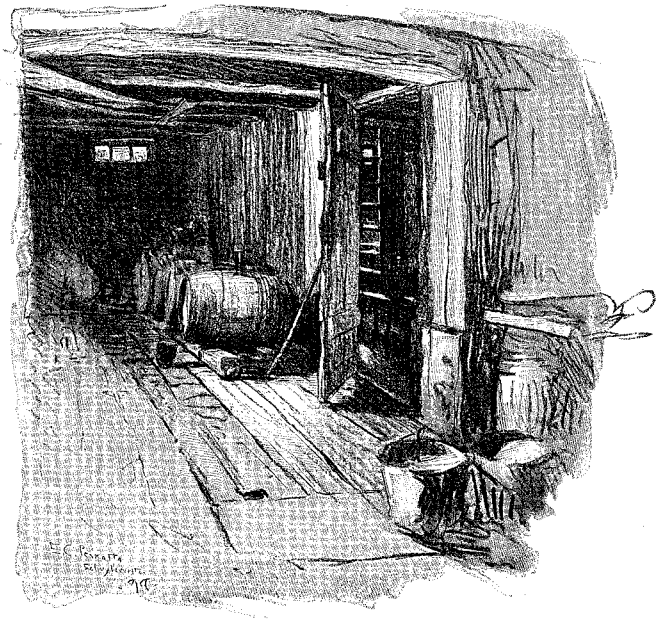


The Home of General Philip Schuyler at Old Saratoga, near Schuylerville.

drawing to a close, and was received with enthusiastic warmth. He was known all over Europe, and especially in France, where his reputation as a man of science and a philosopher, as a writer and philanthropist, added to his fame as a public man, made him as popular and admired as he was distinguished. His coming changed the complexion of affairs and gave a seriousness to the negotiations which they had lacked before. Public sympathy, too, was awakened, and Lafayette, young and enthusiastic, prepared to depart at his own expense to serve as a volunteer in the cause of liberty. So, too, went De Kalb, and a little later, Pulaski; and then Kosciusko, together with a crowd of less desirable persons who saw in the American war a field for adventure.

On December 28th Franklin was received by Vergennes and greatly encouraged by him. The opposition in the Cabinet was giving way, and although nothing could be done with Spain, despite the efforts of Vergennes to make her act with France, American affairs were moving smoothly and propitiously. Then came the news of the defeats on the Hudson, and everything was checked. It seemed, after all, as if it was not such a serious matter, as if England had but to exert herself to put an end to it, and so there was a general drawing back. France stopped on the way to a treaty and refused to do anything leading to war. She continued to secretly advance money, sent ships with arms, and allowed American privateers in her ports, but beyond this she would not go. All the popularity and address of Franklin were for the time vain.

But as the months wore away, the attention of Europe was fixed on the northern campaign which was to break the colonies and crush the rebellion. Before the year closed, the news of Saratoga had crossed the Atlantic. It was received in England with consternation. Lord North was over-



Cellar at the present time in the Marshall House, Schuylerville, which was Used as a Hospital for the British.

Through the door is seen the room in which Madame Riedesel and her children took refuge for six days. General Fraser died in this house.

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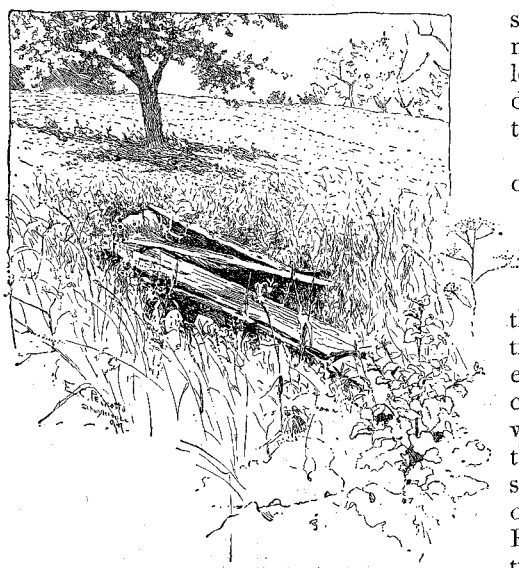
whelmed. He saw that it meant a French alliance, the loss of the colonies, perhaps French conquests. He went as far as he could in framing conciliatory propositions, and appointed a commission to take them to America—but it was all too late. As Washington said, an acknowledged independence was now the only possible peace. The King, who was not clever like Lord North, failed to see the meaning of Saratoga, and was ready to face a world in arms rather than yield to rebels. In England, Burgoyne's surrender brought nothing but abortive concessions, which two years earlier would have settled everything, and fresh preparations for a struggle fast drawing into hopelessness.



Old Battle Well on Freeman's Farms, at the Present Time.
Here a Fierce Conflict for Possession Took Place.

In France the result was widely different. Paris heard the tidings of Saratoga with joy and Vergennes received the commissioners on December 12th. He made no secret of his pleasure in the news which sustained the position he had taken, and he also understood, what very few at that moment did, the immense importance and meaning of Washington's stubborn fighting with Howe while the northern victories were being won. On December 20th Franklin and Deane were informed that the King would acknowledge the colonies and support their cause. On February 6th two treaties were made between France and the United States, one of amity and commerce, and the other an eventual treaty of defensive alliance. On March 20th the American commissioners were at Versailles and were presented to the King, and on the 22d they were received by Marie Antoinette. On April 10th Gerard was sent as Minister to the United States, and the alliance was complete. England, formally notified of the treaties, accepted them as an act of war. Burgoyne's surrender had done its work, and France had cast her sword into the scale against England. The men who had fought side by side with British soldiers, and gloried in the winning of Canada, were now united with the French, whom they had then helped to conquer in the common purpose of tearing from the empire of Britain the fairest and greatest part of her colonial dominion. The English Ministers and the English King, who had made such a situation possible by sheer blundering, may well have looked with wonder at the work of their hands.

The diplomacy of the Americans was as successful as their conduct of the original controversy with the mother-country. Almost everywhere they secured a reception which assured them, if not actual support, a benevolent neutrality. Russia refused troops to England and manifested a kindly interest in the new States. Holland, who had herself fought her way to freedom, and could not forget her kindred in the new world, not only refused to give troops to George III., but openly sympathized with the rebels, and later lent them money, for all which she was to suffer severely at the hands of England. The northern powers stood aloof and neutral. Austria sympathized a little, but did nothing. Spain, despite the pressure of Vergennes, could not be stirred, and Lee's expedition to Burgos, where he met Grimaldi, in the winter of 1776–77, bore no fruit. Lee, who was not lacking in zeal and energy, also went to Berlin. He was well received there by Frederick, who looked with unfeigned contempt on the blundering of his Cousin George, and predicted the success of the colonies, but who would not at that moment engage himself in the controversy.

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While Lee was in Berlin, the British Minister, Elliott, hired a thief for one thousand guineas to break into the American Envoy's room and steal his papers. Lee recovered the papers on complaining to the police, but this unusual diplomatic performance caused Frederick to refuse to see Elliott, to enter on his Cabinet record that the act of the British Minister was "a public theft," and to increase the kindness and consideration with which he treated Lee.

On the whole, the diplomacy of the newborn nation was highly successful. The American representatives made a good impression wherever they appeared, and turned to excellent account the unpopularity of England. They soon satisfied themselves that they had nothing to fear from Europe and much to hope. This cleared the ground and enabled the United States to face the future with the knowledge that England could look for no aid against them outside her own resources. They were destined to get much more from Europe than this negative assurance; but the beginning was well made. The scene of their greatest efforts was, of course, in France, and there they attained to the height of their desires on the strength of Burgoyne's surrender. Congress, appreciating more and more the work to be done abroad, sent out John Adams to replace Deane. He arrived after the signing of the treaties, but his coming was most fortunate, for Franklin's colleagues were disposed to be jealous of him and to intrigue against him. As so often happens, they were inferior men, who could not understand why the superior man was looked up to as the real leader. But no jealousy could obscure the facts. Franklin was the hero of the hour and the admired of Court and city. His simple ways, his strong and acute intellect, his keen humor, his astute diplomacy, all standing out against the background of his scientific fame, appealed strongly to Frenchmen and to the mood of the hour. Statesmen listened to him respectfully, the great ladies of the brilliant and frivolous Court flattered and admired him, the crowds cheered him in the streets, and when the Academy received Voltaire, the audience, comprising all that was most distinguished in arts and letters, demanded that he and Franklin should embrace each other in their presence.

The first impulse is to laugh at those two old men, worn with experience and wise with much knowledge of the world, sceptics both in their different ways, solemnly kissing each other amid the excited plaudits of that brilliant assemblage. It seems almost impossible not to imagine that the keen sense of humor which both possessed in such a high degree should not have been kindled as the wrinkled, withered face of Voltaire drew near to that of Franklin, smooth, simple-looking, and benevolent, with the broad forehead arching over the cunning, penetrating eyes. Yet this, if the most obvious, is also the superficial view. Both actors and audience took the whole ceremony with seriousness and emotion, and they were right to do so, for there is a great significance in that famous scene of the Academy. Voltaire's course was run. Franklin had many years of great work still before him. Both were children of the century; both represented the great movement of the time for intellectual and political freedom, then beginning to culminate. Franklin, although he had passed the age of the Psalmist, represented also the men who were even then trying to carry into practice what Voltaire had taught, and to build anew on the ground which he had cleared. Voltaire stood above all else for the spirit which destroyed in order to make room for better things. If Cervantes laughed Spain's chivalry away, Voltaire's sneering smile had shattered faiths, beliefs, and habits which for centuries had lain at the very foundation of government and society. Revolutions in thought are not made with rose-water, any more than other revolutions, and Voltaire had spared nothing. His wonderful intellect, as versatile as it was ingenious, had struck at everything that was accepted. The most sacred beliefs and the darkest superstitions, the foulest abuses and the noblest traditions, had all alike shrivelled beneath his satire, quivered under his scorn, and shrunk from his ridicule. Those that deserved to live survived it all to bloom again. Those that deserved to die perished beneath the blight. He had mocked at religions until scepticism had become fashionable, and the Church itself was laughed at and disregarded. He had

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sneered at governments and rulers and courts, until all reverence for them had departed. He had lashed the optimism of those who possessed the earth, until their doctrines appeared a hideous sham, and the miseries of men the only realities. He was the destroyer without whom the deep abuses of the time could never have been reached or remedied. But he offered nothing, and men cannot live on negations. As he cleared the ground, other men rose up seeking to replace the ruined and lost ideals with new and better hopes. If mankind was miserable, there must be some cure. If governments were bad, and kings and courts evil, they must be replaced by the people whom they ruled and oppressed. If the Church was a fraud, and religion a superstition, salvation must be found in the worship of humanity.

In France, bankrupt, oppressed, misgoverned, and yet the intellectual centre of Europe, this great movement came to full life. It was there that the old dykes had been broken and the rushing tide of new thought had poured in. There Voltaire had swept men from their old moorings, and there Rousseau and many others were dreaming dreams and seeing visions of the regeneration of mankind. Suddenly, into this society fermenting with new ideas and preparing, all unconsciously, for armed revolution, came the news of the American revolt. Here, then, it seemed were men 3,000 miles away who were actually trying, in a practical, tangible manner, to do that very thing about which the intellect and the imagination of France were reasoning and dreaming. Thus the American appeal thrilled through this great and brilliant French society which seemed on the surface so remote from the fishers and choppers and ploughmen, who, far away on the verge of the wilderness, were trying to constitute a state. The ministers and statesmen, dealing with facts, instructed as to precedents, and blind to the underlying forces, saw in the revolt of the American Colonies an opportunity to cripple England and thus reduce their enemy and rival. They saw correctly so far as they saw at all. France sustained the colonies, and the British Empire was broken. But they did not see what lay beyond; they did not understand that they were paving the way for the overthrow of other monarchies than that which ruled North America; nor was it in the deeper sense due to them that France became the ally of the United States.

They were borne along by a mightier force than anything they had ever known, and of which they had no real conception. The King, with a mental capacity sufficient only for a good locksmith, had a dumb animal instinct of race which made him dislike the whole American policy. He received Franklin coldly, almost gruffly, and yielded reluctantly to his Ministers. Yet he, too, was driven along by a force which was as irresistible as it was unseen. Nevertheless, Louis's royal instinct was entirely right so far as he was concerned, and much truer than the judgment of his keen and well-instructed Ministers. Kings had no business to be backing up revolted colonists, for the cause of America was the cause of the people against all kings. It was for this very reason that it appealed not only to the intellect of France, which had thrown down the old beliefs and was seeking a new creed, but to the French people, who were beginning to stir blindly and ominously with a sense of their wrongs and their power. This was why the American cry for aid aroused the enthusiasm and the sympathy of France. The democratic movement, still hidden in the shadows and the depths, but none the less beginning to move and live in France, recognized, instinctively, the meaning of the same movement which had started into full life in America with arms in its hand. This was the deep, underlying cause of the French alliance when the surrender of Burgoyne said, not merely to Ministers intent on policy, but to a nation with visions in its brain, here is an armed people, not only fighting for the rights of man, but fighting victoriously, and bringing to wreck and extinction a King's army which had been sent against them.

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THE NEW REPORTER

By Jesse Lynch Williams

ONE day a cub reporter was sent to cover a meeting of an East Side literary club, which was to debate about arbitration and its effect upon international peace, but he came back to the office within an hour looking disappointed.

"Where's your story?" asked the city editor.

"There wasn't any story to write," replied the new reporter, picking up a newspaper; "they couldn't agree upon the wording of the subject, and they got to arguing and calling names, and finally the meeting broke up in a free fight; so I came back, sir."

The city editor came down from his desk and gazed pitifully upon the cub. "They were to have debated on peace," he said, sorrowfully, "and the meeting broke up in a fight. And there was nothing to write! You may go." That is a story they tell along the Row, and it is an old one. It is of another reporter I am to tell.

This, too, is old, but it has not been told before, possibly because it is not a story. But I believe the reason is that those who know it best do not care to tell about it.

My cub reporter was pacing up and down before a comfortable-looking house on the avenue, trying to make his legs take him up the steps, and they would not do it.

He had been told to find out what a well-known New York family had to say about its son's ejection from a music-hall the night before for tossing hats and slippers at a variety actress on the stage from a box where he sat, with his arm around another actress. The new reporter had been walking up and down before the house for ten minutes.

At last, looking in both directions to make sure no one he knew was near, he took a long breath, dashed up the steps and rang the bell.

"Is Colonel Richardson at home?"

"No, sir," said the servant.

"Is—is Mrs. Richardson at home?"

"They are both out, sir."

"Thank God!" whispered the reporter, and ran down the steps again, two at a time. That was poor journalism.

But he was a cub reporter, and he had a great deal to learn about the meaning of the word News.

The night before he had had another lesson, a different sort of lesson.

They had sent him over on the East Side to find out about the drowning of a ten-year-old boy. It was reported on the police station returns as possibly a suicide.

The night was hot and sticky ("as humid as a wet sponge," wrote the man with the weather story), and the East Side was full of midsummernight noises and awful smells. Thin children, with shrill voices, were playing in the streets. Some of these showed him the way up the dark stairs to the flat where the drowned child had lived.

"He's a doctor," said one of them.

"Ah, come on down-stairs," called up another.

The door was open and the neighbors were gathering in. Linton, feeling like an intruder, went in, too. But they did not consider his presence displeasing at all. They seemed to feel it an honor. The father arose and gave the reporter a chair, and the mother began telling about it all over again and cried some more. The neighbors fanned themselves and nodded assent to all the mother said about the dead child's virtues. Occasionally they stared at Linton. The old man smoked hard and wiped perspiration on his sleeve.

It was not a suicide (he verified this from the police later), but it was very sad, and the new reporter was sorry about it. They seemed grateful for his sympathy, and asked if he wouldn't like to see the body. Linton said, "Oh, no; thank you." But they wanted to show him some atten-

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tion and insisted upon taking him into the room where the small, thin body lay all alone, with the hair still wet and the mouth half open, showing two big childish teeth. The other children's yelling voices came in through the window from the street below.

The new reporter had seen but two dead persons before in all his life; and he went back through the noisy, hot, foul-smelling streets, thinking of the mystery of death and the sadness of desolation. Then entering the office, which seemed so thoughtlessly full of life and the interests of the living, he reported at the desk of the night city editor.

Stone, the night city editor, was reading copy, but twitched his ugly pipe, which meant, "Well, what did you get?" for this man did not believe in talking when he could help it.

The new reporter began to tell all about it. He thought it ought to make a pretty good little East Side pathetic story—the genuine unrestrained grief of the lowly; the mother crying; the father smoking and not saying much; the kind, gossipy neighbors, etc.

Without looking up, Mr. Stone asked, "Suicide or not?" and kept on running his pencil through copy.

"No," the new reporter replied, "he just fell in off the stringpiece of the dock at the foot of Rutgers Street. But it was pretty sad, I thought. They told me what a fine kid he had been, and how high he stood in his class and all that, and they took me in and showed me the body, with the medal he had won at school still around his neck, and the ribbon all wet and faded. He was to have spoken a piece, they said, next Friday at the school exercises. He had been rehearsing only an hour before. While they told me, the other kids, the ones he used to play with, were calling to each other outside in the street below, and——"

The night city editor looked annoyed. "Never mind," he said, and turned over another sheet of copy.

Linton hesitated. "Well, sha'n't I write anything?" he asked.

Mr. Stone finished with the paragraph he was editing, then looked up. "Hell, no," he said; "hundreds of 'em fall in every summer." But a suicide at ten would have been good news, worth, perhaps, a column; for that is unusual. You see the distinction; so did the cub reporter now.

This young man had thought that, with a college and university training and some experience at amateur scribbling, he ought to be able to write good enough reports of things for a newspaper. Any one could do that, he thought.

It was a perfectly natural mistake; others have made it. No one with or without two academic degrees and no experience could write reports of things good enough for a newspaper to publish. Not even William Shakespeare would know what to get or how to put it without some training at reporting. To be sure he might get better things and put them in immortal English, but his copy would not "get by the desk." For this thing reporting is a business involving considerable specialized knowledge, to be learned by experiments and mistakes, like every other job, and there's considerable toil and moil and drudgery at the bottom, just as there is at the bottom of any other business or pursuit. So young Linton was bossed around and jumped upon and made to feel very small and stupid and in the way, just as he would have been in a law office, or a mercantile house, or at the bottom of any other place. But he wanted to be bossed and banged around. That was one of the reasons he had gone into this work.

It was so much better than dreamily drinking beer in Germany and telling himself that he was a sociologist. It had been a pleasant, contemplative existence for awhile, and he had heard some interesting theories, but he had been doing the student thing too long; and so when he came back to his own country for a vacation he did not keep up the feeling of kindly patronage toward the United States he had felt coming up the bay. The good American yearning to go and do for himself had come upon him. He decided that he was sick of the ease and inexactness of the scholar—sick, too, of having some one else pay his bills, sick of leisurely reading theories about man as a unit. He wanted to see something of men as warm human beings, with their passions and pursuits, their motives and their ways of looking at

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things. He could not have chosen a better field for it.

"Here, Mr. Linton," the city editor would say, "this man died this afternoon. See if it's true he drank himself to death. Run up and have a talk with the family."

"Yes, sir," Linton would reply, and then shudder at the thought of how nasty the crinkly crape was going to feel when he yanked it out of the way in order to jangle the doorbell and ask questions of red-eyed women.

He wondered if this sort of thing ever bothered the other reporters. Many of them seemed to be very much the same sort of people as himself and his friends. But they seemed quite cheerful and businesslike in going out on assignments and in hurrying back to write. "I suppose you get used to it in time," he said to one of these.

"Oh, they like to have the papers print the list of clubs he belonged to," was the reply.

Down along the East River water front the big, brave ships from far away foreign ports rest, with their bowsprits slouching out half way across South Street. Quaint figureheads are on their bows, and on their sterns names still more quaint and full of soft vowels which mean something in some part of the seven seas; brigs from the West Indies and barks from South Africa; Nova Scotia schooners and full-rigged clipper ships from Calcutta and from San Francisco by way of the Horn.

Here the young reporter liked to prowl about when out on a weather story, looking at the different foreign flags and at the odd foreign cargoes unloading in strangely wrought shipping boxes which smelled of spices, and wondering about the voyage over and about the private history of the barefooted, underfed sailors who made it. The stevedores' derricks puffed and creaked, and far overhead the cars on the bridge rumbled on, but the big ships seemed calm and patient, and full of mystery, as if they knew too many wondrous things to be impressed by anything in America. But all this had nothing to do with the weather story, or how the fog was affecting the shipping, or how much behind their schedule the ferry-boats were running, or whether (by good fortune) there had been any collisions in the river. That was what he was down there for.

Then, too, he used to have some good times when his assignment took him over into what used to be Greenwich; along old, crooked, narrow, village-like streets running all sorts of directions and crossing each other where they had no right to; where the shops and people and the whole atmosphere still seemed removed and village-like. He had a lot of fun looking out for old houses with lovable doorways and fanlights and knockers, and sometimes good white Greek columns. And then, up along East Broadway, which was once even more magnificent and is now decidedly shabbier, with dirty cloak-makers in the spacious drawing-rooms and signs in Hebrew characters in the windows. He used to gaze at them as he walked by and dream about the old days of early century hospitality there; the queer clothes the women wore and the strong punch the men drank, and the stilted conversation in which they both indulged, instead of planning how to work up his story, and then with a shock would discover that he had passed the house where he was to push in and ask a woman if it was true that her husband had run away with another man's wife; and the worst of it was that they generally talked about it.

Not that all his assignments were disagreeable. There was the bright, windy day he was sent down to the proving-grounds on Sandy Hook to write about the new disappearing gun-carriage (which covered him and the rest of the party with yellow-powder dust), and he lunched with the Secretary of the Navy, who was very jolly and gave him a half-column interview. There was Izi Zim, the pipe-maker, up on Third Avenue, and the Frenchman on Twenty-third Street, who taught skirt-dancing; and there was his good friend, Garri-Boulu, the old Hindoo sailor, who had landed on one of the big Calcutta ships suffering with beriberi, and was now slowly dying in the Presbyterian Hospital because he wouldn't lose caste by eating meat, and was so polite that he cried for fear he was giving the young doctors too much trouble. It took him into odd places, this news-gathering, and made him meet queer people, and it was a fas-

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cinating life for all its disagreeableness, and it was never monotonous, for it was never alike two days in succession. It was full of contrasts—almost dramatic contrasts, sometimes. One afternoon he was sent to cover a convention of spiritualists who wore their hair long; that evening, a meeting of the Association of Liquor Dealers, who had huge black mustaches, and the next day he was one of a squad of men under an old experienced reporter up across the Harlem River at work on a murder "mystery," smoking cigars with Central Office detectives and listening to the afternoon-paper men, who, in lieu of real news, made up theories for one edition which they promptly tore down in the next. That evening found him within the sombre walls of the New York Foundling Hospital, up on Lexington Avenue, asking questions of soft-voiced sisters and talking with young doctors about an epidemic of measles which was killing off the babies.

He liked all this. He thought it was because he was a sociologist; but it was because he was a kid. It gave him a thrill to go down into a cellar after murder-clews with a detective, just as it would any other full-blooded boy. He was becoming good friends with some of these sleuths—most of whom, by the way, were not at all sleuth-like in appearance, and went about their day's work in very much the same matter-of-fact way as the rest of us.

Indeed, if he could only shed some of his sensibilities when assignments involved talking to people about things they did not want to talk about, he thought he could be very happy in this wild, free, unconventional life, working when the rest of the town were asleep and eating wherever his work happened to bring him. But, ashamed of it as he was, his pulse beat faster every time he was called up to the desk. "*Now* what are they going to make me do?" he would ask himself. Of course, he never told anybody, but even when it was only to run down to Wall Street and try to find out from some big gun if that rumor about the Union Pacific was true, he dreaded the task. He knew he would be kept waiting in a long line of people, and he knew he would get angry at impudent clerks who, he imagined, would look down upon the reporter, and when his turn came he would hate to walk into the private office and bother a busy man about something which seemed so eminently none of his or his paper's business, that he wondered why this thought never happened to occur to the city editor. The busy man would look up scowling, and growl "I've nothing to say," which hurt, and then it would be the reporter's business to try to make him say something, and, if unsuccessful, he would be scowled at again when he returned to the office, and that hurt still more.

When, however, he did succeed in running down all the facts, there was a satisfaction in hurrying back to the office with them and marching up to the desk and telling them in a few quick sentences, and hearing the editor say, "That's good—write it."

Sometimes it turned out to be a good story and they let him make several sticks of it; then the fine glow of creation that followed the quick writing seemed worth all kinds of trouble, and he ran light-hearted out to dinner at some queer, newspaper-man's joint, mingling with the eager, hurrying throng on the way, and then with the clanging of cable-cars in his ears and the shrill newsboys' cries and all the concentrated roar of the metropolis, he felt that he, too, was part of it and that this was living, for he was a legitimate factor in the great economic machine; no longer an incumbrance but a wage-earner in the huge, struggling, pushing, shrieking thing they call the world, which is sordid and selfish but very interesting, and where he was jostled up against ever so many other workers, and would have been thrown down and trodden under foot if not able to cope with them. But he *could* cope with them and keep his head above, and was earning fifteen dollars a week, and lived in a hall-bedroom, top floor, back, with cats outside when he wanted to go to sleep at night, and a young actor in the next room who practised his lines in a would-be English accent, when Linton did not want to wake up in the morning.

And as for the uncle who had offered him a place in his office, not far from Park Row, and who took it for granted that a chance for his own kind of success ought to be respectfully worshipped by Linton

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or any other young man ; and as for his aunt, who had said, "Oh, but to be a reporter is so beneath you," all that had only made him more anxious to try it ; and now that their only dinner invitations were the "We'll be glad to have you come any time" sort, he was all the more determined to stick to reporting. He had no respect at all, he wished them to know, for the opinion of those who thought less of him for doing the work he had chosen to do, and he enjoyed the situation. He found himself pitying their nice little New York sons, with the well-beaten, perfectly proper path of life they would have to follow after college, with its office at nine o'clock, home at six, dress for dinner ; then nice little New York girls to see in the evening, and always the same thing over and over and over, and in exactly the same way as ever so many other nice little New Yorkers ; unless, indeed, they had blood enough in them to sicken of it, in which case they would probably get bad for awhile, and make their mother cry at night and their father wonder at what was not at all wonderful. Then, later on, after they had been put up for certain clubs by papa and seconded by Uncle John, they would marry nice little New York girls who pronounce certain woids like nobody else in the woild — nice, well-dressed, little American products — approved by mamma (only Linton doubted that), and, by and by, get a house as near as possible to the houses of other wealthier New Yorkers, and a box at the opera perhaps, and be prominent in church-work, possibly, and finally die respectable, and the club flag would be put at half-mast, and some reporter would have a half-column "obit" to write. "Uhh," thought Linton, "I could never stand such a life." There came a time when he did not feel quite the same way about it. But that was long afterward.

They had given him the Tombs Police Court now as a regular department.

Usually they gave him a night assignment or two as well. So he spent his days in jail from nine until four, and his evenings in whatever part of Manhattan or Staten or Long Islands or of the wilds of the Jersey suburbs the editor saw fit. As a rule, his night assignments did not amount to much in type. They were to give the cub reporter exercise and experience in approaching people and seeking news. Sometimes a five-line story, which most of you did not even see, would cost five hours' work and as many dollars in railroad and carriage fares, not to speak of sensibilities and fatigue in mind and body. More often the young reporter looked through and through the paper, letting his coffee get cold, to find nothing printed at all.

The Tombs was horrible, but at first it was also interesting, because it satisfied the natural morbid curiosity that goes with a number of better tastes in every human being. But very soon this was more than satisfied, it was glutted, and he found he could not digest it all, and the Tombs became horrible without being at all interesting—so horrible indeed that sometimes after he got into bed, if he had worked too hard or smoked too many cigars some of the faces and facts he had met during the day would not stay out of the way long enough for him to get to sleep, and he had to sleep because he was obliged to begin work again at nine o'clock in the morning.

He had studied sociology and he had travelled a little, and so he had supposed he knew about how bad human nature could get ; but it is one thing to read in big books, by a comfortable study-table, with a pipe in your mouth, about degeneracy and crime and the per cent. of criminals, and quite another to be daily brought face to face with the scum of humanity and be obliged to mingle with it and ask questions ; worst of all, to realize that these are fellow human beings, and that there is very little to be done about it.

One day a big, burly policeman was shoving an aged, bellowing female into the pen. She had been sentenced to ten days on the Island. Linton got red in the face and ran behind the railing. "Let up on that, officer," he exclaimed. "It isn't necessary to handle them so roughly."

The policeman grinned. "Young feller, you go and sit down. I know my business ; you go tend to yours. This old lady's drunk. Let's see you handle her."

Linton could only say, "Oh, shut up," boyishly, but he stepped up to the Jus-

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tice, who was idle just then, to see what could be done about it. The Justice seemed a pretty decent fellow, but he only shook his head and smiled at the young reporter. "She only cries because she's a woman," he said. "She knows the Island's the best place for her. She'd freeze on the streets this weather."

So, after awhile he found himself becoming accustomed to it. He was powerless to prevent what he saw, so why let it get on his nerves? It was his business to watch all this, so, like a doctor, he was learning to observe suffering and disease in a purely business way, and was now able to drum listlessly on the reporters' table with his feet cocked up, while screaming children were being led away to the Gerry Society. He told himself he did not care.

Away up-town, far from the noise of Newspaper Row, far up, nearly to the end of the green park, where the streets are clean and asphalted, and so quiet that the horses' feet make a pleasant patter, where there is bright blue sky and sunshine and open, clear spaciousness, with clean-capped nurse-maids wheeling baby-carriages along by the park-wall, where the sparrows twitter—away up there lived a girl that Linton liked to talk to when he was thinking of giving up human nature.

She didn't know much about human nature, but she had a gentle voice and believed in everybody, and some day she was to be a lovely woman. Linton could tell that, and it helped a good deal to know that there were people like this in New York. It helped him to keep his respect for things respectable; it helped him to believe in a good God and fairly good people, and nice, clean sunniness somewhere.

She did not know she was to be a lovely woman or that she helped anybody. She had an idea that she was a pretty bad lot, and warned him once that he really oughtn't to believe in her, because she was very insincere, though she did not propose to be morbid about it. At that he laughed a little, which hurt her feelings; and then he was so sorry, and told her so.

She had known him at college and had a high opinion of his abilities. She thought him very plucky and independent to go into newspaper-work against everybody's advice, and she would have liked it if he talked more about himself, which most of the men she knew did too much.

Linton knew that most young men talked about themselves too much. But it wasn't altogether from a dread of self-ridicule that he kept out the topic of himself and his work. It was good to see what life looked like to this girl. It was so different from the point of view his work gave him. She went to dances and did the usual girl-things; probably she shopped, too, and doubtless glanced in that quick way at other girls to see how they were dressed, and she said "perfectly lovely" sometimes, but he did not object to that in her. It all seemed so sunny and right and normal, and it was grateful and soothing to hear her tell how hard she worked at her painting; which he took as seriously as she wanted him to. Only she wished he wouldn't make her forget and talk so much about herself; she thought it must bore him a good deal. It did not bore him. And after he left she sometimes wondered what he must think of her. He thought well of her.

But it was such a contrast, listening to this gentle-voiced girl, who believed in him, to mingling and talking with the sorts and conditions of humanity he met in his work, who hated him, that it somehow seemed wrong to have been in her presence and to touch her hand when he said good-by. Then the L road plunged him into the dark vortex of the metropolis once more, and soon he was out upon the busy, crowded streets again, after more of the stuff called news, for New Yorkers to devour with their breakfast. . . . Or else this was wrong.

He had been at it long enough now, he thought, to be adjusted. He told himself that news was a commodity and that there was just as much dignity in the getting, handling, selling of it as of woollens or professional opinion or any other article of merchandise.

At least it was so on a paper like *The Day*, which was neither prurient nor prudish, but clean and clever, with a staff of reporters made up of alert, self-respecting young Americans, for the most part of good education and some breeding, who did not find it necessary to lie or get themselves

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or others drunk in order to obtain news, which they wrote in very good English.

To be sure there were unpleasant features in worming out news, but so also were there in running about in Wall Street for a bank and being patronized by arrogant cashiers, or getting up at four o'clock in the morning and riding on the back of an ambulance, or serving papers for a small law-firm, as he knew from his class-mates. And there was variety in his disagreeableness and some artistic satisfaction.

In business relations, he argued, one should not expect the same courtesy to prevail as in social intercourse. Business was a struggle, it involved straining and matching one's talents against someone else's; and that was where the fun came in. A foot-ball player did not lose respect, or self-respect, by not stopping to beg pardon every time he bumped into an opponent; he was playing foot-ball. They were like great games, these various pursuits in active life, and he was in one of them, perhaps the most active of the lot. He was sorry for all who were in none. He had had his taste of watching and criticising from the grand stand; and he did not want any more of that. . . .

The city editor said: "Linton, did you see this divorce story in the afternoon papers? Go look up that lawyer, Tarry, and get all you can out of him."

The clipping was a despatch from Georgia, stating, in a paragraph, that a certain young woman there had filed suit for divorce. Her husband was a well-known New Yorker, and so it was news for New York papers, and worth more than the bare facts given in the Georgia end of it.

It wasn't very pleasant, this kind of an assignment; he would prefer another, but he did not allow himself to expend emotion over it, as he would have formerly. He told himself that he could do anything now.

It was the press's function, he argued, to hold up the punishment of publicity before those who were regardless of the marriage tie. The family is the unit of the state—he had not forgotten his sociology—and without the family the whole social fabric would go to smash. He should do his part toward holding together the social fabric.

A young law-student clerk looked up when Linton asked for Mr. Tarry, and demanded, "What name shall I say?"

"Tell Mr. Tarry," said Linton, "that a reporter is here from *The Day*, and ask if he cares to see me."

The young law-student said: "What do you want to see him about?"

"My business is with your employer," said Linton, who was learning to deal with all sorts of people.

The lawyer sent out word to come in, and then, without looking up, kept the reporter standing before him for a minute, which was intended to be impressive, until, still scratching with his pen, he emitted a disagreeable "Well, sir?"

The reporter bowed low in mock deference. "*The Day*," he said, "wants to know if you have anything to add to that."

The lawyer read it through and then scowled at the reporter, who looked blandly back at him.

He was one of those self-important little lawyers with a feeble constitution and a high voice. The reporter did not quail before his glance, as did his office-clerks.

"Now," he said, in a crackly voice, "you took it for granted that you could come in here and make me talk about this strictly private and very delicate affair, didn't you? You want to write a sensational article with big head-lines, don't you?"

Linton, who was bigger and healthier, looked down at the little man and smiled. "Oh, no," he said, calmly, "you're mistaken. I didn't take anything for granted. If you didn't want to see me, all you had to do was to say so. It would not have made the slightest difference to me, I assure you. I am not in the least interested in this thing; in fact, it is rather offensive to me. But, you see, *The Day* wants to know, for this happens to be news, and news which some people would profit by reading." The lawyer smiled; the reporter did not. He went on, wondering why the former did not terminate the interview. "So I sent in word that there was a reporter here and asked if you cared to talk to me; not that I wanted to talk to you, because I don't. Now, if you want to put *The Day* straight about this thing, I shall be glad to hear what you have to say, and your client will be represented fairly. But

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please to bear in mind that you aren't doing me a favor in talking to me, and that I don't care very much either way."

Then the little lawyer surprised Linton. He jumped down from his dignity and talked. He talked amiably enough; he said nothing he ought not to have said, but Linton got five sticks out of it (a half column) and told himself he was upholding the social fabric.

After he had written and filed his story, he told Billy Woods, *The Day's* star man, about it. Woods despised cub reporters theoretically, but he was always kind to those who came to him for advice.

"There's a great deal in throwing out a good bluff, isn't there?" said Linton.

"Yes," said Woods, "only that was not the reason you bagged that fellow."

"How do you mean?"

"The reason he didn't turn you down was that he wanted the advertising that would come from having his name in the paper as the lawyer to a prominent family," said Billy Woods, who knew his job.

The younger man laughed. He laughed rather louder than was necessary; this was because he had a bad taste in his mouth.

It is not very pleasant to be interviewing people about divorces, especially when you know perfectly well that the newspaper's motive is not so much to uphold the unit of government as to supply reading-matter that will sell. "Oh, well, all this is good experience," he said to himself. You see he was a sociologist, and he was in this thing to get experience of men and motives, and he was getting it.

He was getting more than he had bargained for. Sometimes it was hard to realize that it was himself going about doing these things, son of so-and-so and grandson of so-and-so. Whether it was snobbish or not, it did seem very odd that he was the one, and sometimes he had a longing to break away from it all and never look at a newspaper again. "But it is not I doing all this," he told himself; "it's a newspaper reporter. I'm playing the part of a newspaper reporter for the experience. It's a very instructive experience."

He had an earnest sociological friend, who, to learn some truth at first-hand, had worked his way across the country as a day-laborer, doing everything that came in his way, from cleaning cuspidors to binding wheat For a similar motive, Linton told himself, he too was digging out and gathering together more or less interesting truths about men and their wives, from lawyers and others who wanted advertising; which was edifying.

All the same he kept away from the neighborhood of the park the next day, which was his day off, and for several more days. He told himself that it was because it was so hard to come down again. But when he did go once more he began to talk about himself and his work.

She seemed pleased at the opportunity to return a little sympathy.

"Yes," she said, missing the point entirely, "it must be awfully hard work."

"It isn't the hours and all that, I'm talking about," said Linton; "but don't you think it's sort of hard on one's self-respect, some of the things reporters have to do?"

Then he laughed, though there wasn't anything to laugh at, and wanted to change the subject.

"You don't care what people think of you—so long as you believe in yourself. That's what's so fine about it," she said. "Is that what you mean?"

It wasn't what he meant, exactly.

"Thank you," he said. "Look at those people on the four-in-hand. Why do they toot their horn here in the city? We'd all look at them anyway."

But the girl who had a nice look in her eyes was sorry for him and would have liked him to know that *she* would always believe in him, no matter what happened, if that would help any.

He did know she believed in him; not because he was he, but because she was she. He wasn't sure that she ought to. That was what he meant to tell her. Besides it did *not* help him—in his work.

But he had the disquieting sense of being ridiculous, and the only thing to do at such times was to change the subject.

"I will be talking earnestly about My Soul next, if I don't look out," he laughed to himself on the way down-town, "and Conscientious-ness and Self-abnega-tion, like a blamed self-conscious New Englander."

Then he ran up the stairs to the office.

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"Oh, well, I got the half-column, anyway," he said to himself.

Linton had been with the paper for a year now, and he had seen all sorts of things, and had rubbed up against all sorts of interests, and talked to all sorts of human beings. He had worked at all hours of the day and night, in all kinds of weather, in all parts of the city and adjacent country. He had worked on Christmas and the Fourth of July. It was, perhaps, the hardest work known to civilized man, and he had not once broken down in health; which is very good for a new reporter. On *The Day* they used to reckon on cubs breaking down at some stage of the first year or so; then, if they don't die, they are supposed to have their second wind after that, and to keep in fairly good health if they leave whiskey alone.

Linton felt himself to be a part of the office. He had a writing-table of his own, with as many cockroaches in the drawers as any of the tables, and a letter-box down by the door, which he turned and looked at automatically when he entered the room.

He took off his coat on the way down the aisle to his table, just like the rest of the staff, and he could tell at a glance that Rice had written the political interview in the first column, and Billy Woods the humorous women's convention story, and that Stone had built the spread-head on it.

Also, some of the younger crowd could tell which was Linton's stuff, and what kind of a story he was best at. Other cub reporters had been taken on since Linton, a great many others, and most of them had been dropped after the first month, as was usual in *The Day* office, which required only the best men. But most of those that remained were rapidly surpassing Linton in usefulness. Linton was not a very good reporter. He was learning to write, and he knew something about handling news, but sometimes he was not so good at getting it as he ought to have been by this time. This was put down to laziness.

It was late in the afternoon. White, the city editor, would soon be going home, and Stone, the night city editor, would take the desk. Down the room sat Linton with his feet cocked up on his table.

"Mr. Linton," called the city editor.

The reporter took down his feet, picked up some copy-paper, and stepped up to the desk, where the city editor held out a clipping from an afternoon paper. "This isn't for this evening," he said, smiling suavely. "The story is coming up in court to-morrow morning. Will you get up early and cover it?" Early meant 10 A.M.

"But to-morrow is my day off," said Linton.

"Well, do just as you like. There's a good story in it, if you care to do a little extra work. I think you could write this story—about a prominent society woman who's having some trouble with her bootmaker. Claims he didn't send round the shoes she ordered, so she won't take them. He sent her the bill several times, but she's got her back up now and won't pay. It's the same old thing, you know, but there may be some new and picturesque points in it."

The reporter was listening more attentively now. The city editor went on talking. White liked to talk as much as Stone did not. "The shoemaker says he isn't going to let anybody run over him, and all that sort of thing. She says the shoes are ready-made."

"That's good," said Linton, smiling. He had begun to feel the story. He saw the determined little shoemaker coming into court looking vindictive. Probably he would bring the shoes with him. Perhaps both sides would bring shoes, old and new, to put in evidence. He could have fun with the shoes. Then the clamoring lawyers; they would make a lot of noise, and be unconscious of the humor of their earnestness over shoes. The society person would try to keep her dignity and look haughty. Then she would get excited and lose it, if she had to testify. These society people, so called, were always amusing, and *The Day* was about the only paper that did not take them quite as seriously as they did themselves; and Linton decided, as the city editor went on, that this was a chance he had often wanted. He knew he could do it well and yet not hurt the paper.

The city editor noted the look on Linton's face, and, being a city editor, approved of it. "There's good humorous stuff in it," he said, handing Linton the

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clipping, "dialogue and all that, just your line. Do you care to cover it?"

Linton had taken the clipping, and the first words he saw made him feel as if he had been caught doing something he was ashamed off. "Mrs. H. Harrison Wells's shoes" was the head. Everyone knew who Mrs. H. Harrison Wells was, but she happened to be one of the few people in all New York Linton knew personally. That was bad enough in itself, but that was not the worst. She was a first cousin to the girl up-town who stood for everything that newspaper work was not. For a moment he recoiled. He did not like to think of coming, in his newspaper capacity, in contact with anybody or anything even remotely connected with her. Could he deliberately go to work and make a relative of hers the subject of "an article in the newspaper" for people to talk about?

"What's the matter," asked White; "don't you want it?"

Linton hesitated.

"Oh, here," interposed the city editor, impatiently; "if you've made some other plan for your day off, say so, and I'll give it to someone else."

"I did make another plan," said Linton, "but I think I'll do this instead." Then, blushing a little at the thought of the other plan, the new reporter added, "This is too good a story to miss," quite like an old reporter, and hurried out of the room.

Perhaps he would not have appreciated this assignment six months ago. But, you see, he had acquired the News Instinct now.

TWO SONNETS

By Francis Charles McDonald

PAGANISM

THE tide is turning from the sea, and brings
  Sea-freshened breezes in its wake. The cry
  Of weary boatmen flags, as night draws nigh,
And each, forgetful of his traffic, sings
A low, monotonous chant of happier things.
  From neighboring rice-fields, black against the sky,
  The crows are flocking templewards, and fly
To shelter with the gods on reverent wings.
In starry heaven, high above the trees,
  Behold the cross! Oh, heart of mine, be sad!
  I dream to-night of my lost motherland;
To-night I worship her strange deities
  Of wood, and stone, and mortar, and am glad
  They see not, hear not, nor can understand.

REMINISCENCE

THE grass is deep as ever on the hill;
  There lies the Kiskiminetas agleam
  With sunset light; and here the darkening stream
Of Loyalhanna wanders at his will
Past the old haunted house that school-boys still
  People with creatures of their wildest dream.
  Hark! hear Bob White! and now the owl's shrill scream!
The far cry of the fatal whip-poor-will!
Gladsome like this, I mind me, was the day
  I lay and read some lyric, till, the night
  Falling, I hurried home, not quite aware
Whether the poet's song was snatched away
  And piped among the birds in wild delight,
  Or lost in shadowy stretches of the air.

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THE WORKERS—THE WEST

BY WALTER A. WYCKOFF

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. R. LEIGH

III—IN THE ARMY OF THE UNEMPLOYED (CONCLUDED)

No. — BLUE ISLAND AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL., December 22, 1891.

THAT night when Clark and I reached the head of the staircase which descends to the basement of the station-house we found the way blocked by men. We thought at first that a prisoner was being booked, but a second glance revealed the fact that the door of iron grating was wide open. With his back against it stood an officer. The lodgers were passing him in slow order, and, as they filed by, the policeman held each in sharp examination for a moment. Soon I could see him clearly. He stood, obstructing the exit from the stairs, a straight, massive figure well on to two hundred and fifty pounds. A side-view was toward us, and I took delight in the clean-shaven face with the well-chiselled Grecian profile, the eye deep-set and widening to the upward lift of the lashes, and the dark, abundant hair rising in short, crisp curls from under the pressure of his cap-rim.

He was putting the men through a catechism respecting their nationalities, their homes and occupations, and their motives in coming to Chicago. Beside him stood two men, the elder a man past middle life, of sober, dignified appearance, and with an air of philosophical interest in what he saw. The younger was a callow youth, just grown to manhood, and he may have been the other's son. They were out "slumming," evidently, and the officer had been detailed as their guide. Their purpose may have been a good one, but the boy's face, as I watched it, seemed to me to show plainly the marks of an unwholesome curiosity. And certainly as they stood there in well-dressed, well-fed comfort, eying at leisure, as though it were exhibited for their diversion, this company of homeless, ragged, needful men, there was to my mind a deliberate insult in the attitude sharper than the sting of a blow in the face. I thought at first that I might be alone in feeling this, until I heard a man behind me say, as the cause of the delay became clear to him:

"Who is them jays, and what business have they inspectin' us?"

On the step in front of me was as good a vagrant type as the slowly moving line on the staircase disclosed. I could not see his face, but I could guess at its effect from the dark, bristling, unkempt beard that sprouted in tangled, wiry masses from his cheeks and throat, and the heavy, cohering hair that lay long and thick about his ears and on his neck. There was an unnatural corpulence about the figure, the reality of which was belied by the lean, sharp lines that appeared beneath a bulging collar and in the emaciated arms that were red, and raw, and almost bare below the elbows, where the ragged sleeves hung in fraying ribbons.

The obesity was purely artificial. The tramp had on three flannel shirts, at least, besides several heavy waistcoats and two pairs of trousers and as many coats, with a possibility of there being three. The outer garments were quaint mosaics of patches, positively ingenious in their interlacing adherence to one another and in their rude preservation of original outlines of dress. From him came the pungent reek of bad whiskey and stale tobacco.

It was as though the man stood clothed in outward and visible signs of unseen realities, enveloped in the rigid habit of his own wrong-doing, draped in the mystery of inherited tendencies, and cloaked in the stern facts of a hard environment. And yet, as beneath the filthy outer covering

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there was a human being, so under these veiling, unseen vestures was a man, a living soul created by the Almighty.

I could hear him muttering gruffly to himself as he slowly descended to his turn at the foot of the steps.

"Well, Weary, where are you from? A hobo from Hoboville, I guess," and the officer's voice rang strong and clear up the staircase to the dim landing, where stood the waiting line of men.

The two slummers laughed aloud.

"From Maine," said the tramp. The voice came hoarse and thin and broken-winded from a throat eaten out by disease.

"Well, you're a rare one, if you're a Yankee. But what brought you to Chicago?"

"Lookin' for work at the World's Fair."

"You lie, you lazy loafer. The last thing you're looking for is work. You all tell that World's Fair lie. There's been as many of you in Chicago every winter for the last ten years as there is this winter."

The man was stung.

"I've as good a right here as you," he said.

"You have, have you!" cried the officer in quick rejoinder, but with no loss of temper. "Look at me, you filthy hobo," he added, drawing himself to his full, imposing height. "I'm a police officer. I've held my job for eleven years, and got my promotions. I'm earning eighty dollars a month, do you see? Now go down there where you belong," and he pointed imperiously to the far end of the corridor.

My turn came next.

"Here's another whiskers," announced the officer in explanation to his charges; "same kind, only younger and newer to the business." And then to me, "Where are you from?" he said.

I replied with some inanity in mock German. "Oh, he's a Dutchman. We get a few of them. But they're mostly older men, and kind of moody, and they tramp alone a good bit. Can't you talk English?"

I said something in very bad French.

"Oh, I guess he's a Frenchy. That's very uncommon——"

I interrupted his information with a line from Virgil, spoken with an inflection of inquiry.

"He may be a Dago, or a—ah——" he hesitated.

I broke in with a sentence in Greek.

"Or a Russian," concluded the officer.

I thought that I could mystify him finally, and so I pronounced a verse from Genesis in Hebrew. But he was equal to the emergence.

"I've got it," he exclaimed, with a note of exultation; "he's a Sheeny!" And free to go I walked down the corridor, feeling that I had come rather badly out of that encounter.

None of us, I think, resented much the action of the officer. The policemen understand us perfectly, and in a certain broad, human sense we know them for our friends. I have been much impressed with this quality of natural *bonhomie* in the relation of the police officers to the vagrant and criminal classes. It seems to be the outcome of sturdy common sense and genuine knowledge and human sympathy. It would be difficult, I fancy, seriously to deceive an average officer of good experience. He may not know his man personally in every case, but he knows his type, and he takes his measure with admirable accuracy. He is not far misled by either his virtue or his vice. He knows him for a human being, even if he be a vagrant or a criminal, and he has come by practical experience to a fair acquaintance with human limitations in these spheres of life.

The sympathy of which I have spoken is conspicuously innocent of sentimentality. It comes from a saner source, and is of a hardier fibre. Unfortunately it lays open a way of corruption to corrupt men on the force, but it is the basis, too, of high practical efficiency in the difficult task of locating crime and keeping it within control. And it has another value little suspected, perhaps. I have met more than one workingman at work who owed his job to the friendly aid of a policeman, who had singled him out from the ranks of the unemployed as being worthy of his help. And this sort of timely succor is bounded, I judge, only by the limits of opportunity. Certainly I shall never forget the kindness of an officer who had evidently grown familiar with me on the streets, and who to my great surprise stopped me suddenly one day with the question:

"Ain't yous got a job yet?"

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"No," I said, as I stood looking up in deep admiration of his height and breadth and ruddy, wholesome face and generous Irish brogue.

"Well, that is hard luck," he went on. "There isn't many jobs ever at this season of the year, but just yous come around this way now and again, and I'll tell yous, if I hears of anything."

That was only a day or two before I found work, and when I had a chance to tell him of my success, his pleasure seemed as genuine as my own.

. . . . . .

Sunday morning was all that Clark and I could wish. To the pallor of the earliest dawn was added a soft, white muffling of snow. It lay almost untracked over the filthy streets and upon the pavements, and in dainty cones it capped the fence-palings, and roofed in pure white the sheds and flat-cars in the railway-station yard.

Clark and I walked rapidly across Wabash Avenue, then south to Twentieth Street, and then west again across Michigan and Indiana to Prairie Avenue. Here we were in the midst of a wealthy residence quarter. Most hopefully we wandered about in anxious waiting for some signs of life. From the first house at which we could apply we were turned away with the assurance that there was a man on the place whose duties included the cleaning of the pavements, and that, therefore, our services were not needed. We had expected this to be the case in the majority of instances; it was of the possible exception that we were in search. Soon we began to fear that there were no exceptions. Our spirits had fallen low under repeated refusals, when suddenly they rose with a bound, when we finally got a pavement to clean, and twenty-five cents each in payment.

The temptation to quit at once and get something to eat was strong, for the swallow of coffee and piece of bread at the station-house had not gone far toward satisfying an appetite which was of twenty-four hours' growth. But then in another hour or two all further chance of work like this would be gone, and so we stuck at it. Our reward was almost instant.

Not only were we given a job at sweeping snow, and paid another quarter each for it, but we were asked whether we had breakfasted, and were invited to a meal in the kitchen. I think that the cook thoroughly enjoyed feeding us, we did such ample justice to her fare. After two large bowls of steaming porridge, we began on omelettes and beefsteak and crisp potatoes and fresh bread, drinking the while great quantities of coffee, not the flat, bitter, diluted wash of the cheap restaurants, but the hot, creamy, fragrant beverage which tones one for the day.

We had little time to talk, and very selfishly I left our end of the conversation wholly to Clark. The cook drew from him some of the facts of our position, and the further fact of our having been so long without food. This made her very indignant, not at us, but at the existing order of things.

"There should be a law," she said, emphatically, "a law to give a job to every decent man that's out of work." Then, with the sweet facility of feminine remedy, "And another law," she added, "to keep all them I-talians from comin' in and takin' the bread out of the mouths of honest people. They ain't no better than heathens anyway, and they do tell me that they'll work for what a Christian dog wouldn't live on. Why, there's me own cousin as come over from County Down a month ago last Tuesday, and he ain't got a job yet, and I be obliged to support him, and all on account of them unclean I-talians."

There seemed to be no end to our good luck that morning. After our right royal breakfast we got still another belated pavement to clean, and when we had finished that our joint earnings made the sumptuous total of $1.50, and we were not hungry.

It was a delightful walk back to the familiar lodging-house, where we paid for a night's lodging in advance, and so secured immediate access to the washing and cleaning facilities of the establishment.

When we set forth again Clark looked fairly trim. His clothes were well brushed and his boots were clean. He had been shaven, and his face glowed with healthful exercise and the effects of nourishing, sustaining food. We had been in conversation on the subject of going to church. Clark opposed it warmly; besides, he had another plan. There were certain foremen whom he was bent on seeing in the

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He was putting the men through a catechism respecting their nationalities, their homes and occupations, and their motives in coming to Chicago.—Page 582.

unoccupied quiet of Sunday, in relation to the matter of a possible job.

"And I don't take no stock in church, anyway," he explained. "Fellows like us ain't expected there, and we ain't wanted. If you ain't dressed in the style, you're different from everybody else that's there, and there ain't no fun in that. And if you do go, what do you hear? Sometimes a preacher talks sense, and makes things reasonable to you, but most of them talks rot, that you don't believe nor they either. I'd sooner read Tom Paine than hear all the preachers in this town. He talks to you straight, in a way you can understand."

I pleaded my knowledge of a preacher who would talk to us as "straight" as Tom Paine, but to no purpose, for there remained the question of dress. Then I urged our going to mass, where we should not be embarrassed by our singularity; but this plea met with no favor at all, and I was obliged to go alone to church, and did not see Clark again until we met late in the evening at the lodging-house.

It was snowing fast at the end of the service-hour, giving high promise of abundant work in the morning. On the strength of it I ate a fifteen-cent dinner with a twofold feeling of satisfaction. Then I began a diligent search for the place of meeting of the Socialists. Sunday afternoon, I had learned, was their time of meeting. A knowledge of the place was wanting, but only because it had not occurred to me to look for an announcement of it in the newspapers of the day before. And this was wholly indicative of my general frame of mind in the connection. My preconceptions were strong. I had vision of a bare, dimly lighted room in the far recess of an unfrequented building, a room reached by dusty stairs and long,

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dark corridors, closely guarded by sentries, whose duty was to demand the countersign from those who entered and to give warning of danger in an emergency, so that the inmates might escape by secret passages to the street.

I had made frequent inquiries of the men whom I met, and it was from one of these that I learned that the time was Sunday afternoon; but none of them knew the place nor seemed to take the smallest interest in the matter. I thought that a policeman might be able to put me on the track of the meeting, if he chose, but then I feared that there were even chances that he would "run me in" as a revolutionary, upon hearing my request. I concluded that if I should be so fortunate as to find the place, it would be by some happy chance; and that if I gained admission, it would be by a happier one, due largely to my rough appearance.

I pictured this rude hall thronged with men, grizzled, bearded men, with eyes aflame and hair dishevelled, listening in high excitement to leaders whose inflammatory speeches lashed them into fury against all established order. Curiosity kindled to liveliest interest under the free play of imagination. In my eagerness I grew bolder. Repeatedly I stopped workingmen upon the street, and asked to be directed. No one knew, until I chanced upon a man who had a vague suspicion that the Socialists met in a hall over a saloon somewhere in West Lake Street.

I crossed the river and passed under the dark-steel framework of the elevated railway. The snow was falling through the still, sooty air in heavy flakes, which clung to every exposed surface, and turned the street-slime into a dark, granular slush. It seemed to be a region of warehouses and cheap shops, but chiefly of saloons; scarcely a soul was to be seen on the pavements; and brooding over the long, deserted street was the decorous quiet of Sunday.

I quickened my pace to overtake three men in front of me. Before I caught up with them they disappeared through a door which opened on the pavement. It was that of a saloon. The shades were drawn, and the place, like all the others of its kind, had every appearance of being closed for the day. I tried the door, and, finding it unlocked, followed the men inside. They had already mingled in a group of workingmen who sat about a large stove in the far corner of the bar-room, drinking beer and talking quietly.

They did not notice me until the one of whom I inquired appealed to the others for some knowledge of the question. Then there was a moment of passing the inquiry from one to another, until a good-looking young workman spoke up.

"Why, I know," he said; "I've just come from there. It's over in Waverley Hall, corner of Lake and Clark."

"Will you help me to get into the meeting?" I asked. "I am a stranger here, and I should very much like to go."

"There ain't no trouble," he responded; "you just go up two flights of steps from the street, and walk right in."

It was even as he said. At the level of the first landing was a restaurant, with a

"Ain't yous got a job yet?"—Page 583.

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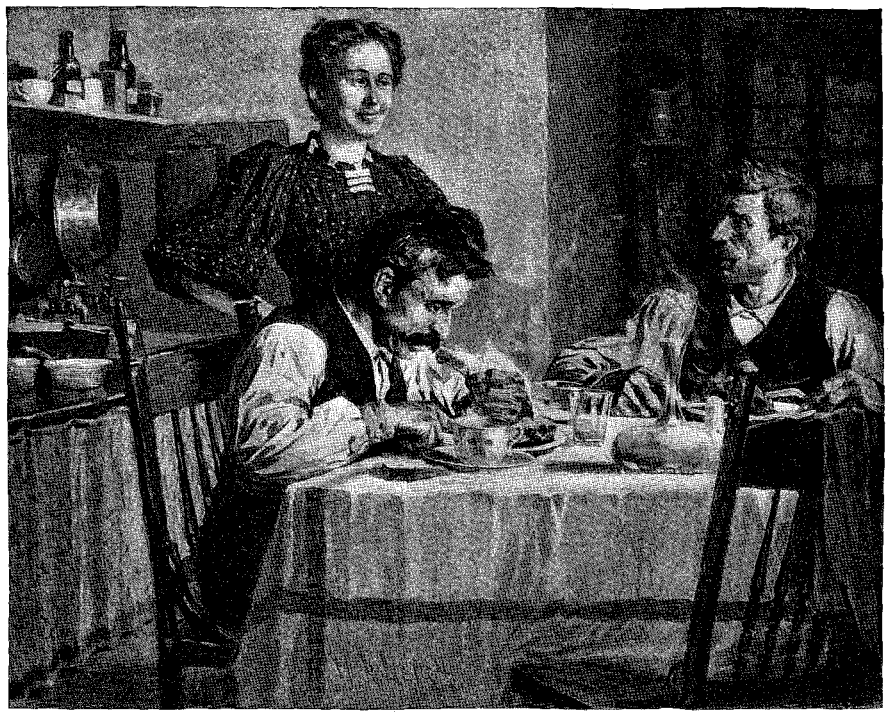

I think that the cook thoroughly enjoyed feeding us.—Page 584.

strikingly fine portrait of Burns near the entrance. My curiosity was at a high pitch when I reached the second landing. It was ill-lighted, and it opened first into an almost dark store-room, in whose deep recesses were great stacks of chairs. But a single step to the right brought one to the wide-open door of Waverley Hall and a company of Socialists in full session. A man sat beside the door with a small table before him, on which in neat array were some attractive paper editions for sale. My eye fell in passing upon "The Fabian Essays," and Thorold Rogers's "Six Centuries of Work and Wages," and an English version of Schäffle's "Quintessence of Socialism."

"May I go in?" I asked of the man.

"Oh, certainly," he replied. "Walk right in, and take any vacant seat you choose."

I thanked him, and walked up a central aisle with rows of seats on either side, where sat from two to three hundred men and a few women. By the time that I had found a seat half way to the dais, at the far end of the hall, where sat the chairman of the meeting, I was already deeply interested in the speech of a man who stood facing the company from the side, with his back against the wall. Slender and of medium height, with sandy hair slightly touched with gray, with an expression of ready alertness on his intelligent face, he was speaking fluently in good, well articulated English, and with deep conviction his evident inspiration.

"What we want is education," he was saying; "an education which will enlighten the capitalistic class as well as our own. We serve no useful end in denouncing the capitalists. They, like us, are simply a product of the competitive system, and individually many of them are good and generous men. But we shall be furthering the cause of Socialism in trying to show them their share of the evils under which we all live. How that, for example, owing to the present organization of society, in spite of all the safeguards which entrench private property, not even a capitalist can feel assured that his children or grandchildren may not be beggars upon the streets."

Such views, it seemed to me, at least suggested some catholicity of mind in

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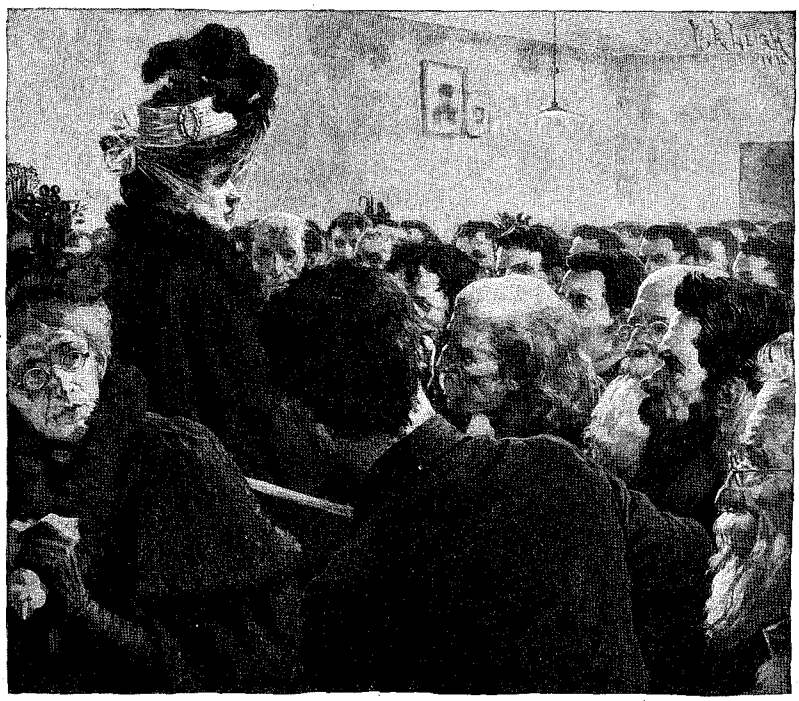

In the midst of the applause which marked the passage of the resolution, she was on her feet.—Page 590.

"the Peddler," as the speaker afterward declared himself to be. When he took his seat several men were on their feet at once, appealing to the chair, and I saw that the meeting was well in hand, for the chairman instantly singled out one for the privilege of the floor, addressing him politely by name, prefixing, however, the title "Comrade," much as "Citizen" was used in the French Revolution and after.

The well-grown, muscular, intelligent workingman was the dominant type among them, but the general average in point of respectability was so high that it gave to the company rather the appearance of a gathering of the *bourgeoisie* than of proletarians. Had the proportion between men and women been reversed, without change of average social status, I might have been in a prayer-meeting. But the prayer-meeting in sustaining the resemblance would have been one of marked vitality.

Speeches were following one another in quick succession. Some were good and some were vapid; some were in broken English, and others were in English more than broken; but all were surcharged with the kind of earnestness which captivates attention. Irresistibly at times one was reminded of the propaganda of a new faith. Much was said the meaning of which I could not catch, but the spirit of it all was not far to seek. Here there was no cant; there was room for none. These men believed that they had hold of a truth which is regenerating society. In the face of a world deep-rooted in an individualistic organization of industry and of social order, they preached a gospel of collectivism, with unbounded belief in its ultimate triumph.

At times there was a malignant animus in what they said, when argument was enforced from sources of personal experience; for men would speak with the intensity of feeling of those who know what hunger is and what it is to hear their children cry for bread, while within their sight is the wasteful luxury of the rich. But a certain earnest moderateness of speech was far more common, and it sometimes revealed a breadth of view and an acquaintance with economics which to me were astonishing.

Yet, after all, it was the personal note

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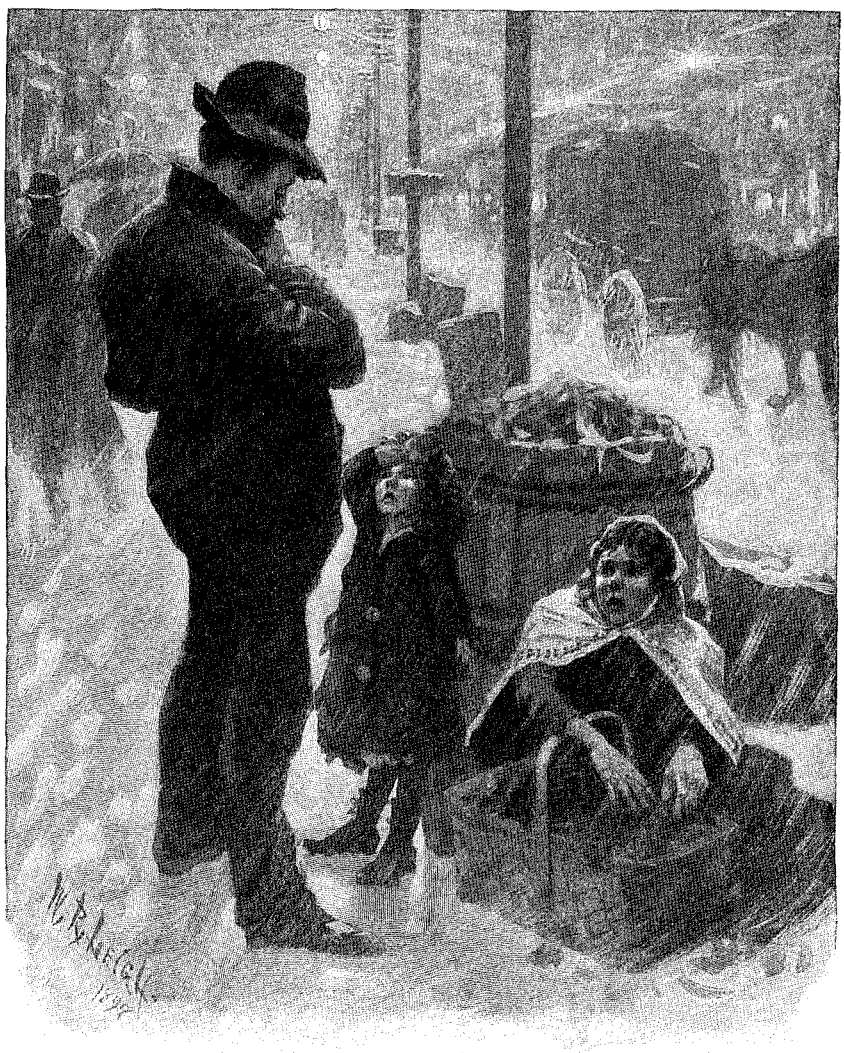
that they touched most effectively in what they said. Strong, sturdy men, with every mark upon them of workmanlike efficiency, spoke feelingly of the relation which, they said, was growing up between what they called "the two great classes of society," the employing and the employed. They declared the wage-earner essentially a "wage-slave" under present conditions, and they contrasted his lot unfavorably with that of an actual bondsman. The chattel-slave, they said, his master buys outright, and having made him thus a part of his invested capital, he shields him, out of a purely selfish motive, it is true, yet shields him, from bodily harm. But not the body of an industrial slave, merely his capacity for work, his employer buys, and he may drive him to the exhaustion of his last power of endurance, knowing perfectly well that, should he wreck him physically, the labor-market would instantly supply a hundred men eager to take the vacant place on the same terms. And it is little relief to the feelings of the wage-slave, they added, to be assured that he is not sold, but is free to sell his labor in the open market, when he recalls the hard necessity that conditions that freedom. It was interesting to find them paraphrasing, as Old



"Don't you touch it!" she said, fiercely.—Page 595.

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Pete had done in the logging camp, the dictum of Carlyle—

"Liberty, I am told, is a divine thing. Liberty, when it becomes the liberty to die by starvation, is not so divine."

Then, as an expression of the belief of that gathering, a member introduced a resolution which pronounced it to be a truth in the relation of the individual to society, that "in case a man, acting upon the theory that society owes him a living, should refuse to work, and should steal, *he* would be a criminal, and ought to be deprived of his personal liberty and be forced to work. But in case a man, acting upon the theory that society owes him a chance to earn a living, should find no opportunity, and should, therefore, be forced to steal, *society* would be the criminal, and ought to furnish the remedy."

I lifted the younger girl into my arms. Her sister walked beside us with the basket in her hand.—Page 595.

The resolution was passed unanimously and with much show of approval. But I was more interested in its introducer. He was a curious departure from the prevailing type; short and straight and slender, with a small, thin face whose skin was like old, exquisite, wrinkled parchment. His bright eyes, set close together, moved ceaselessly as though sensitive to a certain mental restlessness; a thin aquiline nose curved delicately in the nostrils above a gray mustache which half concealed a thin-lipped mouth of uncertain drawing. Over all was a really fine, dome-like brow, quite bald and polished, while from the sides and back of his head there grew a mass of iron-gray hair which fell curling to his shoulders. I shall take the liberty of calling him "the Poet." There was a nervous grace in his movements, and a thorough self-possession in his manner, and a quality of cultivation and refinement in his voice and speech, which were clearly indicative of breeding and education and of native talent. Yet his position among the Socialists seemed not at all that of a distinctive leader; he was simply one of the company, on terms of perfect equality, and he addressed the others and was himself addressed with the fraternal "Comrade" in all the intimacy of primitive Christianity. It was with instant anticipation of the pleasure of it that I learned from the announcements that the Poet would read, in an early meeting, a paper on the burning question of the opening of the World's Fair on Sundays.

A woman sat near the front. I had seen her in frequent whispered consultation with the chairman, whom I shall call "the Leader," and with the Poet and the Peddler and other members who sat about her, and I judged that she was high in the councils of the Socialists, and I shall name her "the Citizeness."

In the midst of the applause which marked the passage of the resolution, she was on her feet—a dark, portly woman of middle age, dressed very simply in black, bearing herself with an air of accustomedness which showed that she was by no means a novice on the floor, and speak-

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Drawn by W. R. Leigh.

"We've got some grub, ma!" cried the older child, in a tone of success, as she ran up to her mother with the basket. "Riley's barrel was full to-night."
—Page 595.

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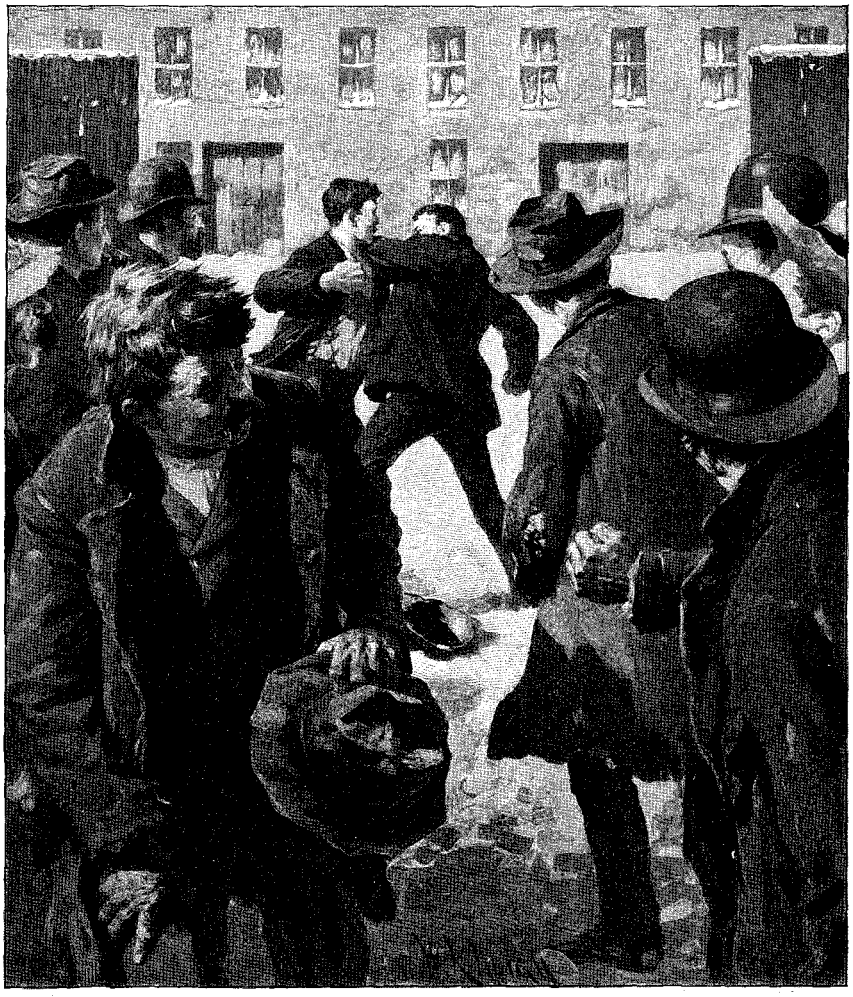

I was strong and warm in the wild joy of the lust for blood.—Page 601.

ing, when quiet was restored, with a directness and an unaffected ease which had in them no loss of femininity. But you had only to watch closely in order to see nature avenge herself in a certain self-assertation which the Citizeness felt forced at times to assume, for the sake of emphasis, and in a certain very feminine straining after the sarcastic.

She held a newspaper in her hand, and from it, she said, she wished to read a fragment of a speech made by Mr. —— to a large gathering of his subordinates in the administration of a railway system of which he is the president.

It was a short paragraph, in the characteristic, oratorical English of that genial railway president when he becomes serious, and its purport was simply a charge to those who bear to workingmen the relation of authoritative direction to treat them with the utmost consideration. "These are anxious times," he said, substantially, "and there are grave indications which go to show that workingmen are increasingly regarding themselves as a class apart and their interests as being antagonized by those of their employers. All employers and directors of labor in all personal contact with their men should, therefore, exercise the greatest care in their treatment of them, to the end that these men may not be made to feel unnecessarily what is distasteful to them in their condition of subordination."

"That," said the Citizeness, "is a sig-

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nificant sign of the times. I have rarely seen words which indicate more clearly the growing frame of mind of the capitalists. They are beginning to wake up to the fact of danger. Oh, yes, when it begins to be a question of self-preservation they show signs of some knowledge of the actual situation! But just see how foxy they are. Mr. —— does not tell his fellow-employers to treat their men well because they ought to, and he doesn't talk any foolishness about the interests of labor and capital being identical. He knows better than that. He knows perfectly well that the men in the employ of his corporation are wage-slaves. He knows it a good deal better than most of the men themselves know it. And what he is telling his fellow-capitalists, who are beginning to feel alarm over the situation, is this, that in all their treatment of their men they must make a point of disguising from them their real condition of servitude. Keep them in servitude, of course, but by all possible means keep them in ignorance of it, for the greatest danger to the existing order of things lies in an awakening of workingmen, and already there are signs of such an awakening, and 'the times' are, therefore, 'anxious.'"

Tumultuous applause followed this sally. It expressed the prevalent thought as no word of the afternoon had done. "Capital conspiring to maintain the existing bondage of labor—growing anxious at symptoms of dawning intelligence among its slaves, and disclosing, in a moment of unguarded anxiety, its real spirit through a feigned one!" "What clearer proof of the truth could be asked?" men seemed to say, as they looked eagerly into one another's faces, and kept on applauding.

Before the noise subsided the Peddler again had gained the floor. He harked back to his original theme of "education," and was showing its applicability to the situation from the new point of view.

"The greatest obstacle to Socialism," he exclaimed, with some vehemence, "is the brute ignorance among ourselves, the working-classes. And the greatest bulwark of the cruel, crushing, competitive anarchy under which we suffer and die is this same ignorance of the workers. It is not organized capital that blocks the way of Socialism, for organized capital is unconsciously hastening the day when all capital will be organized under the common ownership of all the people. It is the dead weight of poor, blinded, befooled wage-slaves which hangs like an incubus about the neck of Socialism. It is through this that the truth must make its way, and will make its way, until workingmen at last awake to an acceptance of that which so long has been striving with them to get itself accepted.

"But alas! alas! how slow the process is! And through what density of ignorance and indifference and prejudice must the light shine!

"Sitting in the street-car beside me, as I rode down this afternoon, was a workingman whom I know well. I invited him to come to this meeting with me. I told him that we were going to talk about matters which concerned him deeply. And what did he say? Why, he laughed in my face, and said that he did not see much sense in talking about such things, and that he preferred putting in his Sunday afternoon at the 'matin-ee,' and having a good laugh. Poor, miserable wretch! working like a galley-slave through the week, and caring for nothing on his day of rest but an extra allowance of sleep, and then further forgetfulness of his daily lot in the crowds and the lights and the illusions and heart-breaking fun of the cheap theatres. All that remains for him then is to go home drunk, and get up the next morning to the twofold hell of his common life."

It was growing dark within the hall, and the meeting was quietly adjourned until the next Sunday. But the members were slow in leaving. They formed into small groups, and went on discussing earnestly the topics of the afternoon, as they stood among the benches, or moved slowly toward the door.

The street-lights were burning with flickering, dancing effect through the falling snow, and under them great crowds of working-people came streaming through the wide-open doors of the theatres, swarming upon the pavements and in the street-cars, well-dressed, and quiet in the preoccupation of pleasure-seekers homeward bound, and not a little impatient for early transportation.

I walked alone in the direction of the lodging-house. Deep is the spell of real

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conviction, and the thoughts of these working-people, all alive with belief, were passing warm and glowing through my mind. That there are multitudes of workers who are looking earnestly for a better social order, and who intelligently and firmly believe in its possibility, I had known, but never before had I felt the inspiration of actual contact with them.

And the fascination of their point of view! "A world full of want and misery and cruelty, by reason, most of all, of the wasteful war of competition between man and his brother man in the wilderness of anarchical production in which the people blindly wander; while over against them, awaiting their occupation, is a promised land of peace and plenty, where poverty and want, and their attendant miseries and tendencies to moral evil, will be unknown, if men can but be induced to cross the Jordan which separates lawless competition from intelligent and provident co-operation." How quick and sure is such an appeal to the human heart! It is the world-old charm, charming men anew. A royal road at last, a wide gate and a broad way leading unto life! The way of salvation made easy! It is the Patriarchs again trusting to their sacrifices; the old Jews to circumcision and the blood of Abraham; the spiritually blinded Christians to their outward symbols; and all of them deaf to that truest word of all philosophy, "The kingdom of heaven is within you."

It is so easy to conceive of some change in outward conditions, some "remedy," some "solution" for the ills from which we suffer, and which, having been accepted, would lift life to a plane of harmonious and frictionless movement, and set us free henceforth to follow our own wills and purposes and desires. And it is so supremely difficult to realize that the way of life lies not that way at all, not in the pursuit of happiness nor in the fulfilment of our own wills, but in realizing that the universe is governed by laws of right and justice and truth, and in bringing our wills into subjection to those laws and our actions into harmony with them.

One of these laws, I take it, is the law "the universal brotherhood of man." And it is by the practical denial of this law in the dealing of men with their fellow-men that much of the world's cruelest misery has been caused, and much of the seed of terrible retribution has been sown.

It was their firm belief in the truth of brotherhood which gave to the words of the Socialists their greatest strength and charm. It was plainly fundamental to all their views. Ignorance and prejudice and unphilosophical thinking warped their expressed ideas and made their speeches very human, but yet in them all was this saving hold on truth, a living belief in the solidarity of the human race and in the responsibilities which grow out of the bond of universal kinship.

At the corner near my lodging-house I stood still for a few moments watching the deft movements of two young children who were busy near the curb. The long, wide street lay a field of glistening diamonds where the blue-white electric light was reflected from the snow. A drunken man reeled past me, tracking the untrodden snow at the sides of the beaten path along the centre of the pavement. A dim alley at my right lost itself in almost impenetrable darkness, on the verge of which a small wooden house appeared tottering to ruin and as though the weight of the falling snow were hastening its end. From out the alley came the figures of three young women who were laughing gayly as they crossed the street in company and walked on toward the post-office. The street was very still and lonely for that quarter, and the two little girls worked diligently, talking to each other, but oblivious apparently to everything but their task. I drew nearer to see what they were doing. A street-light shone strong and clear above them, and they were in the path of a broad stream of yellow glare that poured from the windows of a cheap chop-house. They were at work about a barrel which stood on the curb. I could see that it was full of the refuse of the eating-house. Scraps of meat and half-eaten fragments of bread and of vegetables lay mixed with bones and egg-shells and vegetable skins in a pulpy ooze, rising to the barrel rim and overflowing upon the pavement and in the gutter. An old wicker basket, with paper covering its ragged holes, rested between the children, and into this they dropped selected morsels of food. The larger girl was tall enough to see over the top of the barrel, and so she

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worked there, and I saw her little hands dive into the soft, glutinous mass after new treasures. The smaller one could only crouch upon the pavement and gather thence and from the gutter what edible fragments she could find. I watched them closely. The older child was dressed in thin, ragged cotton, black with filth, and her matted, stringy hair fell from her uncovered head about a lean, peaked face that was as dirty almost as her dress. She wore both shoes and stockings, but the shoes were far too large for her, and through their gaping holes the cold and wet entered freely. Her sister was more interesting to me. She was a child of four or five. The snow was falling upon her bare brown curls and upon the soft white flesh of her neck, and over the damp, clinging, threadbare dress, through which I could trace the delicate outlines of an infant's figure. Her warm breath passed hissing through chattering teeth in the intervals between outbursts of a deep, hoarse cough which shook her frame. Through the streaking dirt upon her hands appeared in childish movement the dimples above the knuckles, and the dainty fingers, red and cold and washed clean at their tips in the melting snow, had in them all the power and mystery of the waxen baby touch.

With the quick illusion of childhood they had turned their task into a game, and they would break into exclamations of delight as they held up to each other's view some discovered morsel which the finder claimed to be the best.

"What are you going to do with these scraps?" I asked of the older child.

Her bloodless lips were trembling with the cold, and her small, dark eyes appeared among the shreds of tangled hair with an expression in them of a starved pariah whose cherished bone is threatened. She clasped the basket with both hands and half covered it with her little body.

"Don't you touch it!" she said, fiercely, while her anxious eyes searched the street in hope of succor.

It was easy to reassure her, and then she spoke freely.

"Ma sent us to get some grub for supper," she explained. "Ma's got three boarders, only two of 'em ain't paid nothing for a month, and pa, he's drunk. He ain't got no job, but he went out to shovel snow to-day, and ma thought he'd bring her some money, but he came home drunk. She's mindin' the baby, and she sent us for grub. She'd lick us if we didn't find none; but I guess she won't lick us now, will she? That's where we live," and one little chapped finger pointed down the alley to the crumbling hovel in the dark.

The children were ready to go home, and I lifted the younger girl into my arms. Her sister walked beside us with the basket in her hand. The little one lay soft and warm against me. After the first moment of surprise, she had relaxed with the gentle yielding of a little child, and I could feel her nestle close to me with the trustful ease which thrills one's inmost heart with feeling for which there are no words.

We opened the shanty door. It was difficult at first to make out the room's interior. Dense banks of tobacco-smoke drifted lazily through foul air in the cheerful light of a small oil-lamp. Shreds of old wall-paper hung from dark, greasy plaster, which was crumbling from the walls and ceiling and which lay in accumulations of lime-dust upon a rotting wooden floor. A baby of pallid, putty flesh was crying fretfully in the arms of a haggard, slatternly woman of less than thirty years, who sat in a broken chair, rocking the baby in her arms beside a dirty wooden table, on which were strewn fragments of broken pottery and unwashed forks and spoons and knives. A rough workman, stripped to his shirt and trousers, sat smoking a clay pipe, his bare feet resting in the oven of a rusty cooking-stove in which a fire was smouldering. Upon a heap of rags in one corner lay a drunken man asleep.

"We've got some grub, ma!" cried the older child, in a tone of success, as she ran up to her mother with the basket. "Riley's barrel was full to-night."

. . . . . .

In the continued search for work through the succeeding day it was natural to drift early into the employment bureaus. Clark and I made a careful round of these, he in search of employment at his trade and I of any job that offered. Here, too, however, we were but units in the great number of seekers. Some of the agencies offered

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for a small fee and a nominal price of transportation to ship us to the farther West or to the Northwest and insure us employment with gangs of day-laborers, but of work in Chicago they could promise none.

In the course of a day last week, as I was going about alone, I was attracted by the prominent sign of an employment bureau on the West Side, which we had not visited so far. It was the conventional bureau, much like the office of a steamship company. It occupied the floor above the basement, reached by a flight of steps from the pavement; a row of wooden chairs stood along the outer wall; a wooden partition extended down the centre of the room, with a door and two windows in it. The hour was noon and the office was deserted but for a comparatively young man of florid face and close-set, light-brown eyes, thin hair, and a bristling mustache clipped close above his mouth. He was at work upon his books behind one of the windows. With a direct, matter-of-fact glance he looked me over, and then his eye sought the place on the open page held by his finger.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

"I am looking for work," I said. "Have you any employment to offer?"

"What kind of work?"

"I am a day-laborer," I replied.

"Nothing," he said, laconically, and his eye followed the finger as it moved across the open page.

I waited for a moment, thinking that he might say more, but he remained silent at his work.

"If not in Chicago, perhaps you can put me in the way of work near here," I ventured.

"Young man," he said, and his clear, cold eyes were looking straight into mine, "Young man, we can't get enough of you fellows in the spring and summer time; we have to go to you and beg you to go to work. You're mighty independent then, and you don't give a damn for us. But it's our turn now. You can do some begging now and see how you like it. It's good enough for you. No, there ain't a job that I know of in Chicago that you can get, unless it is in the sewers, and you ain't fit for that."

"But give me a chance at it," I urged.

"I wouldn't take the responsibility," he answered. "It would kill a man of your build in a week, and you couldn't pass the first inspection, anyway." And so ended my efforts through the employment agencies.

The newspapers are always an unfailing resort, as a hopeful source of information of any demand for labor. A newspaper in the very early morning, before the city is astir, is a treasure, for any clew to work can then be promptly followed up with some chance of one's being the first to apply. Papers are to be had in abundance later in the day in public reading-rooms and about railway-stations and hotel-corridors. It is, however, the newspaper damp from press that is most valuable to us, and between us and its possession is often the insuperable barrier of its price. The journals which early post their issues upon bulletin-boards are public benefactors, and about these boards in the early dawn often there are groups of men who study closely the "want-columns."

A very little experience was enough to disclose the fact that there is a wide difference in the character of these notices in different newspapers. In some issues the want-column is very short, but the statements bear every mark of genuineness; in others it is promisingly long, but, when carefully analyzed, it proves to be chiefly a collection of decoys for the unwary. The city seems to be full of men and women seeking employment. Not only are there the penniless common workmen of my class, whose number must be reckoned in many thousands, and among whom the professionally idle form, of course, a large percentage, but there are multitudes of mechanics and skilled workers, of whom Clark is a type. And beyond these is an army of seekers after salaried posts like those of clerks and bookkeepers and the various subordinate positions of business and professional life. Not all were penniless when they began their search for work there. Hundreds of them had a little store of money when their last employment gave out, or they brought with them when they came their savings, which they hopefully counted upon to last until a new place had been found.

How large a body of sharpers live by

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preying upon the credulity of these classes it would be difficult to discover, as it also would be difficult to discover all the tricks of their trade. The craft of the bunco-steerers is certainly well known, and yet it perennially finds its victims, and largely, no doubt, among the classes of whom I am speaking. But there are other snares, less sudden but quite as disastrous as those of the bunco-steerers, and far more insidious, since they have about them the apparent sanction of legitimate business. It is these that make most open use of the want-columns of certain of the newspapers. Agencies are advertised, and in them, after the payment of a small fee and the purchase of the needed outfit, large earnings are guaranteed as the result of putting some product upon the market. Opportunities are offered for the investment of a little capital—sums as low as five and ten dollars are solicited—and immense returns are promised. Requests for men are made in urgent terms: "Wanted—three—five—seven men at once. Steady employment guaranteed; good pay. No previous experience necessary. Apply at No. —— —— Street, second floor front."

One morning I marked a dozen or more of these notices in one newspaper, and carefully made the rounds of the addresses given. In every case I found an establishment which purported to do business at coloring photographs. I was offered employment in each instance. The conditions were as uniform as those governing a regular market. Two dollars was the invariable fee for being taught the secret of the process. One dollar would purchase the needed materials.

There was always a strong demand, enough to insure abundant work until spring. "Our agents are sending in large orders all the time," was the conventional explanation. "You can soon learn to color ten or twelve photographs in a day, and we will pay you at the rate of three dollars a dozen for them." The discovery that I had no money invariably brought the interview abruptly to an end in an atmosphere which cooled suddenly. I met many actual victims of these devices; one will serve as a type.

We both had been sitting for some time on a crowded bench in the lobby of a lodging-house. Each was absorbed in his own "bitterness," and oblivious to the presence of other men and to the tumult of the room. My companion was cheerfully responsive when I spoke to him, and we both accepted gladly the relief of an interchange of confidence. He was three days beyond the end of his resources. So far he had been fortunate in securing the cost of food and the price of a ten-cent lodging, and had not yet been forced to the station-house. But on that evening, for the first time, he had learned of the station lodging. It loomed for him as the logic of events, and he dreaded it. It was of this that he was thinking gloomily when I spoke to him.

Born and bred in the country, he had grown up in ignorance, not of hard, honest work, nor altogether of books, but of the world. He had lived at home and worked on his father's farm and attended the winter sessions of the district school until he was sixteen, when his father and mother died, and the farm and all of their possessions were sold to pay the mortgage, and he was left penniless. Then he worked for other farmers for two years, and studied as best he could. Finally he secured a "second-grade certificate" to teach school, and he had taught in the winter sessions for two years, working as a farm-hand through the summers.

His coming to Chicago was a stroke of ambition. A post as a salesman or a book-keeper could be got, he had felt sure, if he was persistent enough in his search, and this, he thought, would serve him as a starting-point to a business career. He had counted upon a long, hard search for place, and so he had come forearmed with his savings, which, when he reached Chicago, more than two months before this evening, amounted to a little over fifty dollars when he found himself in lodgings in a decent flat on Division Street.

He paid at first two dollars a week for a room which contained a bed and bureau and a wash-stand, and which was warmed by a small oil-stove. There was a strip of carpet on the floor, and a shade at the window which looked out upon an alley and the blank brick wall of a house opposite. The bed-linen was changed once in two weeks. In addition to that outlay he was spending, on an average, fifty cents a day for food and an occasional dime in

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car-fare. All this was luxury. His last lodging, before he was forced upon the street, was a seventy-five-cent closet in a house on Meridian Street, on the West Side. The room contained a cot with an old mattress and some blankets, and there was a soap-box on end which would hold a lamp. He was obliged to wash himself at the sink in the public passage.

There had been an analogous change in the range of employment sought. All idea of a mercantile post had been at last abandoned, and he was in for any honest living to which his hands could help him.

It was when he had broken his last five-dollar note that he made once more the rounds of the doubtful offices which offer work. A photograph-coloring establishment was his final choice. He paid the fee of two dollars, received the instructions, which were very simple, purchased for a dollar a box of materials, accepted half a dozen photographs to begin upon, and then went to his room with his mind made up to succeed at the work if there was any success in it.

With utmost patience and care he practised upon the pictures. Difficulties in the process arose against which he had not been warned. He went for further instructions and was given them willingly. After nearly three days of almost constant industry he finished the six photographs. These were to yield him a dollar and a half, and he took them with a sense of achievement to the office. His employer examined them and good-naturedly pointed out certain defects which he was asked to remedy. The remedy seemed simple, but he saw at a glance that, in reality, it would require his undoing practically all his work and performing it over again, at a great risk of ruining the photographs in the attempt.

He thought that he saw an escape from that, so he proposed to his employer that the alterations should be made at the establishment; that he himself should be paid nothing for the first work, but that he should be given a second lot of pictures to color. The man agreed instantly, and handed to him a fresh package containing half a dozen photographs. These he carried back to his room. When he undid the wrapper he found that he had been given a job which would require at least a week to finish. Each photograph was unlike the others. Besides one or two more or less difficult human figures in each, there were elaborate backgrounds of draperies and rustic benches and potted plants. He took the package back and asked for something simpler—more within his power as a beginner. His employer explained to him cheerfully that he had nothing else just then, but that he was sure of easier work for him by the time that he had finished this.

The poor fellow walked out into the street knowing that he had been swindled out of three dollars and three days' hard work, and that penniless now, he must take up the search again, and that there was no redress for him.

Several times after this I saw him and I pressed upon him each time the plan of returning to his former home in northern Indiana, or striking out anywhere into the open country, where his intelligence and his former experience would stand him in good stead, and where he would probably not have to look long for a job. This was keenly distasteful to him, for it would be a tacit acknowledgment of defeat, and the man was not without courage and pluck. I met him last one early morning after his first night as a lodger in a station-house. His eyes were starting from his head, and he wore the wild, hunted look which I had watched with alarm in Clark. He would scarcely stop to talk. He was off for the open country and his former home.

. . . . . .

Before many days had passed Clark and I began to lose the sense of being recruits in the army of the unemployed. We soon acquired the feeling of veterans, and with it a certain naturalness as of long habit. It is not a little strange how swift this adjustment is. We fell into some of the ways of the other men with an ease which seemed to imply a long antecedent wont. This was after Clark had despaired of work in a foundry, and had reached the level of willingness to sweep a crossing for a living, if only he could get the job.

One of the habits which came most readily to us was to join the crowds which stand in the early morning about the gates of large productive institutions. Sometimes a superintendent finds himself

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short-handed of common labor in a permanent department of the work or for an emergency, and he sends a foreman out to the gates to secure the needed men. This happens very rarely, if I may judge from our experience ; and yet, upon so slender a chance as this, hundreds of men stand each day in the market-places for labor, waiting hopefully for some husbandman in want of workers.

Clark and I soon made a considerable round. One morning we were at the gates of the Exposition grounds, another at the Stock-yards, and then at various factory gates on the West Side.

We were up at five one clear, cold morning near the middle of December, in order to try our luck at the gates of a factory which lies four miles or more from the heart of the city. It was no great hardship to set off without a breakfast, for we had supped heartily on the night before, and had gladly spent our remaining cash for beds in preference to sleeping in the station-house.

Out of a cloudless sky blew a strong, dry, northwest wind across the snowless prairies, and it cut sharply, at right angles, through the long diagonal street which we followed to the far southwest. We did not loiter, for it took our fastest gait to keep us warm. The buildings shielded us in part, but around the corners the wind caught us with its unchecked force, and enveloped us often in clouds of driven dust which rose from the surface of the frozen streets. There was exhilaration in the walk ; when we reached the centre of the viaduct which carries Blue Island Avenue across the various lines of railway which enter the city between Fifteenth and Sixteenth Streets, we were in the full, unimpeded gale, and looking back we could see across the dark city the first slender shafts of light dimming the eastern stars.

It was still dark when we reached the factory gates, for the better part of an hour remained before the sun would be well up, and it was almost half an hour before the beginning of the day's work. We were not the first to be on hand. Already there were groups of men who stood before the fast-closed gate, or stamped slowly up and down on the sleepers of the railway which enters the factory yard, or gathered for shelter behind the walls of neighboring buildings. The number of these men was growing fast. I thought at first that many of them were employees waiting for the morning opening of the factory. But when the heavy gate moved down its groove in answer to the keeper's push, disclosing the open area of the factory yard and the long platforms flanking the warehouses, this company of waiting men, grown now to eighty or a hundred strong, stood against the high board fence and along the edges of a great stream of workingmen, which began to pour with increasing volume through the narrow way. A bell sounded from the factory tower, and you could hear the first slow movements of the piston-rods, and the answering stir among the fly-wheels as they warmed to swifter motion, and the eccentric-straps and pulleys tuning up to the canticle of the working-day.

The sudden on-rush of factory-hands was almost a miracle. Men seemed to rise as by magic from the soil. They streamed from neighboring tenements, and along the wooden sidewalks, and from out the horse-cars which came down the streets loaded to the couplers. They had grown to the number of an army, and in rough, uneven, changing ranks they walked briskly, five, six, nine men abreast, while the bell tapped off nervously the swift approach of seven o'clock. Two men seated in a buggy drove their horse slowly into the thick of the crowd, which deflected at the gate to let them pass, and then closed in behind with increased momentum. The superintendent of the factory stepped down from the buggy and climbed the staircase to his office.

The converging lines of workmen made denser the mass that pressed quickly through the gate. There was little speech among them, and the noise they made was the shuffling, broken step of an unorganized crowd. But there was not wanting the inspiration of a moving throng of men. Some of them were old and much bent with pain and labor, and there were boys in the crowd who could be but little beyond their first decade of life, but the great body of the hands were young men between the ages of twenty and thirty-five. One could trace upon these faces all the stages of life's handicraft, in distorting human countenances into grotesque varia-

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tions from all normal types of beauty, and bringing out upon them, in infinite variety, individual expressions of aggressive power and the strength which comes of long endurance. Ah, the hideous ugliness of the race to which we belong, and yet the more than beauty of it in the strong lines it bears of honest work faithfully done and of pain and sorrow bravely borne!

With the last sharp ringing of the bell there was a sudden rush of the living stream of workers, and then it abruptly ceased, and we, the unemployed, stood at both sides along the high board fence, like so much useless foam tossed off by the swift current which had poured through the narrow gate. The keeper began a monotonous march up and down the opening before his sentry-box. He was a muscular, blue-eyed Irishman of fifty-five or sixty, and he was in no wise ignorant of his business. There was nothing to indicate that he was aware of the presence of the crowd of expectant men, until some of us pressed too near to the gate in our anxiety to catch sight of a foreman in search of extra hands, and then he ordered us back with a violence which showed that we were one of the pests of his existence.

From some unseen quarter of the factory yard a closely covered wagon suddenly appeared. The paymaster presently descended from the superintendent's office, and, entering the wagon, he was driven to the gate, where a halt was made while two loaded revolvers were handed to him by the porter, in full view of the idle men, and then he was driven rapidly up the avenue toward the city.

It was the usual heterogeneous crowd that lingered there about the gate. Most of them were Irishmen, I think, and there were certainly Italians and Scandinavians and some Welshmen, and even a few Polish Jews, while Clark and I, so far as I could judge, were the only native born. Not all of them could have been in the homeless plight in which we were, and there was scarcely a case of insufficient clothing among them, while many seemed to be habitual workmen who knew the decencies of home and of some home comfort. But there were not wanting men who, like us, were evidently upon the streets, and not only in dress, but in face, they suggested those who, if not already of that class, are swiftly approximating to professional tramps.

There was wonderful stillness in the crowd, which now had broken into small groups. A conscious tension possessed us, as of nervous watching for an uncertain event. Men spoke to one another in low tones scarcely above a whisper. An hour passed with nothing to break the monotony of its long anxiety. We were fairly shielded from the wind, and the sun had risen high and had begun to lend a generous aid to our efforts at keeping warm in the frost-bit air. The pale crescent of the waning moon had almost faded into the clear blue of the low western sky. We soon were aware of the relaxing of tension, and then the men began to drift away toward other factories, or, disappointed, to their homes, or back to the aimless living of the streets.

Just then a young Hungarian came among us—a man of twenty-five, perhaps, short and erect and stocky, with an appearance of great muscular strength and a nervous quickness of step which was in full keeping with the wide-eyed inquisitiveness of his round, swarthy face. He was looking inquiringly at the clusters of loitering men and the open gate and the stolid porter in apparently heedless guard before it. I saw his eye sweep the crowd in seeking for a fellow-countryman, for it was written plain upon him that he was an immigrant and innocent of any language but his own. One could fairly see his mental process, it was all so clear: "I am looking for a job in this wide land of freedom to workingmen. Here is a great factory, and the open gate invites me. Why waste the time outside? For my part I shall go in at once and see the boss, and then go quickly on with no loss of time, if I should not be wanted here." One foot was just over the steel rail upon which the sliding gate moves, when, with the swiftness of the spring of a panther which has been crouching for its prey, the heavy hands of the seemingly careless watchman were upon his shoulders, and the man was held amazed and paralyzed in a vice-like grip.

"What are you after?" roared the porter in his face.

There was a murmured attempt at speech, and then the laborer was faced about with a suddenness and force that

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set his teeth to rattling in his head, and the porter turned him loose with successive parting kicks which seemed to lift the fellow from the ground.

He was tingling with pain as he slunk in among us, but the expression which he wore was one of strong, appealing bewilderment at the meaning of it all.

It was over in a moment, and then the cold, cowering, hungry mass of unhuman humanity at the gate broke into a low, gruff laugh.

It must have been this laugh that stung me to hot fury, for in an instant I had lost all sense of cold and weariness and hunger, and I was strong and warm in the wild joy of the lust for blood. With one hand gripping his hairy throat I was pounding the porter's eyes with my right fist in blows whose frequency and precision surprised me into greater joy. But there was a sudden end of clear memory when, with a full-armed swing of his huge fist the keeper struck me in the face and knocked me, limp and almost senseless, upon the planks, where I lay choking down gulps of blood which flowed from a cut against my teeth.

Clark was bending over me.

"What in — did you hit him for, you — fool?" he hissed at me.

"I had a jolly good time doing it," I explained; and I was sufficiently recovered to laugh a little at the momentary sport which I had had in making a fool of myself.

Clark helped me to my feet, and we walked off together, only I could not walk very far at a stretch. He did not desert me, and he would not leave the subject of my folly. But he changed his point of view at length, and acknowledged, finally, that he was "glad that I had got in a few licks on the porter's eye," an emotion which I warmly shared.

That day was chiefly memorable because of Clark's final success in finding work. It came from a most unexpected quarter. We were walking together through Adams Street when a man touched Clark upon the shoulder and withdrew to the doorway of a shop. Clark recognized him at once as a foundry superintendent with whom he had been importunate for work, and his face lighted up with a hopefulness which made the moment almost tragic. I stood at the door-step and listened.

"Ain't you found a job yet?" began the superintendent.

"No."

"Well, I've been thinking about your case," he continued. "We ain't got a job for you at the foundry," he hastened to explain, "but I've heard from a friend of mine in Milwaukee, and they're short of men in your line. Could you go up there?"

"I could walk," said Clark.

"Well, that ain't necessary. I—I'm good for a ticket," added the superintendent, with a look of abashed embarrassment.

And he was as good as his word, for he went with Clark to the station, where he added to the ticket a dollar, both of which were accepted as a loan.

Clark was nearly mad with suppressed delight when he met me in the entrance of the post-office, where he had asked me to await his return. With his usual generosity he shared his good-fortune with me, and, before we went to the railway-station together we had a farewell dinner on beefsteak and onions and unlimited coffee and bread.

My own success followed Clark's by only a few days, when I was taken on as a hand-truckman in a factory on the West Side; but there is one intervening experience which belongs distinctively to this part of the general experiment.

I found, one early morning, among a lot of "fake" advertisements, which I had come to recognize with ease, one notice of "a man wanted" which rang with genuineness. Applicants were told to report at a certain shop just without the Stock-yards at twelve o'clock that day. In ample time I crossed over to Halsted Street and walked in a leisurely way down that marvellous thoroughfare. It was not new to me, and I was missing Clark sorely and was experiencing a new phase of the loneliness of "left behind." And yet I could but mark again with fresh interest the wonders of this great artery of the West Side in the five miles of its length through which I walked to the appointed number. It is essentially a cheap street: cheap buildings line it, in which tenants rent cheap lodgings and shop-keepers employ cheap labor and sell cheap wares of every kind to those of the poor "whose destruction

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is their poverty." Every sort of structural flimsiness looks down upon you as you pass : ghastly imitations in stone of real, substantial buildings ; the unblinking fronts of glaring red-brick shells, whose shoddiness is the more apparent in gaudy shops and in "all the modern improvements" and in the heavy cotton-lace at the upper windows. And there are wooden shanties with "false fronts," after the manner of frontier "cities," and wooden hovels with sloping roofs which are far along in process of decay, and here and there a substantial house which was built upon the open prairie, and which looks with amazement upon the fungus growth about it, while struggling pitifully to maintain its dignity in the uncongenial company which it is forced to keep.

Down miles of such a street I went on sidewalks which were chiefly rotting planks, with black mire, as of a pig-sty, straining through the cracks under the pressure of passing feet. The street itself is paved with cylindrical blocks of wood, ill laid at the beginning, and having now closely pounded filth between them, while the whole surface presents an infinite variety of concavities, in which, especially along the gutters, lay garbage in frozen, shallow cesspools.

A saloon stood on almost every corner, and sometimes I counted seven pawnbrokers' signs within the limits of a square. It was interesting to watch the run of "loan agencies," and "collateral banks," and other euphemisms under which the business was disguised.

Large quantities of provisions lay heaped in baskets and measures along the pavements in front of grocers' shops, catching the soot and the floating dust of the open street. Cheap ready-made and second-hand garments hung flapping like scarecrows overhead, or clothed grotesque wooden dummies which stood chained to the shop doors or to the wood-work below the show-windows. Scores of idle men, with the unvarying leaden eye and soggy droop of their kind, loungingly exchanged the comfort of a mutual support with door-posts, chiefly of saloons. Little children in every stage of condition, from decent warmth to utter rags, and from wholesome cleanliness to dirt grown clean in unconsciousness of itself, played about the pavements and in the gutters, or ran screaming with delight across the street-car lines, along which the trams moved slowly, drawn by horses with bells tinkling from the harness.

The first sight of my destination was very reassuring. It was evidently a shop of the first class. A second glance was disheartening, for already there were fully thirty men before me, and the number was increasing. From one of the men employed in the shop I learned that a man from the packing-house of the firm would be out to see us at the appointed hour. The appointed hour came and passed, and we waited on, our numbers grown now to nearly fifty. It was not far from two o'clock when the man appeared who had been commissioned to see us.

There is no tyranny like the tyranny of a hireling who is puffed up with momentary authority but who knows nothing of responsibility. The man who finally came among us was a clerical subordinate, sleek, clean-shaven, overfed ; a man of thirty, dressed as any like Johnnie of the town, and, except for his slender hold upon the means of livelihood, no better than most of the men who now hung breathless upon his words.

He swaggered in among us with a leer and a call across the shop to a fellow-employee.

"Say, Jim, how's this for a collection of freaks, all out for a fifteen-dollar job? "

Jim was silent ; he did not see the joke any better than did we, who now crowded about the clerk.

"Stand off," he ordered us, with a gesture of impatience and an oath. "Don't you fellows come so near. I guess most of you need water more than you need a job."

There followed some minutes of such banter, while the clerk looked us over and examined hastily some letters of recommendation which were held out to him. Then abruptly, with the air of a busy man chafing at the useless waste of his valuable time, he withdrew a step or two from the crowd, and from this coign of vantage he arbitrarily singled out four men. Having called them aside he ordered them to report at ten o'clock on the next morning at the packing-house, where a member of the firm would see them and select one of them for the place, which was that of

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general-utility man about a private house, at a wage of board and lodging and $15 a month.

I was not one of the number. In a few moments the men had all gone their several ways, but I waited behind, and seeing a chance of speaking to the clerk alone, I went up to him.

"Would you mind looking at these references?" I asked, and handed out two, one from the proprietor of the "—— House," where I had served as porter, and another from Mr. Hill, the farmer.

"Certainly not," he said, good-naturedly; and when he had read them he handed them back to me with the remark that I, too, might call with the others at ten o'clock the next morning.

Under the stone arch which spans the entrance to the Union Stock-yards I passed unchallenged the next morning. A wooden sidewalk led me along a miry road which seemed to pierce the centre of the yards. Men of widely varying ages passed and repassed me, mounted upon branded mustangs. They were riders who cared nothing for appearance in either kit or form, but rode with the free grace of cowboys. On every side were scores of acres of open pens enclosed by stout wooden fences six palings high, with water and fodder troughs along the sides. From them came the deep, far lowing of a thousand herds of cattle which stood crowded in their pens or thinned to a few remaining, all of them patiently awaiting death. From great covered sheds you could hear the ceaseless bleating of countless flocks of sheep. From long covered passages overhead, each an awful bridge of sighs, there came the sharp clatter of cloven hoofs on wooden planks, along which droves of cattle were being driven to slaughter. In the distance beyond all this loomed high the unsightly packing-houses, where, with scientific efficiency and carefulest economy of materials, daily hecatombs are offered up for human life.

I soon found my way to the desired office. It was ten o'clock exactly, and to my great surprise I alone of the five selected men was on hand. I was told to wait, and a corner near a high desk was indicated as a place where I might stand. It was in a wide passage along which ranged inner offices enclosed by ground-glass partitions. Clerks were passing constantly from one office to another and meeting the requirements of business errands as they came in. Presently one of them spoke to me, and learning that I had received no reply from the clerk to whom I had first made my purpose known, he politely volunteered his services, and soon brought back word that Mr. —— would see me in a few minutes.

The few minutes had grown to thirty, when one of the other five men appeared. He was a fair-haired Swede of five-and-twenty, rather stout in frame, and dressed all in black, his coat, of the "Prince Albert" type, falling short of his knees, and disclosing about his neck and wrists the white of neat linen. With his hair brushed smooth, and one black-gloved hand grasping a fat umbrella and the other a soft felt hat, he might have been a divinity student.

We nodded to each other as he took up his stand in another out-of-the-way quarter of the hall and joined me in waiting for a summons. Among the passing clerks there presently appeared the one who had met us on the day before. He was not in bantering mood now, so he asserted his superiority by ignoring us. The one who had already spoken to me lost no opportunity as he passed of saying an encouraging word, assuring us that Mr. —— would certainly see us before long.

It was a little after twelve when I was finally called into the private office of Mr. ——. I was rather faint from hunger and stiff from standing still so long after a long walk.

Mr. —— sat with his back to a window, in whose full light I stood, hat in hand.

"You're after this job I advertised, I understand," he began.

"Yes."

"Well, it ain't no great job; it's just doin' chores round the house, and I can't afford to pay much for it. Have you ever done work like that?"

"I have been a porter at a hotel."

"Have you any recommends?" he asked, sharply. I handed to him the two already mentioned, and as he read them I watched him with close interest. Young, alert, intensely energetic, at the head, or near it, of a prominent house, the controller, in part at least, of an enormous enterprise, and a considerable personage,

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no doubt, in his own social circle, yet his wholesale butchery of swine could scarcely be a ghastlier slaughter than was his treatment of his mother-tongue.

He looked up at me.

"Say, young fellow, is them all the recommends you have? You was a very short time at both of them places."

This fatal defect in my references had never occurred to me, and I began to stammer explanations which only served to get me into deeper water. Mr. —— interrupted me, and handing back my letters, he said:

"You'll have to bring me something more satisfactory than them," and went on with his work.

The young Swede followed me out of the passage.

"Did you get the job?" he asked, in good English.

"No," I said, "not yet. You have a good chance; you would better wait until the boss sends for you."

"I guess not to-day," he answered, and he stolidly refused my advice, and I saw him disappear by another way from the Stock-yards.

(To be continued.)

THE HUNTING-CALL OF SPRING

By Marion Couthouy Smith

CLEAR wind the horns of Spring again,
(Hark, forward—hark!)
O'er mellowing hills they ring again,
Farewell to cold and dark!
Up, up! and brush the dews away;
The sun comes laughing through the gray,
To gild the flying robes of May;
Hark, forward—hark!

The hordes of hope are out again;
(Hark, forward—hark!)
Room for the merry rout again,
Whose revels chase the dark!
Their couriers are the dancing showers,
And through the song-awakened hours
The bright ranks follow—flowers on flowers;
Hark, forward—hark!

Beside the hurrying stream again,
(Hark, forward—hark!)
We'll find our last year's dream again,
Where pipes the meadow-lark.
Come, love of mine, earth's fairest thing,
With eyes that shine and lips that sing,
Haste to the ringing call of Spring!
Hark, forward—hark!

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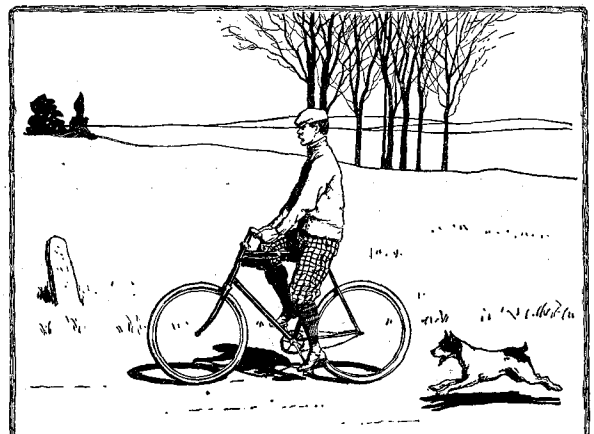

SOME BICYCLE PICTURES BY A.B.FROST

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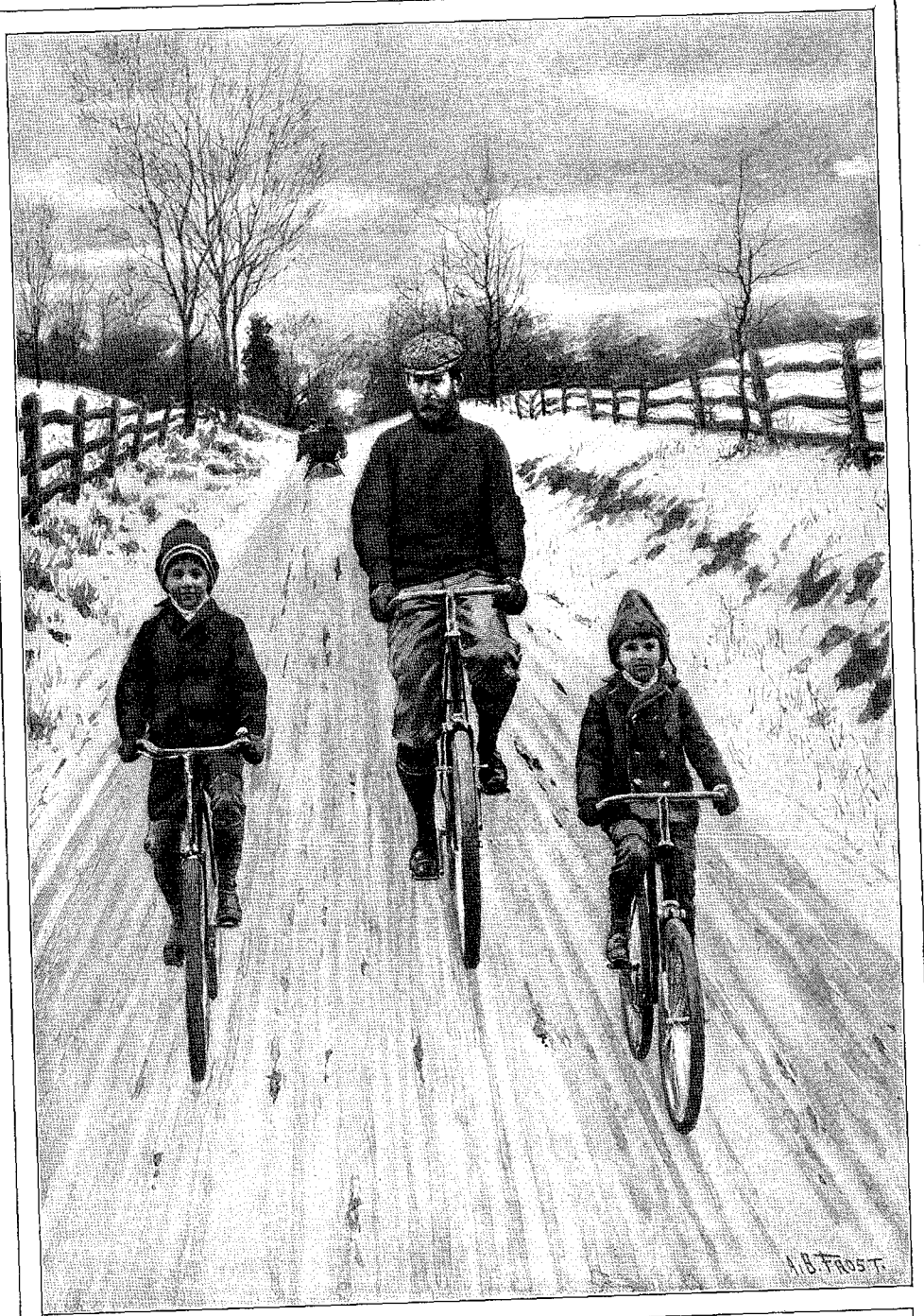

SNOW RIDING.

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A BIT OF BAD ROAD.

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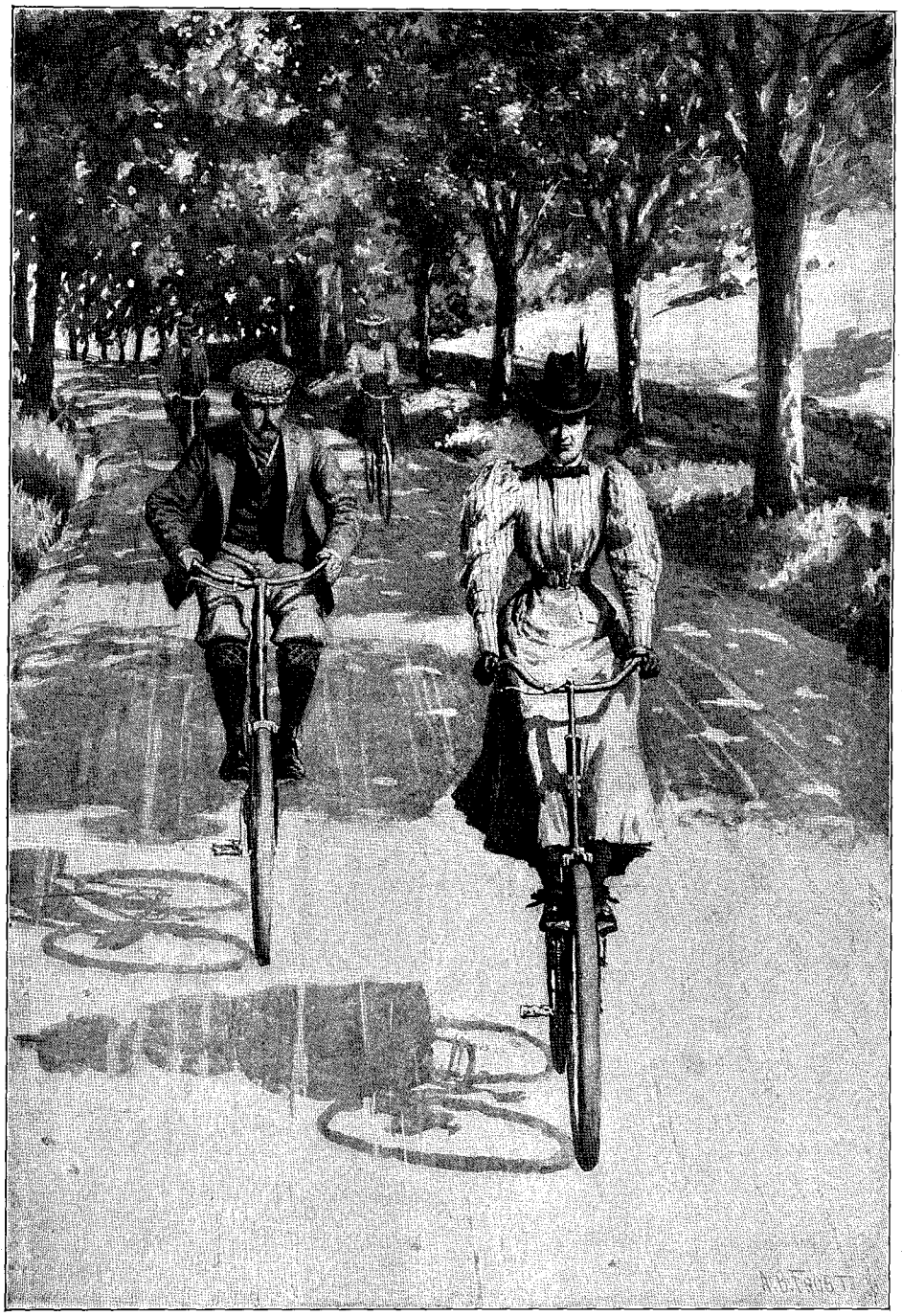

COASTING.

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MISERY.

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THE TERROR OF THE ROAD.

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A JUNE AFTERNOON.

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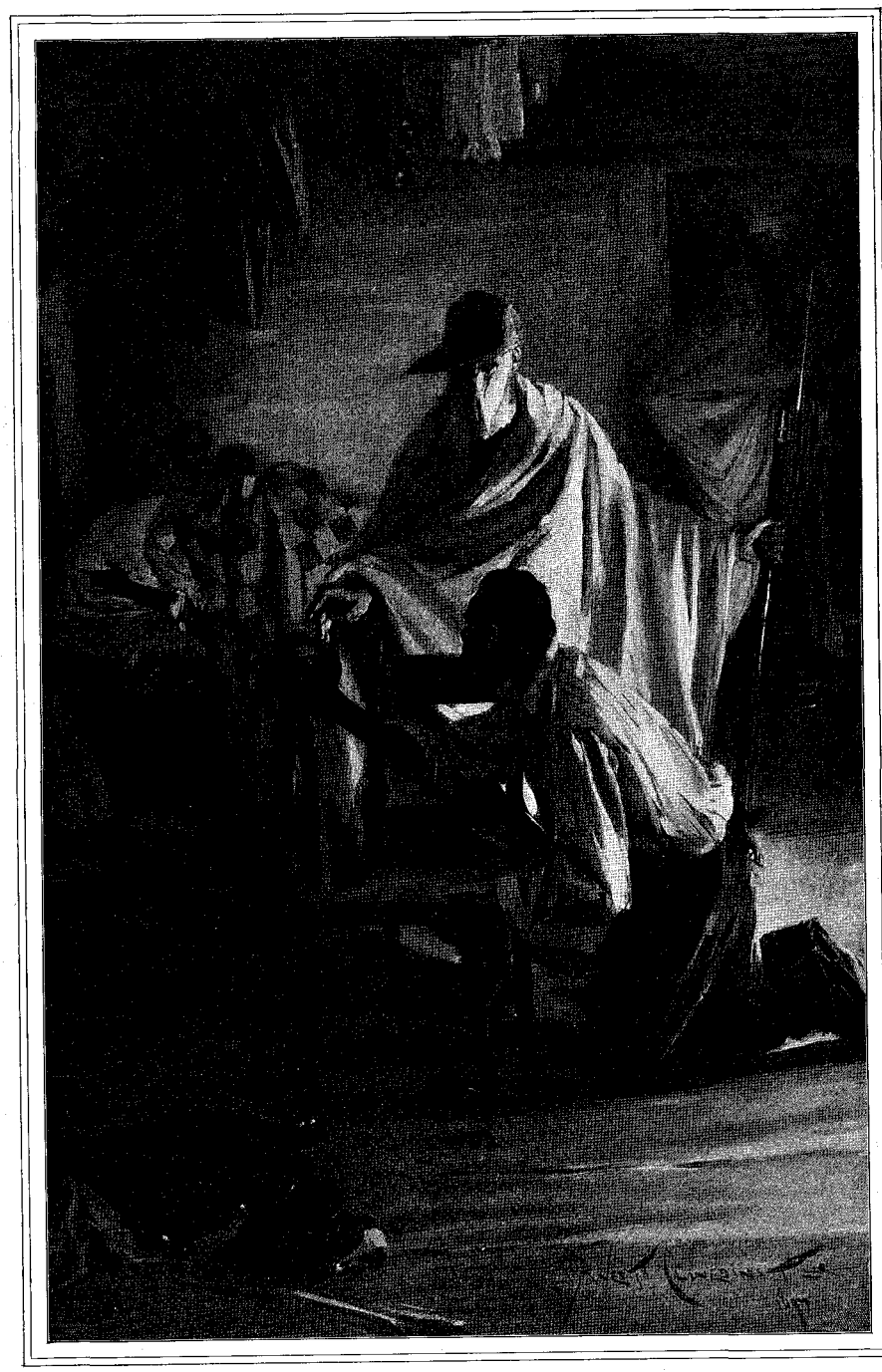

Ku Klux—"Awful forms wrapped like ghosts in winding sheets."—Page 628.

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RED ROCK

A CHRONICLE OF RECONSTRUCTION

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY B. WEST CLINEDINST

CHAPTER XVII

JACQUELIN had never recovered from the rough handling which he had received from Leech; and he was now confined to his bed all the time. There was one cause which perhaps more than all the rest weighed him down, and that certainly Dr. Cary did not know, but Mrs. Cary and Mrs. Gray did. The affair in which the soldiers were killed, and Rupert's part in it, with the necessity of sending Rupert away and the consequences which followed, seemed to be the finishing stroke, and it appeared to be only a question of a few months with him.

So it was decided between Dr. Cary and Mrs. Gray that Jacquelin should be moved to a city. The Doctor told him it was in order that he might have better surgical attendance than he was able to receive in the country. But the chief grounds on which the Doctor wished to banish his patient were the threats that Leech had made, and certain hints that had fallen from Still. "If we do not get him away he will die," said Doctor Cary, "we must get him out of the country —send him to sea—put him on a sailing vessel and ship him around the world." He hinted to Mrs. Gray also something of Leech's threats. Mrs. Gray, too, had her reasons for wishing to get Jacquelin away. She knew that he was worrying himself greatly about something, but it was not mainly what Dr. Cary thought. With a keener insight than the good Doctor possessed, she had seen Blair Cary's change and its effect on her son. Blair had never been the same since the quarrel about Middleton. Now that the apprehension of Leech's enmity came to add to this trouble, Mrs. Cary eagerly sought to carry out the Doctor's suggestion. The chief difficulty in the way was the want of funds. The demands of the plantation had of late consumed everything that was made on it. The negroes had to be supported whether they worked or not, and the place was running behind.

The Doctor was certain he could manage the matter. Hiram Still had just offered to lend him a further sum, and he felt sure that he could arrange it. Indeed, Still had himself brought up the matter of Jacquelin's health and had even asked the Doctor if he did not think a long visit somewhere might do him good.

"He is a strange mixture, that man Still. He is a very kind-hearted man, asserted the Doctor.

Mrs. Gray did not altogether agree with her cousin in his opinion of Still, but she was somewhat mollified by hearing of his interest in Jacquelin's welfare. She could not allow the Doctor to borrow money in his own name on her account, but in the face of Jacquelin's steady decline she finally yielded and bowed her pride so far as to permit her cousin to borrow it for her, only stipulating that the plate and pictures in the house should be pledged to secure it. This would relieve her partly from personal obligations to Still. One other stipulation she made: that Jacquelin was not to know of the loan.

When the Doctor applied to Still he obtained the loan without difficulty, and Still agreed without hesitation to his condition of silence, even expressing the deepest interest in Jacquelin's welfare, and reiterating his protestations of friendship for him and Mrs. Gray.

"It is the most curious thing," said the Doctor to Mrs. Cary. "I never apply to that man without his doing what I ask. I always expect to be refused. I am always surprised—and yet my suspicion is not relieved—I do not know why it is."

Mrs. Cary's head went up. She thought she knew, but she would not add to her

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husband's worries by a suggestion, the very idea of which she thought was an indignity.

"I wish you had not applied to him. I do not want to be under any obligations to him whatsoever. I cannot bear him, and the son is more intolerable to me than the father. It requires all my politeness to prevent my asking him out of the house whenever he comes."

"My dear, he is a young doctor, who is trying to practise his profession and needs advice," expostulated the old Doctor, but Mrs. Cary was not to be convinced.

"A young doctor, indeed! a young ——." The rest of the sentence was lost, and she went out with her head in the air.

When the matter of removing Jacquelin was broached to him, a new and unexpected difficulty arose. He refused to go. In this emergency his mother summoned Blair Cary as an ally. Blair yielded so far as to add an expression of her views to the mother's, but she kept herself within limitations which Jacquelin at least would understand. She came over on a visit, and went in to see him and took occasion to say to him that she thought he ought to go to the city. Jacquelin's face showed the first tinge of color that had been in it for months as he turned his eyes to her almost eagerly. So impassive was she though, that the tinge faded out.

"Do you ask me to go?"

"No—I have nothing to do with it. I only think you ought to do what your mother wishes." The mouth was closer than usual. There was a little deeper pink in her face now.

"Oh! it was only a moral idea you wished to inculcate?"

"If you choose to call it so."

"Well—will you ask me?"

"I don't mind doing it—for your mother."

Jacquelin at last agreed to go to the hospital. So he was sent off to the city and later on a sea-voyage, and escaped the increasing afflictions that were coming on the county; and his mother, who would have torn out her heart for him, for fear he would come home if he knew the state of affairs, kept everything from him and bore her burdens alone.

The burdens were heavy.

The next few years which passed brought more changes than any years of the war. The war had destroyed the institution of slavery; the years of the carpet-bagger's domination wellnigh destroyed the South. As Miss Thomasia said, sighing, it was the fulfilment of the old prophecy: "After the sword shall come the cankerworm." And the Doctor's speech was recalled by some: "You ask for war, but you do not know what it is. A fool can start a conflagration, but the Sanhedrim cannot stop it. War is never done. It leaves its baleful seed for generations."

Dr. Cary when he uttered this statement had little idea how true it was.

Events had proved that although the people were impoverished, their spirit was unbroken.

Unhappily, the power was in the hands of those who misunderstood them and Leech and his fellows had their ear. It was deemed necessary to put them in absolute control.

One provision gave the ballot to the former slave, just as it was taken from the former master. An act was so shrewdly framed that while it appeared simply to be intended to secure loyalty to the Union, it was aimed to strike from the rolls of citizenship all who would not swear they had never given aid or comfort to the Confederacy. It came to be known as the "Ironclad Oath."

"It is the greatest revolution since the time of Poland," said Dr. Cary, his nostrils dilating with ire. "They have thrown down the man of intelligence, character, and property, and have set up the slave and the miscreant. More is yet to come. The bottom-rail is on top."

"It is the salvation of the Union," wrote Leech to Mrs. Welch, who was the head of the organization that sent boxes of clothes down to the negroes, and was deeply interested in their welfare. Leech was beginning to think himself the Union.

While General Legaie and Steve Allen were discussing constitutional rights and privileges, and declaring that they would never yield assent to any measures of the kind proposed, the State itself was suddenly swept out of existence and a military government was substituted in its place, the very name of the State on which they and their ancestors had prided themselves

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for generations being extinguished and lost in that of the military district, "Number——."

Colonel Krafton was the chief authority in that part of the State; and Major Leech, as he was now called, was his representative in the county. And between them they had the enforcement of all the measures that were adopted.

At the first election that was held under the new system, the spectacle was a curious one. Krafton was the candidate for Governor. Most of the disfranchised whites stayed away haughtily or sullenly from the polls where ballots were cast under a guard of soldiers. But others went to look on and see the strange sight, and to vent their derision on the detested officials who were in charge. Dr. Cary and General Legaie, with most others of their age and stamp, remained at home in impotent indignation.

"Why should I go and see my former driver sitting in the seat that my grandfather resigned from the United States Senate to take?" asked General Legaie.

Steve Allen and Andy Stamper, however, and many of the young men were on hand.

Leech and Nicholas Ash were the candidates for the Legislature, and Steve went to the poll where he thought it likely Leech would be. Both men knew that it was now a fight to the finish between them. Leech counted on his power and the force he could always summon to his aid to hold Steve in check until he should have committed some rashness which would enable him to destroy him. Steve was conscious that Leech was to a certain extent afraid of him, and he relied on this fact, taking every occasion to assert himself, as the master of a wild and treacherous animal keeps ever facing him, holding him with the spell of his unflinching eye.

It was a curious spectacle to see the former slaves led in lines to cast votes that were to decide the destiny of the State, while their former masters, disfranchised, were reduced to mere spectators.

It was a notable thing that in all the county there was not an angry word that day between a white man and a negro. Leech, in a letter to Mrs. Welch describing the occasion, declared that the quietness with which the election passed off was due wholly to the presence of the soldiery. But this was not true. There were many gibes and much ridicule flung at the new voters by the disfranchised spectators, but it was mainly good-natured, and it was received with amusement.

"Whom are you voting for, Uncle Gideon?" asked Steve of one of the old Red Rock negroes.

"Marse Steve, you know who I votin' for better'n I does myself."

To another:

"Who are you voting for?"

"Gi' me little tobacker, Marse Steve, an' I'll tell you." And when it was given he turned to the crowd: "Who is I votin' for? I done forgit. Oh! yes—old Mr. Linkum—ain' dat he name?"

"Well, he's a good one to vote for—he's dead," said someone.

"Hi! is he. When did he die?" protested the old man in unfeigned astonishment.

"You ain' votin' for him—you'se votin' for Mist' Grant," explained another and younger negro, indignant at the old man's ignorance.

"Is I? Who's he? He's one I ain' never heard on. Marse Steve, I don' know who I votin' for—I jis' know I votin', dats all."

This raised a laugh at Steve's expense which was led by Leech, and to atone for it the old fellow added:

"I done forgit de gent'man's name."

"You are voting for Leech and Nicholas Ash," said Steve.

"Marse Steve, you know dee ain' no gent'mens," said the old fellow, undisturbed by the fact that Leech was present.

"Uncle Tom, you know something, anyhow," said Steve, insolently, enjoying the Provost's discomfiture.

The only white man of any note who took the new "iron-clad" oath in the upper end of the county was Hiram Still. Andy Stamper met him after he had voted, and Still tried to dodge him.

"Don't run, Hiram," said the little Sergeant, contemptuously, "I ain't agoin' to hurt ye. The war's over. If I had known at the time you was givin' the Yanks information, I might 'a' done it once—and I would advise you, Hiram, never to give 'em too much information about *me* now. You understand?" The little fellow's eyes shot at the renegade so piercing a glance

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that Still cowered and muttered that he had nothing to do with him, one way or another.

"Maybe if you didn't give no aid and comfort to the rebels, you'd like to give me back that little piece of paper you took from my old mother to secure the price of that horse you let me have to go back in the army," drawled Stamper while the onlookers laughed.

Still made his escape as quickly as possible.

His reply to the contempt that was visited on him was to bring suit on the bonds he held. Leech was his counsel. Andy Stamper was promptly sold out under the deed which had been given during the war, and the place was bought by Still, who immediately moved into the house, and Andy and Delia rented another little home.

This was only the beginning, however.

When Still flung away his mask he went as far as he dared.

Dr. Cary received a note one morning from Mrs. Gray, asking him to come and see her immediately. He found her in a state of agitation very unusual with her. She had the night before received a letter from Still, stating that he was a creditor of her husband's estate and held his bonds for over $50,000. She knew that there were some outstanding debts of her husband due him, but—$50,000! It would take the whole estate.

"Why, it is incredible," declared the Doctor. "Quite incredible! The man either lies or is crazy. You need give yourself no uneasiness whatever about it. I will see him and clear up the whole matter."

Yet even as the Doctor spoke he recalled certain hints of Still's dropped from time to time as to large balances due him by his former employer on old accounts connected with his Southern estate, and Mr. Gray was a very easy man, thought the Doctor, who believed himself one of the keenest and most methodical. However, it was impossible that the debts to Still could be so large, and he renewed his assurances to the ladies.

When the Doctor did look into the matter, to his amazement he found that there were bonds in existence to an amount even greater than that which Still had mentioned, and that so far as he and others familiar with Colonel Gray's handwriting could tell they were genuine. Mrs. Gray herself, on seeing the bonds, pronounced them so, and declared that she remembered her husband once spoke of them, though she thought he had told her they were all paid and settled. She hunted all through his papers, but though she found other bonds of his which he had taken in, she could find no record of these. So the doubt as to the bonds was disposed of, and as Mrs. Gray and Jacquelin, when he heard that they were genuine, both said that they wanted to pay his father's debts if they were due, and did not wish to have any further dealings with Mr. Still, no defence was made to the suit which Still at once instituted by Leech as his counsel. Judgment was obtained by default, and immediately afterward the Red Rock place with everything on it was sold under his judgment, and bought by Still for less than the amount of his debt.

Jacquelin was still abroad, and Mrs. Gray purposely kept him in ignorance of what was going on; for her chief anxiety at this time was to prevent him from returning home until all this matter was ended.

Mrs. Gray did not remain in the house twenty-four hours after Still became the purchaser. She and Miss Thomasia moved next morning to Dr. Cary's, where they were offered a home, and she congratulated herself that Jacquelin was yet absent.

Still, who had evidently kept himself informed as to her movements, rode up with Leech just as she was leaving the house, and was insolent enough to begin to give orders as proprietor even in her presence.

Mrs. Gray took not the slightest notice of him, but Rupert sprang forward and passionately denounced him. His mother checked him.

"Rupert, my son." But the boy was wild with anger.

"We shall come back some day, sir. Wait until my brother returns."

There was hardly a negro on the place who was not there that morning. However they might follow Still in politics, they had not yet learned to forget the old ties that bound them to their old owners in other matters, and they were profoundly affected by this step, which they could all appreciate.

Mrs. Gray and Miss Thomasia walked

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out with their heads up, bidding good-by to those of their old servants who had assembled outside of the house to see them leave, their faces full of concern and sorrow.

"I drives you away, my Mistis," said old Waverley. "I prays Gord I may live to drive you back."

"Not me, Waverley, but, maybe, this boy," said Mrs. Gray.

"Yes'm, we heah him say he comin' back," said the old driver, with pride. "Gord knows we hopes so."

"Yes, and we are coming back," declared the boy.

Both Still and Leech laughed, and Still moved in that afternoon.

Before Still had been installed in his new mansion twenty-four hours, he repented of his indiscretion, if not of his insolence. He was absent a part of the following afternoon, and on his return he heard that Mr. Allen had been to see him. The face of the servant who gave the message, told more than the words he delivered.

"What did he want?" Still asked, sharply.

"He say he want to *see you*, and he want to see you *pussonally*." The negro looked significant.

"Well, he knows where to find me."

"Yes, he say he gwine fine you, dat's huccome he come, an' he gwine keep on till he *do* fine you."

Still's heart sank.

When he was left alone he sat down, and without delay wrote a letter to Steve, expressing regret that he had been away when he called. He also wrote a letter to Dr. Cary, which he sent off that night, apologizing to Mrs. Gray, and calling Heaven to witness that he had not meant to offend her, and did not even know she was on the place when he rode up. The next morning before daylight he left for the city.

"I would not mind one of them," he complained to his friend Leech when he consulted him. "I'm as good a man as any one of 'em; but you don't know 'em. They stick together like Indians, and if one of 'em got hurt, the whole tribe would come down on me."

"Wait till we get ready for 'em," counselled Leech. "We'll bring their pride down. We'll be more than a match for the whole tribe. Wait till I get in the Legislature."

"That's it, that's it," said Still.

CHAPTER XVIII

When Leech arrived at the capital, in the capacity of a statesman, he found the field even better than he had anticipated.

It was a strange-looking assembly in which he took his seat.

"Looks like a corn-shuckin'," was the whispered comment of Still, who had accompanied him to the city.

"Looks a little like a chequer-board; but I'll be one of the kings," said Leech.

"It's keep ahead or get run over, and I'm smart as any of 'em," he told Still. "There's a good cow to milk, and the one that milks her first will git the cream." His metaphors were becoming bucolic.

"As a matter of fact, the cream's in the drippin's," corrected Still.

"Not of *this* cow," said Leech.

Leech soon came to be regarded as quite a financier.

One of his first acts was to obtain a charter for a railway to run from the capital up through his county to the mountains. Among the incorporators were himself, Hiram Still, Still's son, and Mr. Bolter.

"How will you build it?" asked an old gentleman who represented one of the adjoining counties, and who had been a Union man always: one of the few old residents of the State in the body.

"Oh, we'll manage that!" declared Leech. "We are going to teach you old moss-backs a few things." And they did. He had an Act passed making the State guarantee the bonds. Some of the old residents of the State, who were members, raised a question as to the danger to the credit of the State.

"The credit of the State!" Leech exclaimed, in his speech on the measure. "What is the credit of the State to us? The only credit that concerns us is her credit in the market. As long as the bonds sell, she has credit, hasn't she?"

This argument was unanswerable.

"But how will you pay these bonds?"

"I will tell you how we will pay them: we will pay them by taxes."

"Ay-yi! Dat's it!" shouted the throng about him.

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"Lands will only stand so much tax," insisted his interlocutor; "if you raise them beyond this point, you will defeat your own purpose, for they will be forfeited. We cannot pay them. Then what will you do?"

"Then we will take them ourselves," asserted Leech, boldly.

"You cannot do this. It will be robbery."

The dusky crowd, somewhat disturbed by his earnestness, looked at Leech to hear how he would meet this fact. He was equal to the emergency.

"Robbery, is it? Then it is only paying robbery for robbery. You have been the robbers. You robbed the Indians of these lands, to start with. You went to Africa, and stole these free colored people from their happy homes, and made them slaves. You robbed them of their freedom, and you have robbed them ever since of their wages. Now you say we cannot pay them a little of what you owe them? We will do it, and do it by law. We have the majority, and, by —! we will make the laws. If you white gentlemen cannot pay the taxes on your homes, we'll put some colored ones there to get the benefit." He became an undisputed leader. "By —! I had no idea I was such an orator," he said to Still, smiling coldly.

Leech made good his promises. The expenditures went up beyond belief, but to meet them taxes were laid until they rose to double, quadruple, and in some parts of the State ten times what they had been. Meantime he had been in communication with Mr. Bolter, and a part of the bonds of his railroad were "placed." Leech blossomed out. He built himself a large house on a place he bought on the edge of Brutusville and filled it with furniture richer than that in any other house in the county. It was rumored that he was preparing his house for Virgy Still.

Nicholas Ash, too, was becoming rich. He bought a plantation and a buggy and began to drive fast horses. Many of their associate lawmakers bloomed out in the same way.

Vast numbers of plantations throughout the State were forfeited. To meet this exigency Leech was as good as his word. A measure was introduced and a land-commission was appointed to take charge of such forfeited lands and sell them to negroes on long terms of fifteen to twenty years. Leech was a member of the general commission and Still was the agent of the Board in his section of the State.

Blair Cary watched with constant anxiety the effect on her father of these increasing burdens, and her heart was wrung by her total inability to help. The Doctor's hair was growing white, and his grave face was steadily becoming more worn.

At length a plan which she had been forming for some time took definite shape. She announced her intention of applying for one of the common schools which had been opened in the neighborhood. When she first proposed this, it was received as if she were crazy—but her father and mother soon found that it was a matured plan. They had no longer a child to deal with, but a woman of sense and force of character. The reasons she gave were so clear and unanswerable that at length she overcame all objections and obtained the consent of all the members of the family except Mammy Krenda. The old woman was enraged. The idea of "her child" going out to teach a common school outraged the old negress's sense of proprieties, and threw her into a state of violent agitation. She could not be reconciled to it. She finally yielded, but only on condition that she might accompany her mistress to the school every day.

This she did, and when Miss Blair, contrary to everyone's expectation, secured the little school which the citizens had built at the fork in the road not far from the Birdwood big gate, the old mammy was to be seen every day sitting in a corner grim and a little supercilious, knitting busily while her eyes ever and anon wandered over the classes before her, fixing the individual who was receiving her mistress's attention, with so sharp a glance that the luckless wight was often disconcerted thereby.

The old residents now were flat on their backs. Leech was of this opinion when he passed his measures. But to make sure, as the troops had been withdrawn, he, with the aid of the Governor,

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put through a bill to organize a State militia, under which large numbers of the negroes were formed in companies.

As the measures went into effect there began to be a stir. It was the difference between theory and fact.

The proceedings of Leech and Still and their associates did not affect only themselves. They reached Dr. Cary and General Legaie, and the old proprietors back on their plantations quite as directly, though in just the opposite way. The spoils that Leech and Still and Governor Krafton and their fellows received, someone else paid. Cattle and jewels and plate were sold as long as they lasted to meet the piled-up taxes, but in time there was nothing left to sell, and the plantations began to go. The time was coming when they would be put up for forfeiture and sold. It was already in sight. In the Red Rock neighborhood rumors were abroad as to the destiny of the various places. Leech wanted General Legaie's plantation, and Still wanted Birdwood, while Sherwood and Doctor Moses were quarrelling about some of the smaller places. A deeper gravity settled on Dr. Cary's serious face, and General Legaie's lively countenance was taking on an expression not far from grim.

Mr. Ledger was making inquiries as to the possibility of their reducing their indebtedness to him shortly, and the Doctor was forced to write him a frank statement of affairs. He had never worked as hard in his life, he wrote him; he had never had so much practice; but he could collect nothing, and it was all he could do to keep down his interest and meet his taxes.

"Why don't you collect your bills?" naturally inquired Mr. Ledger.

"Collect my bills?" replied the Doctor. "How can I collect from my neighbors who are as poor or poorer than I am." However, inspired by Mr. Ledger's application, the Doctor did try to collect some of the money due him. He did not send out his bills. He had never done that in his life. Instead, he rode around on a collection tour. He was successful in getting some money; for he applied first to such of his debtors as were thriftiest. Andy Stamper, who had just returned from town where he had been selling sumac, chickens, and other produce, paid him the whole of his bill with thanks, and only expressed surprise that it was so small, "Why, I thought, Doctor, 'twould be three or four times that," said Andy. "I've kept a sort of account of the times you've been to my house, and seems to me 't ought to be."

"No, sir, that is all I have against you," said the Doctor, placidly; replying earnestly to Andy's voluble thanks. "I am very much obliged to you." He did not tell Andy that he had divided his accounts by three and had hard work to bring himself to apply for anything.

This and one or two other instances in the beginning of his tour, quite relieved the Doctor; for they showed that at least some of his neighbors had some money. So he rode on. He soon found, however, that he had gleaned the richest places first. On his way home he applied to others of his patients with far different results. Not only was the account he received very sorrowful, but the tale of poverty that several of them told him was so moving, that the Doctor, instead of collecting anything from them, distributed among them what he had already collected, saying that they were poorer than himself. So that when he reached home that evening he had no more than when he rode away.

"Well, Bess," he said, "it is the first time I ever dunned a debtor and it is the last." Mrs. Cary looked at him with the look in her eyes with which a mother looks at a child.

"I think it is just as well," she said, smiling.

"You must go and see old Mrs. Bellows," he said. "She is in great trouble for fear they'll sell her place. There's a case. Her husband was the best smith in the State, and now she can't get money to buy bread and meat. Stamper and his wife support her. But I greatly fear her home will have to go." He sat down and gazed across his deserted fields.

CHAPTER XIX

THE old Doctor had become the general adviser of his neighbors in time of health, as well as their main stay in time of sickness. Had he been able he would

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no more have sent one away empty-handed who came to him for help than he would have refused a man medicine if he were ill. But as anxious as he was to help all who came to him he could not do so very long. The taxes rose too rapidly, and the means of paying them ceased altogether.

"Why don't you collect your bills?" asked Mr. Ledger.

"Collect my bills? How can I collect bills from my friends who are poorer than I?" he replied. "Leech and Still will soon own the whole county."

It was soon a problem whether he could keep his own place from going into the hands of the Commission. And the old gentleman's face grew graver and graver as he rode his rounds.

All this while Blair had some secret on her mind. She was always working. She would be up before sunrise looking after her chickens; and in the afternoons when she came from school, and all day in the summer she would be busy about the kitchen or in some shaded spot back among the fruit-trees where kettles were hung over fires, and Mammy Krenda, with her arms full of dry wood, moved about in a mist of blue smoke, with sometimes Steve Allen, lounging in the shade on the edge of the cloud, giving Blair what he termed his "legal advice," and teasing Mammy Krenda into threats of setting him on fire before his time. "Making preserves and pickles," was all the answer the Doctor got to his inquiries. Yet for all Miss Blair's work there did not seem to be any increase in the preserves that came to the table, and when her father inquired once if all her preserves and pickles were spoilt, though she went with a laugh and a blush and brought him some, he saw no increase in them afterward. She appeared suddenly to have a great many dealings with Mr. and Mrs. Stamper; and, several times, Andy Stamper's wagon came in the Doctor's absence and took away loads of jars which were transported to the railroad; and when the Doctor accidentally met Andy and inquired of him as to his load and its destination, Andy gave a very shuffling and cloudy reply about some preserves his wife and some of her friends were sending to town. Indeed, when the Doctor reached home on that occasion he spoke of it, declaring that Mrs. Stamper was a very remarkable young woman; she actually sent off wagon-loads of preserves, and asked Blair teasingly how it was that Mrs. Stamper could do that while they could hardly get enough for the table. Blair only laughed and made a warning sign to Mammy Krenda, who was sniffing ominously and had to leave the room.

At length the secret came out. One day the Doctor came home worn out. The taxes were due again. Blair left the room, and returning placed a roll of money in his hands. It was the proceeds of the kettle in the orchard, together with her salary, which she had saved.

"That will help you, papa," she said, as she threw her arms round his neck.

The old gentleman was too moved to speak before she had run out of the room. After a little he went to find his wife, and there he learned the secret of the preserves and pickles.

"I reckon he know now de Stampers ain' de on'y ones kin meck preserves," said Mammy Krenda.

That very evening old Mrs. Bellows, one of his poor neighbors, came to see the Doctor. Mrs. Bellows was an aunt of Delia Dove. Her husband had been an old blacksmith and had died the year after the war. They owned a little place near the fork in the road just at the edge of the Birdwood plantation, where her husband had had his shop, and had in old times made a good living. The house was a little cottage set back amid apple and peach trees some hundreds of yards from the shop. Since her husband's death, Andy Stamper and Delia Dove had helped her, but now since Andy had been turned out, the times had grown so hard that it was not a great deal they could do. The taxes had risen so that they could not get the money to pay them, and this place among many others had been forfeited and was on the list of those advertised for sale. And Mrs. Bellows came to Dr. Cary. The tale she told was a moving one. Still had his eye on the place and intended to buy it for the Commission. Andy had heard that Nicholas Ash wanted it and that Still had promised it to him—just out of spite to Andy and Delia, the old woman said. The old lady was in a great state of excitement.

"I been tellin' Andy 'twant no use to

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be fightin' Still," she wailed. "He's too smart for him. If he could git hold o' Red Rock Andy might 'a' known he could beat *him*."

Dr. Cary sat in deep reflection for a moment. He scarcely seemed to hear the old woman's plaintive monologue. The sum saved by Blair was only a small part of the taxes due on Birdwood, but was enough to pay all the back taxes and redemption fees on Mrs. Bellows's place. It looked like Providence. The Doctor sent her away comforted.

Still's plans with regard to the Bellows place soon became an assured fact. He boasted of what he would do. He "would show Andy Stamper who he was." The fact that it would be Delia Dove's was enough for him, and it became known throughout the county that the Commission would take it.

When the day of sale came, little Andy was on hand at the county-seat. Still was there too, and so was Nicholas Ash. Still tried to find out why Andy came. He knew he did not have the money. He thought it was to pick a quarrel with him, but Andy's face was inscrutable. He was unusually amiable. Under the formality of law a party interested could redeem the land at any time before it was sold, paying the amount due to the clerk with interest and fees. Still examined the list just before the crying began. The Bellows place was still on it. So the auction began. Andy was closeted with old Mr. Dockett, whose duty as clerk it was to receive the redemption money. But when the sale began he came out and sauntered up into the crowd. Several places belonging to persons whose names began with "A" were put up and knocked down to "Hiram Still, Commissioner," and as each one went to him there were groans and hoots from the whites, and counterbalancing cheers from the negroes. At length the Bellows place was reached. The amount of taxes for the several years for which it was delinquent was stated, and the sheriff, a creature of Still's, offered the place. There was a dead silence throughout the crowd, for it was known that it was between Still and Stamper. Still was the only bidder. The crowd gazed at Stamper, but he never stirred. He looked the most indifferent man on the ground. Still, on the other side of the crowd, whispered with Ash and made a sign to the sheriff, and the latter, having made his preliminary notice, began:

"And there being no other bid than that of the Commissioner, I knock this place also down to ——"

There was a movement and a voice interrupted him.

"No, you don't. That place has been redeemed," said Andy, quietly; but with a sudden blaze in his eyes. He held up the certificate of payment, gripped in his hand, and looked across at Hiram.

There was a moment's pause and then cheer after cheer broke out from the crowd of whites, and the long pent-up feeling against Still burst forth so vehemently that he turned and pushed deep into the middle of the throng of blacks about him, and soon left the ground.

The excitement and anxiety, however, proved too much for old Mrs. Bellows, and she died suddenly a few nights later.

"One more notch on the score ag'inst Hiram and Major Leech," said Andy Stamper, grimly, as he turned the key in the door of the empty house, and taking it out put it in his pocket.

Andy's wife, as the old woman's heir, was the owner of the place; but a few days after Mrs. Bellows's death Andy rode up to Dr. Cary's door.

"Delia had sent him over," he said (he always laid the credit of such things on Delia. He was simply clay in the potter's hands), "Delia had sent him to say that the place belonged to Miss Blair. She had found out where the money came from which bought it back, and she want goin' to take it. She couldn't take care of the place anyhow—'twas all she could do to keep the place they had now, and she would not have this one if she was to pay taxes on it. All she wanted was to beat Hiram. So if Miss Blair wouldn't take it, she s'posed Nicholas Ash would git it next year, after all."

Andy pulled out a deed, made in due form to Miss Blair Cary, and delivered it to the Doctor, meeting every objection which the Doctor raised with a reason so cogent that it really looked as if he were simply trying to shield Delia Dove from some overwhelming calamity. So the Doctor finally agreed to hold the place for his daughter, though only as security for the

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sum advanced, and with the stipulation that Andy should at any time have the privilege of redeeming it.

A few days after this sale at the county-seat Dr. Cary received a letter from his commission-merchant in the city, Mr. Ledger, telling him that the condition of affairs had become so gloomy that his correspondents in the North were notifying him that they could not continue their advances to him at present, and as the notes given him by Dr. Cary and General Legaie, which had already been renewed several times, were about to fall due again, he found himself under the disagreeable necessity of asking that they would arrange to pay them at their next maturity. General Legaie, who had received a similar letter, rode up to see Dr. Cary next morning, and the following day they went to the city together. They rode on horseback, as they had no money to pay even the small sum necessary for the railway fares.

When the Doctor and General Legaie called on Mr. Ledger he was at the moment talking to a youngish, vigorous-looking man whom he introduced to the two gentlemen as Mr. Cleugh, a Northerner, the agent of Mr. Ledger's principal correspondent up there. Mr. Cleugh rose to go, but both Dr. Cary and General Legaie begged him to remain, declaring that they had "no secrets to discuss," and that they should themselves leave if he did so, as he had been there first.

They had exhausted every resource in their power to raise the means to pay Mr. Ledger, they said. And now they had come to him with a proposition. They looked at each other for support. It manifestly cost an effort to make it. They proposed that he should take at a proper valuation so much of their lands as would meet his debt. A sigh followed the proposal. It was evidently a relief to have gotten it out.

"It is good land, and not an acre has ever been sold from the original grant," said Dr. Cary, manifestly to add to the value of the terms offered.

"My dear sirs, what would I do with your lands?" said Mr. Ledger. "I already have the security of the lands in addition to your personal obligations. My advice to you is to try and sell them—or at least so much of them as will enable you to discharge your debts. There are one or two men up in your section who have plenty of money—this man Leech, and that man Still—they are land-buyers. Why don't you sell to them?"

"What!" exclaimed both Dr. Cary and General Legaie in one breath, "sell our old family places to that man Leech?—and Still?"

"My dear sirs, it will come to this, I fear—or worse, unless I am mistaken in reading the signs of the times. My correspondents are all calling in their loans. I know that Mr. Still would not be averse to buying a part of your place, or indeed all of it, Doctor, and I think Leech would like to have yours, General."

The two old gentlemen stiffened.

"Why, that man Leech is a thief, sir," said the little General, with the air of one making a revelation; "he could not pay me a dollar that had not been stolen, and that fellow Still—he is a harpy, sir."

"Yes, I know; but I tell you frankly, gentlemen, it is your only chance. They mean to tax it until you will find it impossible to hold on to it."

"In that case we should not wish to put it off even on those men," said the Doctor with dignity, rising. "I shall see if I cannot raise the money elsewhere to relieve you. And meantime I shall hold on to the old place as long as I can. I must make one more effort." And the two gentlemen bowed themselves out.

In consequence of this talk Mr. Cleugh, when he had concluded his business, went for amusement to observe the proceedings of the State Legislature which was in session. It was undoubtedly strange to see laws being enacted by a body composed mainly of blacks who had but a few years before been slaves, and he came away with a curious sense of the incongruity of the thing. But it was only amusing to him. They appeared good-natured and rather like big children playing at something which grown people do.

His only trouble was the two old gentlemen.

"Of course it is all nonsense those slaves being legislators," he admitted to Major Welch, on his arrival at home, and to his father-in-law Senator Rockfield; "but they are led by white men who know their business. The fact is they appear to know

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it so well that I advise calling in all the debts at once."

What simply amused the visitor, however, was, to the two old gentlemen he had met, a stab in their breasts.

Dr. Cary and General Legaie returned home without being able to raise anywhere the money that was due.

In reply to the letter announcing this, Dr. Cary received a letter from Mr. Ledger notifying him that he had just had an offer from someone to take up the Doctor's notes, and he felt it his duty to inform him before he assigned them. The person who had made the offer had insisted that his name should not be known at present, which he could not altogether understand, but he had intimated that it was with friendly intentions toward Dr. Cary, though Mr. Ledger would not like the Doctor to rely too much on this intimation.

To this letter the Doctor replied, promptly. Mr. Ledger must accept the offer from his unnamed correspondent if it were a mere business transaction, and he only asked that he would do so without in any way laying him under any obligation to him for a pretended kindness.

"The old Doctor evidently knows his man," was Mr. Ledger's reflection.

The next day Hiram Still held Dr. Cary's notes, secured by deed of trust on the whole Birdwood estate.

He was sitting in the big Red Rock hall on his return home from the city, and he took out the notes and laid them on a table before his son.

"Ah! Dr. Wash," he said, with a gleam in his eyes, "things is comin' roun'. Now you've got it all your own way. With them cards in your hand if you can't win the game you ain't as good a player as yer pappy. I don't want nothin' for myself, I just want 'em to know who I am—that's all. And with you over yonder at the old Doctor's, and Virgy in Congress or maybe even in the Governor's house down yonder, I reckon they'll begin to find out who Hiram Still is."

The son was evidently pleased at the prospect spread out before him, and his moody countenance relaxed.

The speaker's voice changed. "What's the matter with Virgy these days? I've set her up in the biggest house in the county, and brought the man who's goin' to be one of the richest and biggest men in the State to want her to marry him, and she won't have nothin' to do with him. It clean beats my time. I don't know what's got into her. She ain't never been the same since I brought her here. Looks like these pictures round here sort o' freezes her up."

As he glanced around he looked as if he were freezing up a little himself.

"She's a fool," said the brother, amiably. The father softened somewhat.

"I thought maybe she's been kind o' ailin', an' I'd git the old Doctor to come and see her. Say what you please, he have a kind o' way with him women folks seems to like. But she won't hear of it."

"She's just a fool. Let her alone for a while anyhow."

His father looked at him keenly.

"Well, you go ahead, and as soon as you've got your filly safe, we'll take up tother horse. Time enough."

Dr. Still, armed with the assurance which the possession of Dr. Cary's bonds gave, drove over to Dr. Cary's next evening in a double-buggy to call on Miss Blair. He was met by Dr. Cary, who invited him in and treated him with his usual graciousness, and who so promptly assumed that the visit was merely a professional one that the young man never found an opportunity to undeceive him.

When Washington Still arrived at home his father was watching for him with eagerness. He met him as the buggy drove up into the yard. But Wash's face was sphinx-like. It was not until nearly bed-time, and when the father had reinforced his courage with several drinks of whiskey that he got courage to open the subject directly.

"Well, what news?" he asked, with an attempt at joviality.

"None," said Wash, shortly.

"How was she lookin'?"

"Didn't see her—didn't see anybody but the old Doctor. He thought I'd come over to consult him about that sick negro down at the mill, so I let him think so. I wish the blanked nigger would die!"

"And you didn't even ask for her?"

The young man shifted in his chair.

"What's the use? That old fool's got a way with him. You know how it is? If he wan't so d——d polite!—"

"Ah! Washy, you're skeered," said the father, fondly. "You can't bridle a filly if

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you're afeard to go in, boy. If you don't git up the spunk I'll go over thar myself, first thing you know. Why don't you write her a letter?"

"What's the good? I know 'em. She wouldn't look at me. She's for *Lord* Jacquelin or Captain Steve Allen."

"She wouldn't?" Still rose from his chair in the intensity of his feeling. "By ——! she shall. I'll make her."

"Make her! You think she's Virgy? She ain't."

A day or two later a letter from Dr. Still was brought to Birdwood by a messenger. Dr. Cary received it. It was on tinted paper and was for Blair. That afternoon another messenger bore back the same letter unopened, together with another one from Dr. Cary, to the effect that his daughter was not accustomed to receive letters from young men, and that such a correspondence would not be agreeable to him.

Dr. Still was waiting with impatience for the return of his messenger. He was not especially sanguine. Even his father's hope could not reassure him. He took the letter with a trembling hand. When he looked at the letter his countenance fell. He had not expected this. It was a complete overthrow. It not only was a total destruction of his hopes respecting Miss Cary, but it appeared to expose a great gulf fixed between him and all his social hopes. He had not known till then how much he had built on them. In an instant his feeling changed. He was enraged with Blair, enraged with Dr. Cary, enraged with Jacquelin Gray and Captain Allen, and enraged with his father who had counselled him to take the step. He took the letter to his father, and threw it on the table before him.

"Read that."

Hiram Still took up the letter and, putting on his glasses, read it laboriously. His face turned as red as his son's had turned white. He slammed the letter on the table and hammered his clenched fist down on it.

"You ain't good enough for 'em! Well, I'll show 'em. Beggars! I'll turn 'em out in the road and make their place a nigger settlement. I'll show 'em who they're turnin' their noses up at. I'll show 'em who Hiram Still is. I'll make Leech governor, and turn him loose on 'em, if it takes every cent I've got in the world. I reckon they'll find out then." He filled his glass. "We'll show 'em yet who we are. When I'm settin' up here and you're settin' up thar, they'll begin to think maybe after all they've made a little mistake."

Still was as good as his word. Within a day or two, Dr. Cary received a letter from him asking the payment of his obligations which he held. He assigned the necessity he was under to raise a large sum of money himself.

The Doctor wrote in reply that it was quite impossible for him to raise money to pay the debts, and begged that he would without delay take the necessary steps to close the matter up, assuring him that he should not only not throw any obstacles in his way, but would further his object as far as lay in his power.

Steve urged the Doctor to make a fight, declaring that he could defer the sale for at least two years, maybe more, and times might change; but Dr. Cary declined.

"What can I do? I owe a debt and I cannot pay it. I might as well save him the mortification of telling a multitude of unnecessary lies."

So in a short while Still, through Leech his counsel, had subjected the Doctor's property to his claims and was in possession of Birdwood as well as of Red Rock.

The Doctor and his family moved to the old Bellows place, where they were as content as they had ever been in the days of their greatest prosperity. Mammy Krenda alone was unhappy. She could not reconcile herself to the change. The idea of "dat nigger-trader an' overseer ownin' her old Marster's place, an' o' her young mistis havin' to live in de blacksmiff's house," was more than she could bear.

CHAPTER XX

Leech was now one of the leading men in the State, and Still one of the largest property-holders. It was known that Leech was courting Still's daughter, and it began to be rumored that reinforced by this alliance after the next election he would control the State. No one had been so successful in his measures, and he boasted that he "owned" his own county—"carried it in his breeches pocket," he said. He was spoken of as a possible candidate

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for the Governorship, the election for which was to come off the following year, and as far as could be seen he stood the best chance of any man in the State.

The present Governor, Krafton, was an avowed and active candidate for re-election, and his city organ declared that Leech was pledged to him, and asserted that he had made Leech. Leech sneered at the idea. "Does he think I'm bound to him for life? Ain't he rich enough? Does he want to keep it all for himself? He talk about beatin' me! I'll show him. You wait until after next session and all H—l can't beat me." But, perhaps, he did not count all the forces against him.

There began to be a stir in the old county which had never been noticed before. Leech opened his canvass early. He believed he was strong enough for anything. Still was urging him warmly.

"You got to keep yourself before the people, and do it all the time. If you don't they'll forgit you, and somebody else will reap your harvest," he explained to his ally.

"Anybody reaps for me's welcome to all he gets," said Leech.

The campaign opened, and shortly Leech was as prominent as he could have wished.

Both he and Still were sensible of the stir; but they did not heed it. Success was turning even Still's head.

When the rumor started that the whites were rousing up and were beginning to think of organizing in opposition, they only laughed.

"Kick, will they?" said Leech. "I want 'em to kick. I'm fixed for 'em now. I've got the power I want behind me now; and the more they kick the more they'll git the rowels. I guess you're beginning to find out I'm pretty well seated?" he added, triumphantly. Still could not but admit that it was so.

"Fact is, things 're goin' most too smooth," Still said.

"You're hard to please," growled Leech.

"No; but you know sometimes I'm most afraid I'll wake up and find it a dream? Here I am settin' up—a gentleman here in this big house that I used to stand over yonder on the hill in the blazin' sun and just look at, and wonder if I ever would have one even as good as the one I was then in as my own; and yonder are you one of the big men in the State, and maybe will be Governor some day, who knows?" Leech accepted the compliment with becoming condescension. "That was a great stroke of yours to git the State to endorse the bonds and then git your man Bolter down here to put up that money. If this thing keeps up we soon won't have to ask nobody any odds."

"I don't ask any of 'em any odds now. When I get my militia organized, I'm going to make a move that will make things crack. And old Krafton will come down too. He thinks he's driving and he's just holding the ends of the reins."

"I don't count so much on your mellish as I do on your friends. I know these people, and I tell you you can't keep 'em down with niggers. If you try that you'll have a bust up 't will blow you—somewhere you won't want to be. I never was so much in favor of that militia business as you was. It costs too much. My taxes this year'll be——"

Leech frowned.

"Your taxes! If it hadn't been for high taxes I'd like to know where you'd been. You're always talkin' about knowing these people. You're afraid of 'em. I'm not. I suppose it's natural; we've whipped you."

There was a sudden lower in Still's eye at the sneer.

"You're always talkin' about havin' whipped us. You hain't whipped us so much. If you ain't afraid of 'em whyn't you take up what Steve Allen said to you tother day? He's given you chances enough."

"Because I'm not ready yet. You wait, and you'll see how I'll take it up. I've got the Government behind me, and when I'm Governor and our new judge comes down you'll see things working even enough."

Leech soon perfected the organization of the negroes. The league furnished the nucleus. He had quite an army enrolled. At first they drilled without arms or with only the old muskets which had come down from the war; but in a little time a consignment of new rifles came from somewhere, and at their next drill the bands appeared armed and equipped with new army muskets and ammunition. Nicholas Ash was Captain of one company, and another was

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under command of Sherwood. Leech was Colonel and commanding officer in the county. Under the law Krafton as Governor had the power to accept or refuse any company that organized and offered itself.

The effect of the new organization on the negroes was immediately felt. They became insolent and swaggering.

The fields were absolutely abandoned.

Should they handle hoes when they could carry guns?

When the new companies drilled, the roadsides were lined with their admirers, and they filled the streets and took possession of the sidewalks, yelling and hustling out of their way with shouts any who might be on them. More than once ladies walking on the streets were shoved off into the mud. In a little while, whenever the companies were out, the whites almost disappeared from the streets. But the men were to be found gathered together at some central place quiet and apparently listless, but grim and earnest. Steve Allen was likely to be among them. He organized a company and offered its services to the Governor, asking to be commissioned and armed. Only negro companies were being commissioned. The Governor referred him to Leech, who was, he said, the Commandant in that section. The next time Steve met Leech he said :

" Major Leech, your man Krafton says if you'll recommend it he'll commission a company I have." Leech hemmed and stammered a little.

" No need to be in a hurry about it, Major," said Steve, enjoying his embarrassment. " When you want 'em let me know. I'll have 'em ready," and he passed on with cheery insolence, leaving the carpet-bagger with an ugly look in his pale blue eyes.

He conferred with Still, who counselled that he should move with deliberation ; he believed in a " still hunt." Leech, however, thought differently. He would overawe the whites.

The first movement in the campaign was a great meeting that was held at the county seat. The negroes were summoned from several counties round, and there was to be a great muster of Leech's " new militia." It was a grave time in the county. It was rumored that Leech would launch himself as a candidate for Governor, and would outline his policy. The presence of the militia was generally held to be a part of his plan to overawe any opposition that might arise. So strong was the tension that many of the women and children were sent out of town, and those who remained kept their houses. A number of acts had meantime been committed that incensed the people greatly. Andy Stamper, with his wagon full of chickens and eggs, was coming along the road when he met one of the companies, followed by the crowd of negroes, who usually attended their drills. In a few minutes the wagon was thrown down a bank and upset, the eggs were all smashed, and little Andy, fighting desperately with his whip, was knocked senseless and left on the roadside unconscious. He said afterward it served him right for being such a fool as to go without his pistol, and that if he had had it he would have whipped the whole company. Mrs. Cary and Blair, and Miss Thomasia came near having a similar experience. They were stopped on the road in their carriage, and nothing but Mrs. Cary's spirit, and old Gideon's presence of mind saved them perhaps from worse usage. While Mrs. Cary stood beside her horses and commanded that they should not be touched, the old driver stood up in the boot of the carriage and talked so defiantly and looked so belligerent that he preserved his mistresses from anything worse than being turned out into the woods and very much frightened.

These things caused much excitement. If the women disappeared, however, it was not so with the men.

When the day for the meeting at the county-seat came nearly the entire male population of the county, white and colored, were present, and the new companies were out in force, marching and parading up and down in the same field in which the white companies had paraded just before going off to the war. Many remarked on it that day. It served to emphasize the change that a few years had made. When the parade was over, the companies took possession of the court green, and were allowed to break ranks preparatory to being called under arms again, when they were to be addressed on the issues of the campaign. The negroes, with a few white men among them—so few as not to make the slightest impression in the great dusky

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throng—were assembled on one side of the court green. There was gravity, but good-humor.

Among the whites Steve Allen was notable. He had been away for some time, and had just returned. He appeared to be in high spirits, and it looked as if he were seeking Leech; but the latter avoided him. At length, however, just before the speaking began, Steve sauntered up into the crowd of negroes and made his way up to where Leech stood, well surrounded, talking to some of the leaders.

"Well, Colonel, how goes it? You seem to have a good many troops to-day. We heard you were going to have a muster, and we came down to see the drill."

The speech was received good-temperedly by the negroes, many of whom Steve spoke to by name, good-humoredly.

Leech did not appreciate the jest, and moved off with a scowl. The young man was not to be shaken off so, however; he followed him to the edge of the crowd, and there his manner changed,

"Major Leech," he said, slowly, with sudden seriousness, and with that deep intonation which somehow always called up to Leech that night in the wood when he had been waylaid and kidnapped, "Major Leech, you are on trial to-day. Don't make a false step. You are standing over a magazine. You are the controlling spirit of these negroes. If a hand is lifted you will never be Governor. We have stood all we propose to stand. I give you warning: look out."

He turned off and walked over to his own crowd.

It was the boldest speech that had been made to Leech in a long time. His whole battalion of guards were on the grounds, and a sign from him would have lodged Steve in the jail, which frowned behind the old brick clerk's office. But would it? He had a mind to order his arrest, but as he glanced at him there was a gleam in Steve's gray eyes which restrained him. They were fixed on him steadily, and the carpet-bagger had a sudden catching at the heart. He delayed the speaking and sent for Still and had a conference with him. Still advised a pacific course. "Too many of 'em," he said.

Leech adopted Still's advice. In the face of Steve's menace and that crowd of grim-looking white men grouped about, he quailed and kept himself in the background all day. His name was put forward, and many promises were made for him, revolutionary enough, but it was not by himself. Nicholas Ash, after a long conference with Leech and Still, was the chief speaker of the day, and Leech kept in the rear.

The day passed off quietly. Leech's name was suggested for the Governorship and took well, and the campaign was begun.

"They say the taxes are too high," declared the negro statesman, who spoke for the new candidate. "I tell you, and Colonel Leech tells you, they ain't high enough, and when he's governor they'll be higher yet. We are goin' to raise 'em—yes, we are goin' to raise 'em till we bankrupt 'em every one, and then the land will go to the ones as ought to have it." Tumultuous applause greeted this exposition of Leech's principles. And that night the negroes paraded in companies through the village, keeping step to a sort of chant about raising taxes and getting the lands.

As Dr. Cary rode home that evening on his old horse, Still and Leech passed him in a new buggy drawn by a pair of fine horses which young Dr. Still had just gotten to start out on his practice with. They both spoke to Dr. Cary, but the Doctor had turned his head away so as not to see them. It was the nearest his heart would let him come to cutting a man direct.

That night there was a meeting held in the county, at which were present nearly all the men whose names have appeared in this chronicle except Dr. Cary and one or two of the older gentlemen. But to compensate for their absence there were many more.

The place selected for the meeting was an old and somewhat rambling stone-house with wings and with extensive cellars under it, lying in a valley between two hills, which sheltered it and made it always somewhat gloomy. It had been used as a field hospital in the battle which had been fought near by, and on this account had always had rather a bad name among the negroes, who told grewsome tales of the legs and arms hacked off and flung out of the windows, and of the ghostly scenes now enacted there after nightfall, and gave it a wide berth.

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After the war, a cyclone had blown down or twisted off many of the trees around it, and had taken the roof off a part of the building and blown in one of the wings, killing several of the persons who then occupied it, which casualty the superstition of the negroes readily set down to avenging wrath. The rest of the house had stood the storm; but since that time the building had never been repaired, and had sunk into a state of mournful dilapidation, and few negroes in the county could have been induced to go there even in daylight. It had escaped even the rapacious clutch of Land Commissioner Still.

Had any of the negroes around seen the ghostly riders who threaded their way through the dark woods about midnight after the meeting at the court-house, and the scenes which took place within those dismantled walls, they would have had some ground for thinking the tales told of the dead coming back from their graves were true.

After the muster of the colored militia at the county-seat, and their demonstration, the companies had been dismissed, and the members had gone to their several homes taking with them, with all the pride and pomp of newly decorated children, their arms and accoutrements. But their triumph was short-lived.

In the dead of night, when the cabins and settlements were wrapped in slumber, came a visitation, passing through the county from settlement to settlement, and from cabin to cabin, in silence, but with a thoroughness that showed the most perfect organization; and when morning dawned every gun and every round of ammunition which had been issued throughout the county, except those at the county-seat, had been taken away and had vanished.

In most cases the seizure had been accomplished quietly, the surprise having been so complete as wholly to prevent any resistance. All that the dejected militiamen could tell next day was that there had been a knock at the door, the door had been opened; the yard had been found full of awful forms wrapped like ghosts in winding-sheets, some of whom had entered the houses, picked up the guns and ammunition and without a word walked out and disappeared.

In other cases the seizure had not been so easily effected, and in some few places there had been force exerted and violence used. But in every case the guns had been taken either peaceably or by force, and the man who had resisted had only called down on his head severity. The whites had not been wholly exempt.

Leech had spent the night at Hiram Still's. They had talked over the events of the meeting and the whole situation. Ash's speech proposing him for Governor had taken well with the negroes, and for the whites they did not care. The day had gone off quietly. The whites had evidently been overawed by them. This was their interpretation of their quietude. Leech was triumphant. It was the justification of his plan in arming his soldiers. He laid off his future plans when he should have fuller powers. His only regret was that he had not had Steve Allen arrested for threatening him. But that would come before long.

"D—n him! I wish he was dead," he growled, as they drove along.

"Go slow, Colonel; if wishes could kill he'd 'a' been dead long ago—and maybe so would you," laughed Still.

"What a —— unpleasant laugh you have," frowned Leech. He did not often allow himself the luxury of a frown; but he had found it effective with Still.

Next morning Leech was aroused by his host calling to him hastily to get up. Still was as white as death.

"What is it?"

"Get up and come out quick. Hell's broke loose."

When Leech came out, Still pointed him to a picture drawn with red chalk on the floor of the portico, a fairly good representation of the Indian-killer. There were also three crosses cut in the bark of one of the trees in front of the door.

"What does that mean?"

"Means some rascals are trying to scare you: we'll scare them."

But Still was not reassured. Anything relating to the Indian-killer always discomposed him. He had to take several drinks to bring back his courage—and when about breakfast-time the news began to come to them of the visitation that had been made through the county during the night, Leech too began to look a little pale.

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By mid-day they knew the full extent and completeness of the stroke. A new and unknown force had suddenly arisen. The negroes were paralyzed with terror. Some of them believed that the riders were really supernatural, and they told, with ashy faces, of the marvellous things they had done. Some of them had said that they had just come from hell to warn them, and they had drunk bucketsful of water, which the negroes could hear "sizzling" as it ran down their throats.

By dusk both Leech and Still had disappeared. They saw that the organization of the negroes was wholly destroyed, and unless something were done, and done immediately, they would be stampeded beyond hope. They hurried off to the city to lay their grievances before the Governor and to claim the exercise of the full power of the executive.

They found the Governor much excited, indeed, about the attack on his militia; but to their consternation he was even more enraged against them by the announcement of Leech's prospective candidacy in opposition to himself. He declared that he had aided and abetted Leech in all his schemes with the express understanding that he would give him his unqualified support for re-election, and he flatly charged him with treachery in announcing himself a candidate in opposition to him, and declined to interfere unless Leech at once retired.

In this dilemma, Leech promptly denied that he had ever announced himself as a candidate.

"Well, he had allowed Nicholas Ash to do it, which amounted to the same thing."

Leech repudiated any responsibility for Ash's action, and denied absolutely that he had any idea whatever of running against the Governor for whom he asseverated the greatest friendship.

Thus the matter was ostensibly patched up, and Leech and Still received some assurance that action would be taken.

When they left the presence of the Governor, however, it was to take a room and hold a private conference, at which it was decided that their only hope lay in going to the higher authorities, and getting immediately the backing of those powers on whose support the Governor himself relied.

"I know him," whispered Still. "You didn't fool him. He ain't never goin' to help you. May look like he's standin' by you; but he ain't. We've got to go up yonder. Bolter's obliged to stand by us. He's too deep in." He chucked his thumb over his shoulder, in the direction in which his noon-shadow was pointing. Leech agreed with him, and instead of returning home, the two leaders paid a somewhat extended visit to the seat of government, where they posed as patriots and advocates of law and order, and were admitted to conferences with the most noted and potent men in the councils of the nation, before whom they laid their case.

CHAPTER XXI

THE Ku-Klux raid, as it came to be called, created a great commotion far beyond the borders of the old county. There had been heretofore growlings, and threatenings, altercations, collisions, and outbreaks of more or less magnitude in other sections, but no outbreak so systematic, so extensive and so threatening as this, and it caused a sensation. It was talked about as "a new rebellion," calling for the suspension of the writs of privilege, and the exercise of the strongest powers of the government.

When, therefore, Leech and Still appeared at the National Capital as refugees, appealing for aid to maintain the laws and even to secure their lives, they found open ears and ready sympathizers to receive their story. They were met by Mr. Bolter, who mainly had taken the bonds of their new railway, which was not yet built, and who was known as a wealthy capitalist. Thus they appeared as men of substance and standing, well introduced, who were likely to be more than commonly conservative, and their tale was given unbounded credit.

When they returned home it was with the conviction that their mission had been completely successful: they had not only secured the immediate object of their visit, and obtained the promise of the strongest backing that could be given against their enemies in the county, but they had gained even a more important victory. They had

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instilled doubts as to both the sincerity and the wisdom of the Governor, had, as Still said, "loosed a lynch-pin for him," and had established themselves as the true and proper persons to be consulted and supported, and had thus secured, as they hoped, the future control of the State. They were in an ecstasy, and when, a little later, the new Judge, Hurlbut Bail, was appointed, the man Bolter had recommended against one the Governor had backed, they felt themselves to be masters of the situation.

When the mission of Leech and Still became known in the old county, it created grave concern. A meeting was held, and Dr. Cary and General Legaie, with one or two others of the highest standing, were sent as a committee to lay their side of the case before the authorities and see what they could do to counteract the effects of the work of Leech and his associates.

It was the first time Dr. Cary and General Legaie had been to the National Capital, or indeed out of the State, since the war, and they were astonished to see what progress had been made in that period. On merely crossing a river they found themselves suddenly landed in a city as wholly different from anything they had seen since the war as if it had been a foreign capital. The handsome streets and busy thoroughfares filled with well-dressed throngs, gay with flashing equipages and all the insignia of wealth, appeared the more brilliant from the sudden contrast. As the party walked through the city they appeared to themselves to be almost the poorest persons they saw, at least among the whites. The city was full of negroes at this time. They appeared to represent mainly the two extremes of prosperity and poverty. The gentlemen could not walk on the street without being appealed to by some old man or woman who was in want, and who as long as the visitors had anything to give, needed only to ask to be assisted.

"We are like lost souls on the banks of the Styx," said Dr. Cary to General Legaie. "I feel as much a stranger as if I were on another planet, and to think our grandfathers helped to make this nation!"

"To think that we ever surrendered!" said the General, with a flash in his eye.

They took lodgings at a little boarding-house, and called next day in a body on the head of the nation, but were unable to see him; then they waited on one after another of several high officers of the Government whom they believed to be dominant in the matters on which they had come North. Some they failed to get access to, others heard them civilly, but with undisguised coldness. At one place they were treated rudely by a negro door-keeper whose manner was so insolent that the General turned on him sharply with a word and a gesture that suddenly sent him bouncing inside the door.

After this interview as Dr. Cary was walking back to his boarding-house and as he passed along the street he was met by one of his old servants, with whom he stopped to talk. The old negro was undisguisedly glad to see him. He wrung his hand again and again.

"You's de fust frien', Marster, I'se seen sence I been heah," he said.

"You are the first friend, John, I have seen," said the Doctor, smiling. He put his hand in his pocket and gave the old man a bank-note.

As he was engaged in this colloquy he was observed with kindly interest or amusement by many passers-by—among them by an elderly and handsomely dressed gentleman and lady accompanied by a very pretty girl, who strolled by, and loitered for a moment within earshot to observe the two strangers and then passed on.

"What a picturesque figure!" said the lady.

"Which one?"

"Well, both. I almost thought of them as one. I wish, Alice, you could have gotten a sketch of them as they stood."

"He is a Southerner—from his voice," said her husband, who was the noted Judge Rockfield, one of the ablest men at that time in public life; one of the wisest in council, and who, though his conservatism in that period of fierce passion kept him from being as prominent as some who were more violent and more radical, yet was esteemed one of the strongest and soundest men in the country. He was a senator from his State, and the owner of one of the leading and most powerful journals in the country.

Dr. Cary having given the old negro his address, took a street-car to try to overhaul his friend. It was full, and the Doctor se-

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cured the last vacant seat. A few blocks farther on several persons boarded the car, among them the elderly gentleman and his wife and daughter, already mentioned, and another lady. The Doctor rose instantly.

"Will you take my seat, madam?" he said with a bow, to the nearest lady. The other ladies were still left standing, but the next second a young fellow, farther down the car, rose and gave up his seat. The Doctor, looking across at the men who remained seated, caught his eye.

"'The Athenians praise hospitality; the Lacedæmonians practise it,'" he said, in a distinct voice that went through the car, and with a bow to the young fellow which brought a blush of pride to his pleasant face. After that there were seats enough.

The next moment the gentleman who had entered with his wife touched the Doctor on the arm.

"I beg your pardon, is your name Cary?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can this be John Cary of Birdwood?"

"Yes, sir."

"Don't you remember Anson Rockfield?"

"Why, Rockfield, my old collegemate!" exclaimed the Doctor. The two men grasped each other's hands with a warmth which drew to them the attention and interest of the whole car.

"Rockfield, you see I am still quoting Plutarch?" said the Doctor.

"And still acting on his principles," said the Senator, smiling, and he presented him to his wife.

"My dear, this is the man to whom you are indebted for me. But for him I should have gone to the d——l years before you knew me."

"He does me far too much justice, madam, and himself far too little," said the Doctor. "I am sure that to have ever been able to win such a lady he must have been always worthy—as worthy as any man can be of a woman."

Senator Rockfield urged the Doctor to come at once to his house and be his guest while in the city, an invitation which his wife promptly seconded with much graciousness.

"Let us show you that some of the Athenians practise as well as praise hospitality," she said, smiling.

Thanking them the Doctor excused himself from accepting the invitation, but said that with her permission he would call and pay his respects, and he did so that evening. As a result of this meeting an audience was arranged for him and his friends next day with the President, who heard them with great civility, though he gave them no assurance that he would accept their views, and furnished no clew to lead them to think they had made any impression at all. They came away, therefore, somewhat downcast.

Before the Southerners left for home, Senator Rockfield called on Dr. Cary, and taking him aside had a long talk with him, explaining somewhat the situation and the part he had felt himself compelled to take. He wound up, however, with an appeal that Dr. Cary would not permit political differences to divide them, and would allow him to render him personally any assistance that his situation might call for.

"I am rich now, Cary," he said, "while you have suffered reverses and may have found your means impaired and yourself at times even cramped?" (The Doctor thought how little he knew of the real facts.) "It is the fortune of war; and I want you to allow me to help you. I suppose you must have lost a good deal?" he said, interrogatively.

A change passed over the old Doctor's face. Reminiscence, pain were all at work, and the pleasant light which had been there did not return. But in its place was rather the shade of deepened fortitude.

"No," he said, quietly. "'War cannot plunder Virtue.' I have learned that 'a quiet mind is richer than a crown.'"

"Still, I know that the war must have injured you some," urged the Senator. "We were chums in old times and I want it to be so now. I have never forgotten what you were to me; and what I told my wife of your influence on me was less than the fact. Why, Cary, I even learnt my politics from you," he said with a twinkle in his eye.

Dr. Cary thanked him, but was firm. He could think of nothing he could do for him. "Except this: think of us as men. Come down and see for yourself."

"Still practising Plutarch," said the Senator. "Well, the time may come, even if

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it has not come yet, and I want you to promise me that when it does, you will call on me—either for yourself or any friend of yours? It will be a favor to me, Cary," he said, with a new tone in his voice, seeing the look on the Doctor's face. "Somehow you have turned back the dial, and taken me back to the time when we were young, fresh, and full of high hopes and—yes—aspirations, and I had not found out how d—d mean and sordid the world is. It will be a favor to me."

"All right, I will," said the Doctor. "If my friends need it." And the two friends shook hands.

So the Commission returned home.

(To be continued.)

A BARGAIN

By Theodosia Pickering

THE man-soul spoke to the woman-soul:
"I would bargain, beloved," he said;
"Will you give, for your part, the love of a heart
For a love that is ruled by the head?
Will you give your cunning and pride and peace
For a tender thought or so?
I offer a jest for a life's unrest."
And the woman said not "No."
For lo, this way hath it ever been, even since time began,
Has a woman bartered and bargained—and lost (and been glad of the loss) to man.

The man-soul spoke to the woman-soul:
"I would make the trade complete;
I ask you to give the years you live
And the service of hands and feet.
Will you weigh your prayers, your thoughts, your deeds,
In the scale with a chance caress?
Will you take a kiss for a life of this?"
And the woman answered "Yes."
For lo, this way hath it ever been, even since time began,
Has a woman bartered and bargained—and lost (and been glad of the loss) to man.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

THOSE persons who may sometimes be heard to complain of a certain dryness and coldness in American fiction have probably never realized under what extremely trying conditions our novelists ply their art. We have been told that the romantic element in human nature is not innate, but was acquired rather late, and chiefly during the aristocratic and feudal Middle Age. That savages have no sense of romance we are prepared to believe, though they may have it in ways that we know nothing of. As to whether civilized antiquity possessed it as little as is commonly surmised may be more a matter of doubt. There was much in the Greek feeling for nature that was deeply emotional, and much in their myths that was deeply romantic. Nor are the Biblical records a good testimony to the absence of the romantic spirit in ancient times. The great king, Xerxes to the Greeks and Ahashuerus to the Hebrews, who took Esther to queen, having learned, from contact with Grecian sentiment, something of the higher feeling toward women, was capable of romance; the story of David and Jonathan is beautifully romantic, and so likewise is that of Ruth and Naomi. It does not seem so easy to prove that the romantic feeling begins late in human history. What would be easier to demonstrate is that it is grounded universally on a sense of inequality of some sort, whether as between man in his weakness and Fate in her strength, or as between one human being and another; and, therefore, that it cannot be in its strongest form a modern feeling. The disadvantages, to be sure, under which men and women labor as regards the forces of nature and destiny, have, unhappily, not been removed by democracy; but social inequalities have been, largely; and this entirely accounts for the relatively faint tinge of romance in the emotional make-up of people living under democratic dispensations. No very modern people is romantic; and Americans, being most modern, least of all. There are compensations, doubtless. But those for whom they must necessarily seem smallest are our writers of fiction.

The Romantic Element in American Fiction.

There are, for instance, two traditional types of emotional situations which have been used for centuries in every clime and under every sky, as foundations for the most charming and ever-fresh picture-buildings. They are love-stories, and the world, whether it recognizes them under their successive disguises or no, has never tired of them. The first of these types of love-stories is that of which the legend of King Cophetua and the beggar-maid presents perhaps the most familiar example. It appears, at one time, in the garb of the supernatural Knight Lohengrin, stooping to be the defender of an earthly maiden. At another, it is the story of Goethe's Egmont, nobleman, soldier, political leader, seeking the home of the peasant Clärchen, and forgetting in her artless chatter plots and state-cares. It is Racine's Mithridates, King of Pontus, and the Greek slave Monime; it is Faust and Margaret; it is Tennyson's Lord of Burleigh and his humble love. It is, on a lower level, the ever-popular nucleus of countless romances beloved of the English middle-classes, in which a young girl who is governess, or companion, or impecunious relative, finally marries—a modern instance of this tenacious Cinderella myth—the greatest *parti* of the year, over the heads of professional beauties and titled heiresses. It is a theme, in short, in which there is ever a greater and a less; the basis of which rests in a social inequality. The second type of eternally romantic love-story is simply the first reversed. In it the man is the social inferior, and in the hands of the great poets it has yielded magnificent fruits. Examples will rise readily to mind: Gottfried of Strasburg's Tristram and Iseult; Tennyson's Lancelot and Guinevere; Victor Hugo's Ruy Blas; Goethe's Tasso. From the nature of the case, this second type of love-story is more adapted to dramatic treatment than the first. In that the heroine is passive; the appeal is to the softer and suaver sentiments; the chivalrous chord is touched and vibrates deeply. In the second type all is strenuous and tragic. The social inferior in the case does not submit to his fate; he rebels, and the heroine, set aloft in her pride,

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has likewise a sharp fight to wage, against womanly modesty, against the world's opinion, against her own heart.

Now all this material which has done duty for ages, all this most rich material—for rich beyond all others are those situations that evoke a great play of various, subtle, complex, and complicated emotions—the American writer of fiction must almost wholly forego. What should he do with a socially inferior hero? There is only one way in which the woman can be the man's social superior in this country and that is by having more money than he. The "Romance of a Poor Young Man" was a story that gave pleasing if rather mawkish results under the pen of an Octave Feuillet. It would tax severely the art of the best American writer to make anything similar to its plot tolerated of his readers. The romantic type of the penniless young man does not here exist. And as to the type of story that is based on woman's helplessness and touching need of protection, such is the influence of our national "femininism" that an author finds it almost, if not quite as difficult to enlist sympathy for that. This is an optimistic country of many resources; and what with the higher education for women and the opening offered them in the professions, and one thing and another, we can see no very sufficient reason why members of the softer sex should not achieve some species of personal distinction, in order to bridge over any chance little inequality in a given case, as well as a man.

All the romance of life, it may be objected, does not lie in love-stories. All the romance of life is, however, dependent on variety of status, feeling, outlook, amongst human beings. Wherever an American author has been able to lay his finger on indigenous matter having an intrinsic character of romance, it has been in surroundings not yet subdued to the levelling influences of the developed industrial state. Such was the New-England of the "Scarlet Letter;" such California in the Forties; and such, in a measure, are still to-day the Southern States, where usages and ways of thinking continue, at many points, to be feudal, and where an inferior race keeps alive the mediæval idea of inequality, with all its picturesque contrasts.

Growing out of these modern limitations in the direction of the romantic there is a feeling, not very easy to define as yet, that we must look for emotional interest at new points. It has been suggested that there is a mighty romance to those who, like Mr. Rudyard Kipling, can apprehend it, in great engines, in the blind, tremendous working of iron and steel. Perhaps we are destined to see important developments along this line. Until they are apparent the sense of dissatisfaction with the dryness and coldness of much of our fiction must abide with us. Our men and women are so nearly equal, and they know each other so well, that they refuse to clothe one another with those richer and more brilliant hues of the imagination out of which romance springs.

Sorrow's Crown.

THERE is a curious tendency on the part of humanity to take its idea of itself from books and traditions, and to attach far more weight to what some master of literature has told it should be felt than to what experience tells it is felt. If, in addition to having been voiced by some acknowledged authority, any dictum concerning the emotions happens to have been expressed in a form which absolutely tempts quotation, its assurance is regarded as doubly sure, and the boldest does not venture to say that life itself tells a very different tale. "Eh, sirs," exclaimed the old Scotch servant who on her death-bed was warned that her salvation depended on her revealing some secret that touched her master's conduct, "Eh, sirs, wad ye hae me set the soul o' a puir creature like me against the honor o' an auld Scottish family?" Do we modestly assume that the real feelings of poor creatures like ourselves are not worth considering in comparison with the sayings of the poets? and if we unfortunately do not feel what they have told us we should, do we protest that we do, until at last we come to believe our own assertions?

This seems to be the best explanation of the popularity of Tennyson's rendering of the Italian poet's belief that

> A sorrow's crown of sorrows is remembering happier things.

Two generations have repeated it almost without protest, and yet many of those who have quoted and believed it must have known otherwise had they taken their knowledge from life rather than from poetry. The lines are true enough, no doubt, of that sentimental sorrow in which youth delights, but when the real tragedies of life are under consideration Tennyson himself adopts another creed. His three

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greatest characters find their sharpest pang elsewhere. When Guinevere has fled the Court, and Lancelot is gone, and the King has spoken his last farewell and gone forth to his last great battle in the west, the Queen's most poignant grief is not in the thought of the old happy days when her love was new and innocent, but in the knowledge that it is she who has broken "the vast design and purpose of the King," and in the thought of what had been had she but "known the highest when she saw it." The anguish which drives Lancelot forth, maddening, upon the quest of the Holy Grail is no mournful dwelling upon vanished delights, but the knowledge that his "honor rooted in dishonor stands," and that for him faith and disloyalty are inextricably intertwined; and Arthur finds his deepest grief in the frustration of his life's purpose and the treachery of trusted wife and friend.

But usually the lines are quoted with regard to pain that has no mingling of remorse and the grief that comes from death. Yet here least of all do they express the full truth. They may, perhaps, be true of the lighter sorrows which come with the loss of those whom we love, indeed, but who are not bound up with life itself for us. But when the great sorrows which come but seldom to any man touch us, when the memory of the past is torture and the thought of the future agony, when the very heart of life is gone, and the world is a blank, and words of help and comfort a mockery, we yet have not tasted the utmost bitterness of sorrow until in the very crisis of suffering we realize that this, too, will pass away and that a time will come when what we have lost will be so utterly gone from us that even its memory cannot move us greatly. For our grief is a bond between us and what is gone; and bitter though it be, it is yet better than the knowledge that presently even this poor tie will break and the past will be gone from us forever. Shakespeare knew this:

> Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
> Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
> Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
> Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
> Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
> Then have I reason to be fond of grief.

Constance believed that her grief would never die; in that belief she found comfort; but what remains when even that consolation fails us and we know that sorrow itself, having had its day, shall cease to be? There is strength in the knowledge, but it is purchased at a tragic price, for this is the veritable crown of sorrows, the last and bitterest drop in the cup of grief.

A WOMAN who has always dreamed wistfully of the joy of artistic dressing, put resolutely behind her, not long ago, her habitual fifty-dollar gowns, and fearfully plunged into indulgence of her sense of style. It cost her $250 to get a simple enough gown from a man dressmaker of only national, not international, fame, but she felt sure that the supreme satisfaction of owning and wearing a "masterpiece," even though a modest one, would be beyond estimation in coin of the realm. Alas! when the gown came home, it was rich in seldom-used tints, uniquely and exquisitely combined, but the seams were not even overcast, let alone bound, and the collar came off while the first trying-on was in progress, while bastings stared one out of countenance from the corners, and a velvet bow was discovered (painfully discovered) to be pinned on instead of sewed. Almost in tears, the worshipper of artistic dress stated the case to the man to whom she had drawn her check. He was annoyed, honestly annoyed.

The Plague of Inefficiency.

"It's just this way, madame," he said. "I think out madame's dress, select this for it, and that, and direct how it shall be made. I cannot sit down and make it myself? No, I must pass on to the next in order, and only direct each. What is the result? I have a good fitter—yes; she is an artist herself. But I pay her $3,000 a year—she cannot sew seams, or put in shields—no! I must have cheaper help to do that, and what is the result? Madame's gown! I have here," waving his hand in the direction of his workrooms, "forty girls, about; not one of them should I trust to do a thing without an overseer, but what can I do? They take no pride in doing things neatly, they do not care if they ruin my reputation with careless work, like madame's. Not they!

"Know better? Oh, some of them do, but do not care. Ask any modiste, any tailor, all will tell you the same thing. I, or my forelady (!), should have looked at every inch of madame's gown before sending it home, but we were busy, we did not; this," holding up the dainty deception, "is the result."

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Madame was interested; she had been a house-keeper for years enough to know the plague of domestic inefficiency, but, like many women, supposed it was a plague unique, or nearly so, with that class of service.

When madame's husband came home that night he startled her by seeming to take up the very thread of her unspoken thoughts. Madame, being a wise woman, even if a bit fond of vanity, makes it a rule never to burden her husband with tales of domestic woe, and he, being an exceptional man and understanding in some degree that madame has trials as well as he, usually forbears to use his home hours for complaining of business depression or the total depravity of his help. To-night (when shall we be able to explain these startling coincidences?) he laid down his paper with a sigh.

"I don't know what we're coming to," he said, enigmatically; "here is the same old story about the hosts of unemployed, and yet I can't get boy or man to copy letters in my office and mail them without making mistakes likely to cost me hundreds of dollars. A man I met to-day told me that out of fifteen thousand homeless men in the city of Chicago, most of them claim to be vagabonds on the face of the earth, because they were bred to farm labor, and the improvements in farming machinery have supplanted the work of their hands. But I've been four months trying to get a reliable, efficient man to live on our little summer farm, at wages of $30 a month and board, and I can't find one. I have tried advertising, tried associations of various sorts, and I've even sent two men out there to try, but one of them sold all my choice eggs for his own profit, and the other let my pet Alderney die of neglect."

Doubtless most of us have broached the subject of inefficient service often enough among our acquaintances, to know what revelations follow on its introduction, but if there is anyone who has never made the experiment, it will interest him to try; and if those who have not pursued it beyond the pale of their own special interests, will institute inquiries into the state of affairs in other phases of life, the result will be full of disclosures and pregnant with grave queries.

Often the trouble lies in lack of knowledge; pure and simple ignorance. With hopefulness we look to training schools of various sorts to meet this lack and mitigate it for the future. Quite as often, if one is not mistaken in comparative numbers, the trouble lies in the lack of adaptability. Knowledge, skill, of a kind are not wanting, but the "faculty" (good, old-fashioned word!) of application is not there. False pride is another thing; your sewing-girl is so afraid you won't know that she is as good as you are, that she loathes the simple work of putting a fresh binding on your skirt; it seems menial to her, and so she puts it on only half as well as she could, or as she should. This spirit is always at its maximum where education in the true principles of democracy is at the minimum; but if public education is only going to teach its beneficiaries a little book-knowledge, is it worth the price we pay for it? Is any education, technical or general, worth any price, if it does not inculcate, first of all things, the dignity of doing things well?

Time-serving enslaves many of those whom silly pride does not. Men defeat the ends even of selfishness when they refuse to see that time-service shuts them into a very treadmill of drudgery and poor pay. Yet the man who regards work as a necessary evil and his employer as his task-master, is the first man to cast discredit on that other who finds that life, at its best, is work, and work is success and dignity and emolument, and in this belief probably becomes wealthy or great, while his early companions stay behind and envy and jeer.

This is a subject as old, verily, as the hills, or at least as old as men, for Cain was a time-server, and since Cain the evil effects of such service have not failed to work murderously against the efforts of the saving remnant. The injustice of this is cruel, but no more cruel than the other wrongs inefficiency and dishonesty wreak upon the "general good."

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THE FIELD OF ART

THE LESSON OF THE PHOTOGRAPH

THE time in which we are living might well be known as the age of photography. It is at least possible to believe that of all the wonderful discoveries or inventions of the nineteenth century that of photography is the most important, and that it will prove more far-reaching in its effects than any other since the invention of printing. The invention of printing was the discovery of a method for the preservation and multiplication of the record of human thought; the invention of photography was the discovery of a method for the obtaining, the preservation, and the multiplication of records of fact. Printing can only record what man knows or thinks; photography can record many things which man does not know and has not even seen, much less understood. In photography there is no personal equation. What a man has photographed is different from what he has seen or thinks he has seen, from what he declares he saw, from what he draws. Within its limits it is an accurate statement of what was. Hence, photography is one of the most valuable of the tools of science, at once a means of research and an invaluable, because impersonal, record. Its applications are infinite, and we are probably only at the beginning of them. It has become the indispensable tool not only of the natural sciences, but of everything that touches upon science, of every study in which fact is of more importance than opinion or feeling. It will make history something different in the future from what it has been in the past, and, by the multiplication of reproductions of works of art, it has already revolutionized art-criticism.

But what has been and what is likely to be the influence of this great invention upon art itself? It has certainly added in some ways to the education of the artist; as an implement of investigation it has taught us much about the science of natural aspects. Yet, up to the present, its influence would seem to have been evil rather than good. We have had painters trying to rival the photograph in its accuracy of statement, and so nearly succeeding that their work has been hardly distinguishable from that of the camera, and now we have the camera attempting in its turn to produce art. Many of the cheaper magazines are illustrated almost wholly by photography, and nowadays they are filled with what are known as "photographic art-studies," and we have whole exhibitions of the same sort of thing, like a recent one at the Academy of Design. One might almost be forgiven for thinking that art and photography have grown so to resemble each other that the mere cheapness and facility of the latter is destined to win the day for it, without regard to its superiority in verisimilitude, and that photography is likely, in the near future, entirely to supplant art.

There are, however, other signs of the times which point to an entirely opposite conclusion. Are not these the days, or rather, was not yesterday the day, of the poster fad? The poster is as far as possible from photographic; has as little as possible to do with fact or nature; is, in its extremest form, pure decoration run mad. Yet the day of the poster is coincident with the day of the photograph. The crisis of that fever is passed, but look at the current numbers of the "up-to-date" art-periodicals and observe the dominance of personality in the work they publish and comment upon, its decorativeness, its subjectivity, the variety of "tendencies" and "movements," of *alitys* and *isms*, that are represented. Never have there been so many schools and groups and secessions. Impressionists and symbolists and the Rose+croix, tonalists and colorists and luminists, are rampant. In art this is pre-eminently a period of anarchy and revolt, and the revolt is precisely against the photograph and the photographic, though it has seemed at times that the revolutionaries would batter down many good things also, including sound drawing and common-sense.

No, the real danger at present is hardly that art will submit to the sway of photography, but that it will go too far in its rebellion and forget truth as well as mere fact. For photography is hopelessly ugly. The dreariness of the "photographic art-study" which

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has so impressed the artist, will end by impressing the public, and even the multitude will, in the long run, resent being fobbed off with mere nature when they ask for art.

If photography teaches the world nothing else, it will teach it that the end of art is not imitation. It will never again be possible for a great artist to believe, as Leonardo believed, that his aim is the production of a picture resembling as nearly as possible the reflection of nature in a mirror. We have the reflection made permanent all about us, and it does not suffice. The photograph has killed the doctrine of "realism." But neither will the old doctrine of "idealism" answer any longer. The realist taught that you should paint nature as it is, the idealist that you should paint nature as it ought to be. But the photograph shows us that nature is no more like Rembrandt than like Raphael, and that the something which is art exists in the work of Terburgh as unmistakably as in that of Titian, while it does not exist in nature itself or in the impersonal record of nature. What is this something? The shortest word for it is arrangement. It is some form of order, harmony, proportion. It is arrangement of line, arrangement of color, arrangement of light and shade, for the sake of forming a harmoniously ordered whole which shall express some phase of human emotion and satisfy some vague desire of the human heart. There is even an arrangement of graven lines or of the strokes of a brush, so that "mere technique" may also be artistic and have its reason in the creation of harmonies, though they be not harmonies of the highest order of importance. Sometimes nature fortuitously arranges itself into a semblance of pictorial harmonies, and sometimes a photograph may seize and perpetuate one of these accidental arrangements, and then we have the best that photography can give us. The "snap-shot" at a landscape under a fine effect, or at the momentary grouping of figures in movement, is often deeply interesting to artists, although it is not art. But the more consciously the photographer attempts to be an artist the worse, in general, are his results, because the complicated harmonies which the painter arranges on his canvas are impossible of achievement anywhere else. You cannot pose figures as painters pose them, nor arrange drapery as they arrange it. You cannot get real light to fall as it falls in pictures, or natural color to harmonize as pictorial color harmonizes. The artist's arrangement is complete, each smallest detail fitted to its place in the whole, each line and each touch of color studied and modified until its relation with every other line and every other touch is perfect, and these relations, although infinitely subtle and complex, are subject to unascertained mathematical law as certainly as the relations of notes in a musical score are subject to a law better known and partially understood. Try to pose figures before the camera and to make a picture like some work of art that you have seen, and you will discover that it cannot be done. If one detail is right, another will be wrong. The painter has studied the parts separately, trying again and again for this line or that shade until everything fills its allotted place in a comprehensive scheme; but the photographer must get them all right at once or not at all. The result is that deadest of pictures, the *tableaux vivant*.

We all see photographs to-day, and most of us take them, and from this fact must surely come, if not a knowledge of what art is, at least a more general knowledge than has ever before existed in the world of what it is *not*. But while art is arrangement and not imitation, in the art of painting the things to be arranged are the forms and colors of nature. The art may be good while the representation is poor, but there is no reason why the art should not be finer while the representation is truer. If the artist's knowledge is not so great that he can mould nature to his harmony, then he must leave the nature out, for the harmony is the essential; but if the harmony is attained, then the more nature is included in it the more delightful is the art. The figure-designer should know the human figure so well that he can fit it to any scheme of line without ever a bit of false anatomy, and there is surely no reason why the landscape-painter should not be able to produce great harmonies of color and tone without one misstatement of nature's laws of light. For the competent artist there is no more necessity of falsification than there is need that the poet should write nonsense because he writes in verse. Meanwhile, there are no fully competent artists, and we need demand of those we have only that they shall be composers first, and that afterward they shall give us as much nature as they have learned to control.

Such is the lesson of the photograph. If

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we learn it, the influence of photography upon art will have been for good and not for evil. K. C.

As K. C. says, and as his words still more strongly imply, the photograph has been sent us especially to teach the public what art is; that is to say, the art of the painter and the sculptor. The prodigious difference between the artist's representation of any natural object and the photograph of that same object is something which does not strike us so forcibly as we look at a drawing made by some monochrome process, but is very evident when it is the photograph which is before us. And yet there is a distinction to be drawn and a question to be asked with regard to it.

The photograph of a landscape subject is often of such refinement, "composing" so well, and affording so grateful and attractive a picture, that the public may be excused for asking if that is not landscape-art; and even the student may be allowed to ask the same pertinent question. A picture of a distant mountain-peak made as some out-of-door photographers know how to make it, has a delicacy of tint, a subtlety of line, reproducing something of that strange passing of the mountain into the sky which the student of nature knows but which beats the painter's efforts to render. And if, as will constantly happen, the mountain is much more gradual in its slopes and much less "alpine" in character in the photograph than we, in our excitement, looking at it, had supposed it to be; and if it is to be supposed that the painter would have falsified these slopes and that highest acclivity in order to tell more strongly the story of the mountain, as by a sort of exaggeration which is of the same nature as caricature; then it is a question at once whether such exaggeration be not a barbarous and primitive resort of the painter's art—whether the great mountain-painter ought not to find mountain character without so childish a device as that piece of falsification. Even the recollection of Turner's practice and the weight of his great authority leaves one in a questioning mood about this important matter. Or, to take the more familiar instance of the hedgerow, the stile, and the turning of the lane in English landscape, or the familiar group of cows under a tree, or of poplars by the side of still water, or of children in a blackberry patch, the landscape being the essence of the picture in each case, there is many an instance of this sort of photographic picture which is very attractive even to the artist familiar to weariness with the drawings of a thousand masters who have gone before. And yet even Mr. Ruskin, best known to us all as worshipper of nature and preacher against conventions of art, tells his readers that the photographers ought to spend their strength on the perishing ancient buildings of Europe, remembering always that a photograph of a landscape is but a toy, while a photograph of a fine ruin is a document of precious significance.

In Florence, twenty years ago, a student of architecture was buying photographs on a rather large scale, when a painter of his acquaintance, and a devout follower of Ruskin's teachings, asked him how he could bear to spend money on such inartistic things as photographs. The answer was easy, relating as it did exclusively to photographs of architecture, sculpture, and objects of decorative art—it was that a photograph was a mere glass through which one saw the veritable object which he wished to study. The artistical character was not in the photographic picture, but in the object which it reproduced. Through the ugly purplish brown of a silver-print more of the truth concerning the church front, "set full for the sun to shave," was visible than could be seen through any drawing over which he, the artist, might have spent long summer afternoons. This is the essence of the photograph, that it preserves every record, with some drawbacks and shortcomings, of what is put before it. If that thing is artistic, the photograph, in an indirect and secondary way, becomes itself artistic, as the reflection of a man's face in a glass is the man himself; so far and no farther. There are some scraps of landscape which the artist can hardly improve upon in grace or in severity of composition. What is it that a critic says of the picture by Corot which he actually saw in process of being painted? Something to this effect: that at first he could not see what Corot, with his canvas out-of-doors in the forest of Fontainebleau, was trying to do, even the half-finished picture on the easel not fixing the subject sufficiently for the inquirer's information, until suddenly he saw, eighty yards away, in the dim middle distance, Corot's picture rising out of the ground. Corot, the least realistic of out-of-door painters, the most determined of all men to give one, and usually

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the same, familiar impression—the deliberate painter at noon-day of dawn-effects and of twilight skies—Corot could yet plant himself in front of a composition ready made for him and modify it only in part as he worked. What, then, does the skilled and artistically intelligent photographer do? He selects the Corot subject, and, as he cannot alter it, he selects it with even more patient care. And what is his result? It is a transcript of a piece of nature which the photograph-artist has thought the most lovely within his immediate reach. It is not a work of landscape-art, but of skill and taste in choosing landscape. The photographer, tied to the veritable facts before him, must select with more patient and longanimous care than the landscape-painter, or he has achieved nothing whatever.

So much for landscape; but then it is notorious that real landscape comes nearer to our ideal landscape than some other manifestations of nature do to our ideal of them. To go at once to the other extreme, to the very opposite pole of the artistic world, how about figure-drawing, and especially the nude? Has anyone ever seen a photograph of the nude or semi-nude model, no matter how admirably chosen or how artistically posed, which was not really ugly when considered from the point of view of the trained observer of drawings of the figure? Rembrandt was not much of a chooser of models, at least in the direction of their loveliness, and there are not many uglier individuals in the great gallery of nude figures than the Adam and the Eve in his magnificent etching, and yet these two figures are lovely when compared with the photograph of the nude model. And the reason for this is clearly that the conventions of art—the accepted conventions of art—the conventions upon which all our ideas of figure-painting and figure-drawing are based—are all an ideal very remote indeed from the actual fact. Consider a Greek statue of a perfectly central type, neither early nor late, neither primitive nor of the decline—consider the Hermes found fifteen years ago at Olympia, and made popular by the numerous casts of its bust and the numerous photographs of the whole figure. Neither in actual modelling of the smaller parts nor in the texture of surface is this much like the nude body even of the most athletic, the most healthy, the most admirably "trained" male model. The splendid young men whom one sees at the swimming-bath, they too, the fine-drawn and highly bred youths of our best races, and in admirable physical condition, are so unlike the Greek statue, that one looks once and again with amazement, asking whether this indeed is the origin of the Greek convention.

It is notorious that many of our living masters of the human form in painting, use the model only occasionally. It would not be hard to make a considerable list of men who, by their own confession, or by the statements of their friends, are known to compose and even to draw in detail without consulting the model at all, using the model afterward to correct their work, or, perhaps, in case of a long-lasting toil, referring to it more than once in the course of their work. Some of these artists have, indeed, posed the separate models for their separate figures in advance, first nude and then afterward draped. But there are those who will tell you that this plan is dangerous, because it leads to immobility, and to a look given to the figures in the final work as if they could not move, but were statues draped and colored. This is not the place to discuss these delicate subjects at length, but they should be in the mind of every one who looks at photographs of human subject and asks in what consists their extraordinary lack of artistic value. The draped figure follows at some distance the nude figure in all these conditions and conventions of art. The instantaneous photograph alone can give it movement and the charm of seeming alive; but at what a cost of grace!—at what a cost of artistic interest! Mr. Muybridge's photographs of man, beast, and bird in rapid motion are invaluable as documents, but we have yet to hear of the enthusiast who shall admire them as possessions in the sense that a work of art is a possession.

R. S.

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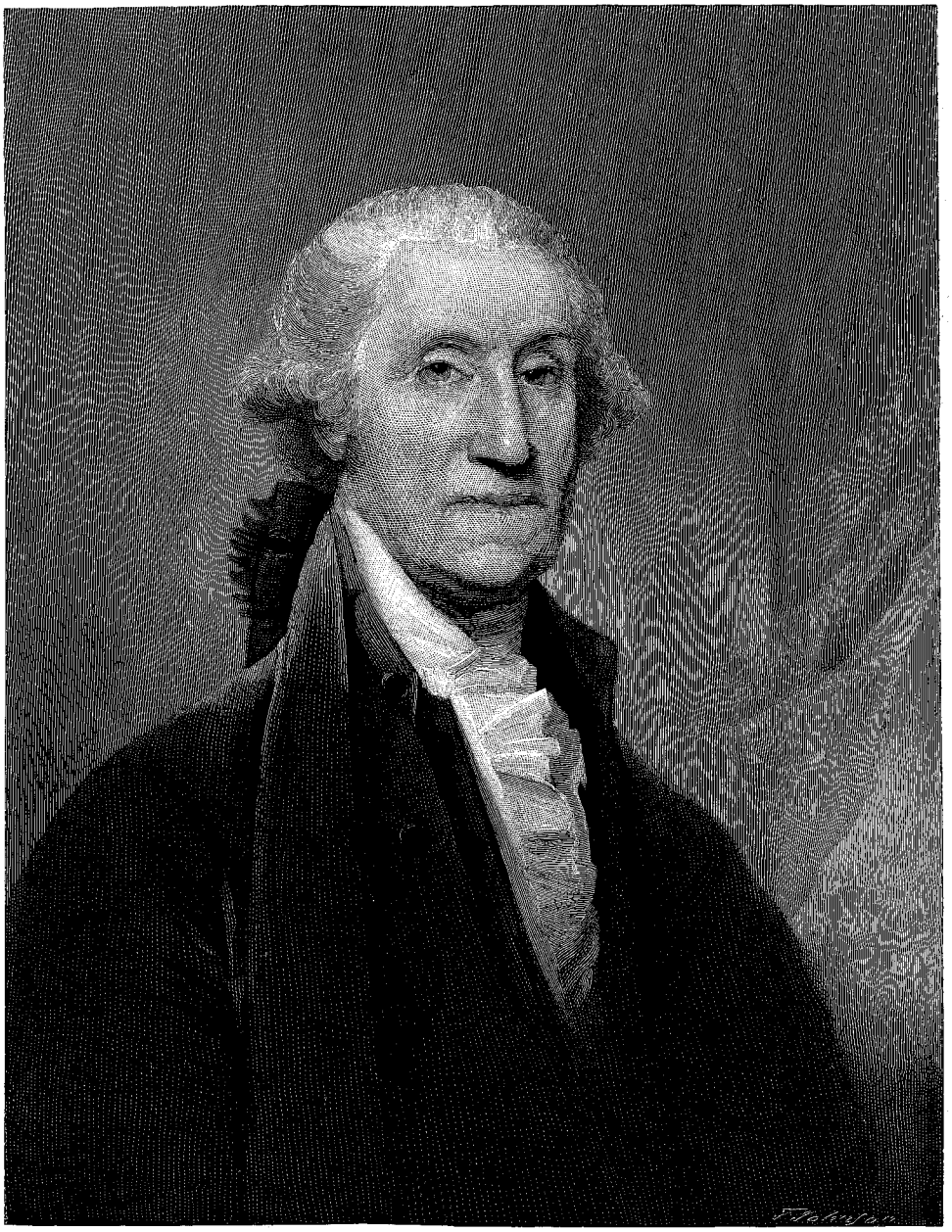

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

This portrait is known as the "Gibbs-Channing portrait." It was painted in 1795 by Gilbert Stuart, and is now owned by Mr. S. P. Avery, by whose kind permission it is here reproduced. Engraved by T. Johnson.

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